MAY 31 1929

# Good Housekeeping

JUNE 1929

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*Beginning a New Novel of the North*

## "THE MISSIONARY" By Edison Marshall

*George Weston – Rose O'Neill – Jay Gelzer*

*Norma Patterson – Bruce Barton – Faith Baldwin*

# Old Dutch safeguards your family with *Healthful Cleanliness* - the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency

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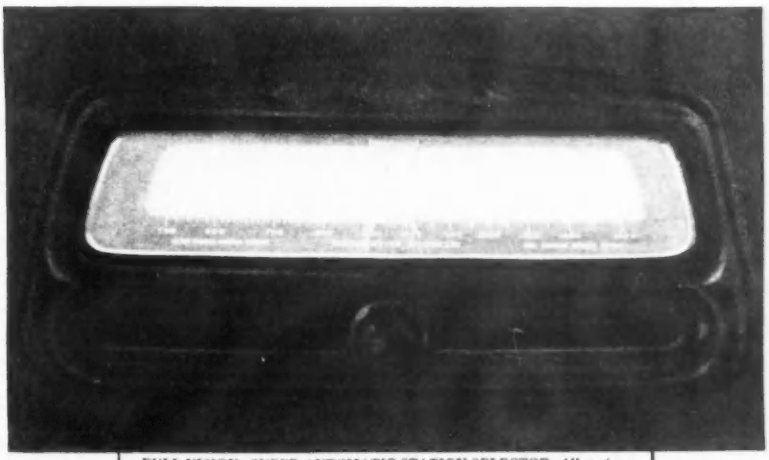

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SUMMER afternoons were made for reading—reading stories that will carry you far away from your own veranda. "Old Man Duendy," Emma-Lindsay Squier's Indian legend, will tempt you down the golden trail left by the Conquistadores, searching for treasure that was ancient in the days when Cortez was young. "Heritage," by Warwick Deeping, has its little romance in sunny Italy. "The King Is Dead," by Evelyn Gill Klahr, transports two young love-affairs from England to the Riviera and back again, while Elizabeth Benneche Petersen lays a gypsy patteran that tempts us down a hundred leafy lanes with "The Lass Who Followed a Gypsy." Of the four serials, you may visit Alaska with "The Missionary," summer on Long Island in "Sacrifice," go home to the North Woods with Julie after "The Incredible Year," and sail "Around the World" with Celia in search of her parents.

*The* JULY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING *is a* VACATION *in* ITSELF

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# There's *a lot more* to "Star" Bacon *than using it with eggs for Breakfast*

"Star" Bacon is wonderful in many dishes for luncheon and dinner menus

MEXICAN RICE. *See page 13 of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

If you use Star Bacon only as a breakfast dish you are missing a great adventure in cooking. There are dozens of delectable ways to add bacon to your luncheon and dinner menus.

Star Bacon adds a richness to vegetables that no other ingredients can give. Meat loaves, cheese dishes—even salads—become deliciously different when Star Bacon is included. Cold crisp slices of Star Bacon crushed fine can be added to muffin batter with wonderful results.

Star Bacon has a wonderful uniform flavor and goodness. Mild! Savory! Evenly streaked with firm white fat and tender fine-grained lean.

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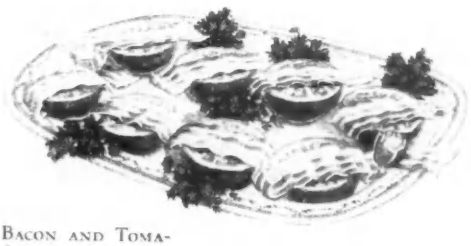
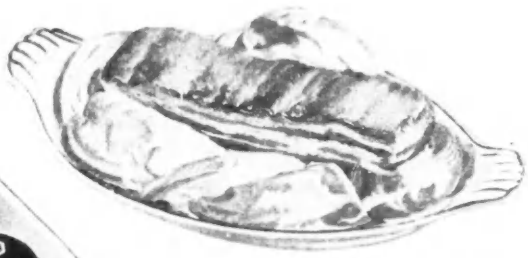


STAR BACON AND TOMATOES. *See page 7 of "Slices of Real Flavor."*



STAR BACON AND CABBAGE. *See page 10 of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago
Armour and Company, Limited
London, England

*Star Bacon is packed in window-top cartons. See the bacon you buy!*

★

# *Armour's Star Bacon*

Send the coupon for a free copy of "Slices of Real Flavor," the famous Star Bacon recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen.

*Dept. GH-8, Div. Food Economics*
ARMOUR AND COMPANY
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Please send me Free Recipe Book, "Slices of Real Flavor."

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Address_____

STAR HAM ★ CLOVERBLOOM EGGS AND BUTTER ★ STAR LARD

In using advertisements see page 6

# CONGRATULATIONS

**A Good Fight Is Won**

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING applauds the appointment of Mr. Charles J. Rhoads as Chief of the Indian Bureau. "To those who know the situation the announcement of his name must bring a thrill of realized faith in Herbert Hoover," says the *Evening Post* of New York. No man who has accepted service under President Hoover has a harder job than the one Mr. Rhoads has undertaken; no man seems to be better qualified for his job than he. Like his father before him, he has been a sincere student of Indian affairs, and he knows, perhaps better than any other man, the inadequacy of the Bureau's administration of these affairs. The conditions, amounting to scandal and disgrace, to which we have called attention, are no new thing, though their unexpectedness in our day made them startling news. The system is honeycombed with inefficiency, rank with indifference to the rights of the Indian. Unbelievable things have taken place on many reservations, and protest to Washington has been useless. Now, however, we are convinced that all this is to be changed. We have the utmost faith in Mr. Rhoads, who has been a leader in the struggle to protect the Indian against those who would despoil and degrade him. As President of the Indian Rights Association, Mr. Rhoads has made himself known as the Indians' friend; they may count on that friendship being translated into action. As for Good Housekeeping, we welcome the new Commissioner and shall count it a pleasure to support him. We realize that all the wrongs will not be righted in a minute, but we know that Mr. Rhoads will be trying all the time to right them. No man can do more. We bid him Godspeed.

**Working for Peace**

"THE world needs more friendship in action," said Joe Mitchell Chapple at a memorial meeting for that great friend who had just died in France, Myron T. Herrick. At the same meeting a distinguished Frenchman, Dr. Marcel Knecht, said that the world would never know of the Ambassador's untiring efforts, during the trying years, 1921-5, to keep the estrangement of the two nations from resulting in a clash. There was no real foundation for the bitterness that existed, just as there is so seldom a real foundation for strife between men and nations; but the bitterness was there, smoldering, and ready to leap into a flame. But our man of peace kept the fire down and finally put it out. More such "friendship in action" could, and would, avert wars, and would even put a stop to many of the rumors of war. In recent months we have been told, time and again, that there is "tension" between us and Great Britain—that war is not beyond the bounds of probability. For Heaven's sake, what about? There isn't a man in either country who could give, at this moment, a semblance of a good reason for such a war. Petty disagreements there may be, but we ought to know now that it takes a mighty big reason to justify war. Also we know that wars do not settle disagreements. When the fighting is done, men still have to get together to talk things out. Ambassador Herrick believed in talking them out in advance.

We are glad that the new Ambassador to England is a man of Herrick's own kind and with all his capacity for disbelieving in the necessity for war. A hard fighter when he is in a fight, Ambassador Dawes is essentially a man of peace, and we imagine that the sport of twisting the British lion's tail will not be indulged in with any great degree of success while he is in London. He has said that the bond that binds the two nations together will never break, and we may be assured that he will miss no opportunity to strengthen it. He will be working for peace, and as Herrick toiled in time of stress, so will Dawes, if such a time should come. It isn't in sight now.

**The Prohibition Battle**

"WELL, that job's done; let's go home," said the American people, in effect, when the Eighteenth Amendment had become a part of the Constitution. Two things were in large part responsible for the successful termination of the long fight for prohibition: the disgust that was aroused by the sight of the open saloon and its gangs of sodden loafers, and the teaching of the evils of alcohol in all the public schools. Prohibition closed the saloons; few children now in high school remember the thing at all. They do not know whether they are against it, because they do not know what it was. With the closing of the saloon went the apparent necessity for stressing the evils of alcohol, and one of the stanchest allies of the prohibitionists was lost. In few schools are the children taught that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." In other words, deceived by the victory that had been won, the fighters went home.

**Today's Youth Are Important**

AND the enemy came back—with recruits that one would never in all the wide world have expected to see under his banner. But there they are, none of them willing to admit that they want the saloon back, but all vociferously claiming that they've got "a right to drink" and that they are going to do it. The New York papers even point proudly to the three hundred and something lawyers who have banded themselves together to protect those who break the law—incidentally agreeing, every one of them, to dishonor the oath they took when they were admitted to the bar. Such is the determination of those who want their drinks. We are convinced that they are in the minority, and that they will lose out in the end; but the fact remains that their side of the story is reaching the multitude today, and the truth about alcohol—even the truth about prohibition—is not. No one dreamed, of course, that an orgy of bootlegging would follow prohibition; just as no one would have suspected that multitudes would make fools of themselves just to prove that they can. But both of these things happened; together they constitute a serious situation. It may mean the fighting of the good old fight all over again; at least it does mean that the young people must again be taught the lesson of temperance. That lesson should never have been interrupted. It must be renewed with vigor now. The wets are saying that in 1932 there will be four million new voters who have heard only their side of the story. If that proves to be true, temperance will hardly deserve to succeed.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW, EDITOR

# My Neighbor's Yard

By

Nancy Richey Ranson

*Illustrated by Pruett Carter*

My neighbor has a larkspur bed,
Where white and blue and orchid blooms
Step daintily with lightsome tread,
Like ladies in reception rooms
Whose guests are gathered for a ball,
And soon the music will begin.

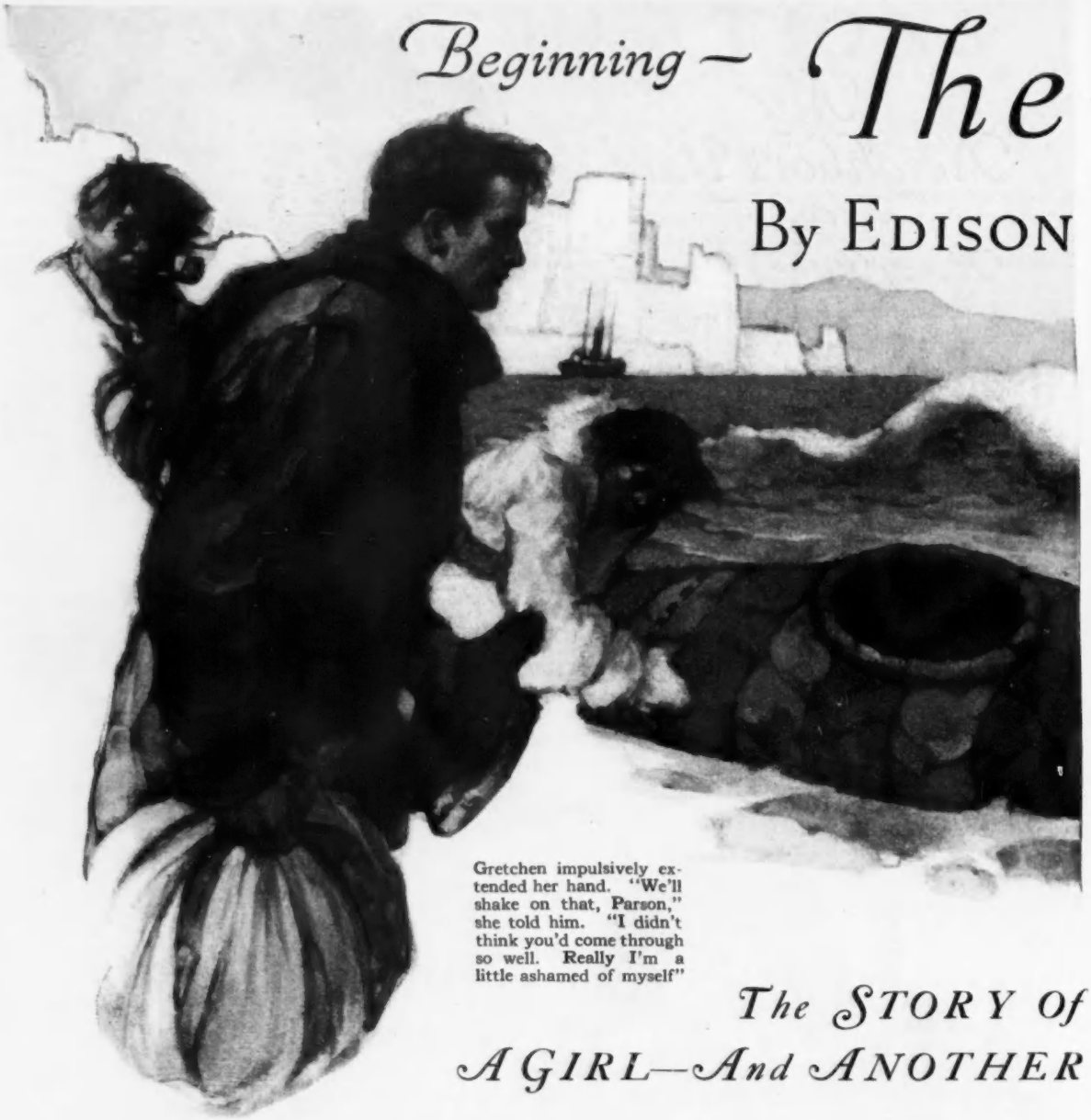
The morning-glories climb the wall
In round-eyed wonder at the din
The bees are making in their ears.

Beneath the overhanging eaves
The gracious roses—lovely dears—
Have scattered fragrant scarlet leaves.

No wonder that my neighbor stays
In her own yard these summer days!

# Beginning — The

## By EDISON



Gretchen impulsively extended her hand. "We'll shake on that, Parson," she told him. "I didn't think you'd come through so well. Really I'm a little ashamed of myself"

## The STORY Of A GIRL—And ANOTHER

CHAPTER I

THE thing was occurring in the very next room, yet Angus Mackenzie could not believe it. The solid fact stunned and bewildered him. It seemed impossible that his father, Red Mackenzie of the North, could so softly steal away from life. His heart, his old Scotch heart, was failing at last—so the nurse had reported. Soon the burly frame would yield up its strong heat; the fierce eyes would dim like last night's stars in the dawn just breaking. Still his son would not give up hope. Surely the old fighter would arise, scatter the gathering shadows, and wrench free from the hands that were pulling him down.

But Angus Mackenzie was building in vain. The old man's journey was almost done. The medical diagnosis was correct, and in a few hours, perhaps a few minutes, a certain valve in his heart would give way under a steadily growing strain. Red Mackenzie would not return, as he had intended, to lie under Scottish skies. The end was here and now, in the western city of his adoption, the native city of his sons. He lay with boots off, in bed. His far outposts of adventure, Saigon and Mombassa and Point Barrow, would behold him no more.

Still he seemed unconquered. His tide was going out, but it still ran strong. If fear had him now, in this last hour, there was no trace of it in his face or his voice. Physically he was sinking rapidly, but his old-time fighting spirit never faltered. Except for their tears, his sons might have smiled at the Scotch stubbornness which abided with him even on his death-bed. Once the master of stout ships, he was still master of his own house. He obeyed his doctor and his nurse only when their orders did not conflict with his own iron will. When the doctor had forbidden him talking, on the ground that it would shorten his life, the old man had roared from his bed.

"Shorten my life! Am I to lie here like a corpse already just so I can ha' three hours more to breathe? Dinna play cat-and-mouse wi' me, man. Weel I ken I shall not arise from this bed, and I ha' business to attend to before I go. Now I want to see my two older sons. Tell 'em to come in."

To each of these big hulking men, so like him in body frame, he had given parting admonitions. To James, the oldest and the most prosperous of the hard-pressed family, was intrusted the payment of certain money debts. To Bruce, the middle son, was bequeathed his father's small ship chandlery business, and with it the future care of certain dependent relatives. As yet no call had come to Angus, the youngest of the three brothers.

# MISSIONARY

## MARSHALL

*Illustrated By Jules Gotlieb*

### *A MAN And MAN And The NORTH*

He was waiting, gray of face, in his chair, wondering if he were to be left out entirely in this farewell meeting.

It was entirely possible. Red Mackenzie and his youngest son had never understood each other. While James and Bruce were literally chips off the old block, Angus seemed to recall his mother, Ellen Boswell of Dundee. Certainly he would never have been a minister except for her. She had sensed his need and his passion; she had helped him find the only possible outlet for that fervor of soul which Red Mackenzie expressed in violence and adventure. It was hard for the old fighter to acknowledge a clergyman son. He could not realize that the boy differed from him not in substance but only in form. Meanwhile he was poignantly aware of the physical and emotional differences which seemed to hold them apart. In physique Angus did not begin to follow his father's pattern. He was only middle size, wiry and lean. There was a refinement in his face, an outward aspect of idealism, absent in his father's. Indeed, their only apparent physical resemblance was their ruddy complexion, sandy-red hair, and strong features. And even this seeming likeness was shattered by Angus's eyes. These were his mother's eyes—less brilliant than Red's, but deeper; less hard but more steadfast.

Perhaps Red Mackenzie was ashamed to have a minister son. If so, he might forget to include the youth in the last family gathering. On the other hand, that he might be secretly proud of him Angus could not perceive. Natural humility forbade the thought.

At that instant the sick-room door quietly opened. James Mackenzie emerged first, followed by Bruce, the doctor, and the nurse. Old Red Mackenzie had been left alone, for what cause Angus dared not think.

He got slowly to his feet. Only the doctor saw the heavy pain darkening his eyes. But his voice was quite low and steady.

"Dead?"

"No!" The doctor spoke with a harsh impatience. "I don't know why he's still alive, but he is. By all medical authority, he should have gone out an hour ago. He's a tough old man, if I ever saw one

However, don't wait too long. At the rate he's using up his last strength talking, he'll go in a few minutes. No earthly power can keep him alive till sun-up."

"Why have you left him?"

"Because he ordered me out of the room. He ordered the nurse out, too, and your two brothers. He wants to talk to you—alone."

Angus's heart bounded. His chilled, deadened tissue seemed to grow warm. Yet he gave no outward sign of his unspeakable relief. The spectators would never know that this was somehow the answer to a son's deep love for his sire—a love which would move mountains in Angus Mackenzie's life, which had colored his childhood and

**The Eskimo smiled wide, but there was no real warmth in the greeting. He was indifferent to the white man. Instead he was gazing with a peculiar, rapt intensity into the girl's face**

mature thoughts. Indeed the doctor thought him absolutely unmoved. The nurse, white-faced in the doorway, condemned what she thought was his dour Scotch coldness. He nodded quietly and moved into his father's room.

Drawn shades hid the dawn-light flooding the casements. At first, the dying man's outline was no more than a dim shadow on the white bed. But soon Angus saw again the big gaunt jaw, the broad sullen brow, the shock of reddish hair that had grayed but little in over seventy years. He seemed little changed, Angus thought. It was still hard to believe he was dying. Save for the bleached skin he seemed merely resting, gathering strength for some violent fray to come. Here and now, as the shadows grew about him, he was still a figure of power.

"Weel, Angus?" he began quietly. His voice had its old harshness.

"Weel, father," Angus answered.

He was not aware that he had echoed the old man's Scotch pronunciation. He supposed that he spoke like any other American-born youth. But because he had been nurtured in a Scottish household, the dialect had been well-learned, hard to forget, and it was especially noticeable when he talked with his parent.

"Ye wonder that I have not sent for you before now. Ye will wonder more when I tell you the facts. Ye ken, Angus lad, that I am on my last legs. There is something inside o' me that is hanging by a hair, and when that slips awa', I slip awa' too. Dinna call the doctor again. He canna help me. It is a minister, not a doctor, that I need."

"It is high time ye sent for me. Ye would never let grace into your heart. I will quote from the Scriptures, and ye will repeat the words after me."

"Not now, Angus lad. I ha' said my prayers to mysel' and ha' asked forgi'ness for my sins. But that is not enough, Angus, just to ask forgi'ness. I must try to undo the wrong I ha' done."

"That is right. Man canna pay his debts to God till he ha' paid his debts to man. What ha' ye done, father, that ye would wish undone?" the lad questioned.

"I would do more than wish. I would take steps, ye ken, to make the wrong right. But, Angus lad, I dinna know what steps to take. I canna see the way to go, to ha' justice done. But, Angus, I canna go to my grave while this sin is on my head. Ye heard the doctor wonder why I am still alive?"

"Yes. He said he dinna understand it."

"He would understand it weel enough, if he knew what was in my mind. Angus, I darena die while this hangs over me. I darena let my heart stop while this

weight is on it. Angus lad, do ye want your father to lie quiet in his grave?"

"Ye need na waste words asking me that. Tell me quickly what's troubling you. Ye ha' not much time left."

This was true. If Red Mackenzie did not speak soon, he would not speak at all. It seemed to Angus that the Death Angel was already in the room.

When the old man spoke again, it was in a curious, dry, harsh whisper. "It is a sin I committed long ago," he explained. "Long ago, when I was young and reckless. I gi' no thought to consequences, Angus, lad. There was fire in my blood in those days, and even the long, cold dark couldna put it out. Ye ken?"

"I dinna ken. What do ye mean by the 'long, cold dark'? Ye mean, the darkness o' sin?"

But the old man swept on as if he had not heard. "Time makes most things right, but not this thing," he whispered darkly. "I remember, on the Shanghai Bund—" His dying eyes suddenly blazed up. "Awa', awa'! I must not think o' Shanghai now. It has nought to do wi' the sin amid the snow. Hark ye, now, Angus—is it the Deil standin' by my bed?"

"The Deil?" Angus echoed breathlessly.

"It must be him," Red Mackenzie observed simply. "It is the Deil that sends all these wanderin' memories to keep me from tellin' what I must tell you, before I go. No man or woman ha' I ever told before. The Deil locked my lips. And he would lock my lips now, and make my mind wander, so that I would die unshriven, wi' my sins on my head, and he take my soul awa'. Ye alone ha' a chance to save my soul, Angus lad. It is only a chance, and I ha' but little confeedence that you may succeed, but certain there is no one else that ha' any chance at all. You alone, o' my three sons, could even try."

"I will try. Now keep your mind on your words and tell me what ye ha' done."

"Then hark ye. Thirty and more years ago I committed a sin. It dinna seem so great a sin then, but its evil consequences ha' grown through the years. Time has not made it right. Time ha' only made it worse, much worse. I ha' not forgotten it; instead I think of it more and more. Clear and more clear I see how great the sin was, how hard it is to atone for. Now I canna atone for it at all. In an hour from now I will be gone awa'. So I must bequeath that sin to you."

**"This is Ugruk—the best hunter in the village," Gretchen said. "Ugruk, this is Reverend Mackenzie, the new missionary." "Ugruk, him glad see you," the man said painstakingly**

"I dinna ken."

"To you, Angus, man. Ye are the only one o' my three heirs to whom I can entrust it. Ye are the only one strong enough and wise enough to handle it. Not Bruce. He would bungle it. Not Jamie. Even great Jamie, wi' his big muscles, would not know how to begin. It is my youngest son, my Benjamin, wi' his mother's eyes, and his weight not eleven stone, whom I ha' decided to trust in my hour o' trouble."

Angus's heart burned. "Tell me, man, what ye want me to do."

"I want ye to take this sin on your head. It is all I ha' to leave you—an evil heritage. I want ye to atone for this sin as far as the good Lord will let you. I want ye to see justice done, to make wrong right."

"I hear you, father."

"Do ye promise?"

"I promise." (*Continued on page 122*)

# Summering

## Mrs. W. Jefferson Davis

### *Tells a Fascinating Story Of Her 20,000 Mile*

© Capt. Alfred G. Buckham, F.R.P.S.

The great plane became a place purring quietly like a huge hum-transformation from an earthling

HAVE you ever experienced one of those glittering moments when a fragment of all eternity seems frozen in your mind; when everything around you seems to crystallize and to stir some vague reminiscence—and you find yourself saying: "This is very strange. Is this really myself? How did I get here? Have I had this experience before?"

All of us must experience certain things—certain adventures—for the first time. I remember now how, living in Oklahoma a few years ago, I had vague dreams of some day seeing the capitals of Europe. And more recently, living in Coronado, California, where the United States Navy has its great Naval Air Station, and where airplanes in the silver sky are a commonplace, I had a vision of myself some day in an airplane . . .

These distinct dreams became a reality one summer afternoon in France. My husband and I had just returned from Geneva, where he attended the International Radio Conference. From America had come a cablegram from Anthony H. G. Fokker:

"Can you visit my Amsterdam plant? Will place special plane at your disposal."

The next few hours collided with each other! We were going to Amsterdam . . . A whirring plane on a field . . . The rush to get aboard . . . The inevitable discussion about passports, and the equally inevitable sudden disappearance of the whole matter in a flood of words . . . Then—

Paris beneath! *Flying!*

The dream I had had one day while walking down a street in Oklahoma City had come true. I wonder if we do have authentic premonitions. There it was, Paris below me, floating at the bottom of a crystal-clear pool of atmosphere; mellow greens, bristling spires; the silver, lazy Seine—river of history, of pleasure, of tragedy; and, far away, the countrysides where lay the young men of our dreams who marched away to victory—and death—when I was a little girl, dreaming of Paris, and romance, and of taking wings in the summer skies.

I suddenly felt safe, and reached up and slid back one of the little windows. Really I had a venturesome impulse to lean out. By now the great plane had become a place of security, a mere flying yacht; graceful, gentle, and purring quietly like a huge humming-bird.

"How do you like it?" asked my husband.

I could think of but one word in answer: "Thrilled!" I said.

Circling, banking, now straight-away—spurts of steam from a railroad yard—wisps of smoke from chimneys. And—what was that lone, lost bird we just passed—that tiny speck in the sky? We went by him at a hundred miles an hour!

"One hour!" remarked the pilot, looking at his wrist-watch, as he helped me out.

That one hour had seen my transformation from an earthling to a devoted rider of the air. The next day we began a 20,000-mile trip, in which we flew over twenty-three European countries, and on which we stalked adventure over the Baltic Sea, in rioting Russia, in torn Vienna on Black Friday, when we ran through literal walls of machine-gun fire, and over the Alps—a journey, I am told by experienced airmen of the European lanes, such as no woman had ever before attempted.

Aunt Dora, my old negro "mammy," was right. When I was fourteen, she told my fortune.

# In the Clouds

## *Honeymoon in the Skies of Europe—An Experience that Could Now Be Duplicated at Home*

of security; graceful, gentle, and ming-bird. One hour saw my to a devoted rider of the air

"Umm-*ummm*, honey!" she said mysteriously, as she looked into the teacup, "Yo' sho' is goin' to hab a mos' peculiah honeymoon!"

We saw the Fokker plant at Amsterdam, and there our plans were suddenly projected for the entire summer by still another invitation to tour Europe in a Luft Hansa plane. We returned to Paris to take up our schedule. (The Luft Hansa is a combination of German air companies, whose lines radiate to every capital of Europe, stretch across Asia to Tokio, and are reaching out now to South America across the Atlantic.)

With us on the flight into Germany from Paris was Herr Wronsky, representative of the Deutsche Luft Hansa corporation at Paris, son of Herr Martin Wronsky, one of the three directors of the corporation. He was the typically efficient German.

"All Americans travel with entirely too much baggage," he commented, with a smile that meant the suggestion was for our own good.

We had two airplane cases, a hand-bag, and a large kit-bag—all of which was more than 60 pounds too heavy and had to be sent by another plane. We explained our equipage to Herr Wronsky.

"Ah!" he said.

Which, being a word to the wise, was sufficient. We gave our baggage reducing lessons as soon as we landed at Berlin, and were much happier on the rest of the trip.

We left Paris on time to the minute. I was the only woman passenger. Besides my husband there were six other men aboard, all Germans. By 10:30 A. M. we were over the River Guise. Green fields and forests were noticeable—yesterday the battlefield of the world.

At 11:40 we were over a smoky country dotted with big factories. Herr Wronsky woke from a peaceful nap, looked out, then smiled at us.

"Congratulate me," he said; "you are now under German law."

By noon we were in Cologne, and I shall never forget a scene I saw there. I saw a crowd of well-dressed women at the airport, getting in planes.

"What is it—an excursion of some kind?" I asked an attendant.

"No," he said, "they are going up to Dortmond to do some shopping. It's a regular thing. Things are cheaper, and the fare is only twenty marks, gold."

The dozen or so planes roared in unison and were away. A department store rush by air!

Forty-two regular planes land and take off every day at Cologne. The airport presents every appearance of a country club. Much as people in our own country used to go down to the depot to watch the train come in, people of Cologne's fashionable and middle-class sets go down to the airport to watch the planes come in. Special little tables are provided for the crowds, and when there is nothing else to do, the people dance, or listen to a radio program coming in over a special loud-speaking system.

In the afternoon we finished our trip to Berlin, stopping at Essen to pick up Dr. Jacob Gould Schurmann, the American Ambassador to Germany, who told us he was planning a three-months' vacation in the Scandinavian countries. (We later made the same trip of over three thousand miles around the Baltic Sea in one week, traveling by plane.)

We landed in Berlin at 17:15 o'clock (which is not a misprint, (*Continued on page 268*)

# The Hired

THE Squab sat on the ground, eating an apple from each hand, with three more hard by upon the chopping-stump. And as he ate, he wept.

He was eight years old. His hair was yellowish-white and downy. His clothes were older than he. They looked as if they had come down to him from some remote ancestor, being lightly cropped at intervals as they came.

He was seated in the vicinity of a log cabin in southern Missouri, surrounded by wild, wooded hills speared with cedars.

Though the Squab had placed his apple supply convenient, in case of a possible lightening of spirits, he was, beyond doubt, not in his usual form. There were unwonted intervals between bites. For there was a handsome certainty that Aunt Sary was going to get married again, and married women do not need a hired man.

He had carefully pointed out to her all the undesirableness of the conjugal state that he could bring to mind. He had taken great pains to exhibit a pair of lovers who met in the little graveyard behind her field, so that she might see how thoroughly objectionable the thing was. But sometimes he had misgivings that she was not so disgusted as a right-minded person ought to be.

True, of late she had been as near to matrimony several times before, and recovered in time. Uncle Babe Spearman had twice bought the license. But she had recently announced that she was not going to fuss with it much longer, for the project was getting her "all nervoused up."

It was generally felt along the creek that Aunt Sary was weakening, though there were a few who held out that she was too "sot-minded" ever to tolerate Uncle Babe about the house. For years she had been a hardened widow.

There was something rather limp about Uncle Babe. This was admitted. Still, many thought Aunt Sary went a little too far in calling him "the shamblejammedest crittur on the crick." Others held that this harsh expression cloaked a reticent tenderness. But all agreed that whichever way she might jump, there was no doubt at present that she cogitated. She cogitated as she never had before.

From the tail of a perturbed eye the Squab watched her cogitating, with her elbows on the front fence in the spring sunshine. As she leaned, she viewed the world with a calm, melancholy, and philosophic regard.

Daffen and Doldy were leaning toward each other with a kissing look. Wully was engaged in prodding a bug. A spot of color came into each of Aunt Sary's cheeks

*A Story as Different— And as Delightful—As the Pictures that Illustrate It—Both*

# MAN

By Rose O'Neill

Her calico was newly starched and well-donned, as became a woman who had once gone a journey on the cars. The toilet was saved from the reproach of severity, however, by the unassuming bareness of the feet beneath. The corn-cob pipe she meditatively smoked was small, holding only a modest number of lady-like puffs, for Aunt Sary was dainty in her habits.

If there was a chastened touch of sadness in her eye, it was but natural in one who had a bit of neuralgia and was thinking of getting married again. From time to time she emerged from reverie and perfunctorily murmured, "Go 'way, Coaly," to a large and blood-curdling dog that charged the infrequent passer-by.

Her voice sounded like a rusty hinge. She would make this same languid utterance when Coaly was, by chance, attached to the leg of an anxious visitor; as one should say, "Don't tease, dear," to some too caressing child.

Coaly made it a point not to give any sign of having heard, for he had but a poor opinion of women. Still, abandoning the trousers of his present prey, Daffen Heathly, with an air of having suddenly thought of something else, he returned to the porch. As he sat down by the cat he sneered, for he was of an ironic cast of mind.

Daffen Heathly, whose trousers had been reluctantly released by Coaly, lounged out of the road and leaned on Aunt Sary's fence, near the cogitating lady. He did not put himself out to produce any remark, but his mouth widened into a delightful smile. Everybody on the creek felt in a general way that he was "purty." But an onlooker from another part of the world would have used a much more vigorous word for such beauty as this.

Daffen was the lover who met Doldy Weathers in the graveyard. He wrote his name "Daphne," for that was the way it was spelled in the book where his mother had discovered it years ago. She said she liked it so much she had saved it for her first boy. She was a woman of a literary turn and had read several novels in her youth.

She had written the beautiful name on the wall of the cabin in large letters below the names of her three girls, Miranda Ermine, Dora Thorne, and Sapolia. There it still was, now the hoped-for son was grown to man's estate, "The name of my boy Daphne." But she had always pronounced it Daffen.

Aunt Sary's house never looked so small as when Coaly, the dog, sat on the porch. It was built in the approved way, of good oak logs, gray as lichen, with a roofed open space between the two rooms.

This space and the long, covered porch were hung with sundries; a harness, a saddle, a cross-cut saw, an oil can, a string of red peppers, a plow blade, and a pair of boots that had irked the heels of Aunt

Aunt Sary still wore her bridal sunbonnet, but she had removed her shoes. Her corn-cob pipe was going nicely, and she was rocking pleasantly in her splint-bottomed chair

Sary's husband, dead now, and comfortable about the feet, for twenty years.

Peach trees, all trigged out with bloom, cuddled the poor place, as if duchesses should be hugging a ragged urchin; trees like colossal rose-bushes that had forgotten rose-rules, lost head and gone crazily up, squandering treasure like Jack ashore.

The cabin was on the Big Road, for Aunt Sary believed in seeing a little of life; but being cocked on the slope of the hill, it was, as she perpetually remarked, "that sidlin' a body couldn't get no rest." This gave one a slightly troubled mental picture of Aunt Sary eternally skating down her floors and bringing up with a bump against the wall.

The little river bearing the name of Wild Cat Creek, or more familiarly, "the Cat," crossed the road above and below the house-place. Indeed, it went on crossing the road for miles and miles. It was an ancient waggery to say: "Queer ole crick! Crossed her thirty-two times, and blamed if I aren't on the same side yit!"

But the Cat insouciantly crossed the road; dragged his silver over the water-gnawed stones, held races for his baby fish between the horses' shanks, made a glass for the tangled hills, for the marble columns of sycamores, the dimmed flight of the redbird, the white clouds puffed up by what great, lazy smoker sprawled upon what high glade.

And all the time the lonely hoofs splashed through and passed. The freighters' wagons crunched the stones; mounted fellows drove their cattle; the jolting woman, sideways perched on horseback, drew up her dangling left foot and her many petticoats. And as they went, Aunt Sary saw them all and felt that it was well. For, as she was observing to Daffen Heathly:

"We don't know how long we're a-goin' to last. It's a chance world. And they're killin' 'em off! They're killin' 'em off!"

"And that's the truth," Daffen rejoined with affability.

This did not mean that there was any special war going on at the time: it was Aunt Sary's way to view things rather darkly.

"But my way is to see as much of life as a body kin in these here hills," she pursued. "As I used to say to my old man—he was as good a man as ever lived, and he played the violent-sello, which nary other man in the county kin do—I says, 'Let me be sot down where I can see somethin' a-goin' on, or pack me off in a poke to the graveyar'.' He was droll-turned, too," she mused. "Used to git a body a-laughing."

"Yes, they say Josh-uay was jov'al-minded," admitted Daffen, sitting down "kinda keerless" on the "upping block."

Little Wully, the Squab, from the rear of the house bent upon him an austere surveillance, for he was the fellow that was meeting Doldy Weathers in the graveyard. Little Wully had but meager respect for a lover at any time, and besides there was some danger that Daffen would "talk foolish" before Aunt Sary just now when she might be in an impressionable mood.

"But then agin Uncle Babe is some jov'al, too," pursued Daffen. "He's dry. I hearn down the crick that Uncle Babe never does come to see nobody alongst here. They say as how he jest cain't a-bear the sight of some of the folks."

He winked prodigiously, being droll-turned himself in a modest way.

"It's plumb scandalious how some folks goes on," said Aunt Sary with a certain sprightliness, "but they'll hev to git up 'fore day, if they're a-goin' to see *me* a-marryin'."

"Ain't everything a-greenin'! Kinda gayin' up fer spring," Daffen rejoined with an abrupt change of topic. "I ain't said nothin', hev I? Where's that hired man o' yourn?"

Aunt Sary waved toward the rear of the house.

"Ain't you afeared he'll bust his caliber with all them apples?" asked Daffen with amiable interest.

"No," said she, "Wully ain't spread out much, but he's plumb holler inside. But, Law, he ain't much appetite lately!

You see, ef me and Babe *does* git satisfied to hitch, Babe won't need Little Wully around the place."

"Is the Squab a-pinin'?"

"Powerful," said she sadly. "Don't us seem to be a-noticin'."

The hired man sat forlorn, obscured behind his apples, and his pensive eye traveled up and down the wall of the cabin, counting the logs without enthusiasm.

Little Wully always counted everything he had time for. When he first came to Aunt Sary's to offer himself as hired man, he had not said anything about his business until this had been attended to. There were seven things on the fireboard; two beds in the room, two almanacs, one organ stool (though no organ), thirteen quilts, one water pail, one dipper, and one spinning-wheel. Taking in Aunt Sary and Coaly, the dog, thirty things in the room. In the "other house"—Grindle County did not say "room"—his lightning eye had caught in passing one table, one cupboard, one stove, one pot, two buckets, seven tin things on a shelf, and forty-two other heterogeneous articles, including a setting hen in a tub.

It had taken some time to add up, but that did not matter, for it was only right and proper to let a decent interval elapse before you stated your business. The county was punctilious about this. Sometimes a very polite man, coming to purchase corn, would sit silent three or four hours before mentioning the matter, or even spend the night.

Little Wully had been offered a chair, but with alert discrimination he had instantly dropped upon the organ stool and, with easy adaptability to luxury, revolved.

Aunt Sary had come by the organ stool from the Josh Hendersons, whose organ had "gone back." That is, in default of payments, the black-hearted organ man had come and driven it off before their stricken eyes. The instrument had been of a heartrending beauty, with four mirrors and a cupola that had to be removed, because of a low ceiling, and kept on one of the beds.

Evanescent as the rose, as youth, as some too fairied dream, the organ had melted from their sight. But by some happy fluke, some blinking oversight of Fate (it having been concealed in the potato hole by little Johnny Henderson), the organ stool had remained. And by a devious process of swapping it had become Aunt Sary's own. For as she said, she had always had a hankering after music. In fact, if she had only thought to begin as a girl, she felt she would have developed quite a knack. She frequently remarked that she had never seen anything she could not manage as a girl, if she had only had the patience.

Uncle Babe's regard was mild and vacant and impersonal. The Squab produced his mouth-harp. As they sauntered back to Aunt Sary on the porch, he briskly played a tune

Little Wully was engaged, he not having "any folks much," and he brought his mouth-harp and the "beauty-pin" he wore on Sundays, and slept submerged in the other feather-bed. When he retired, he put his knit socks, his shoes, and various morsels of his outer attire in a little row on the hearthstone. And the firelight playing upon these small and orphan-like objects with their little shadows was the last thing Aunt Sary saw as she dropped to sleep in her neighboring feather-bed.

At an inhuman hour the Squab arose and went austerely about his tasks, accompanied by resounding noises. As Aunt Sary murmured from her pillow:

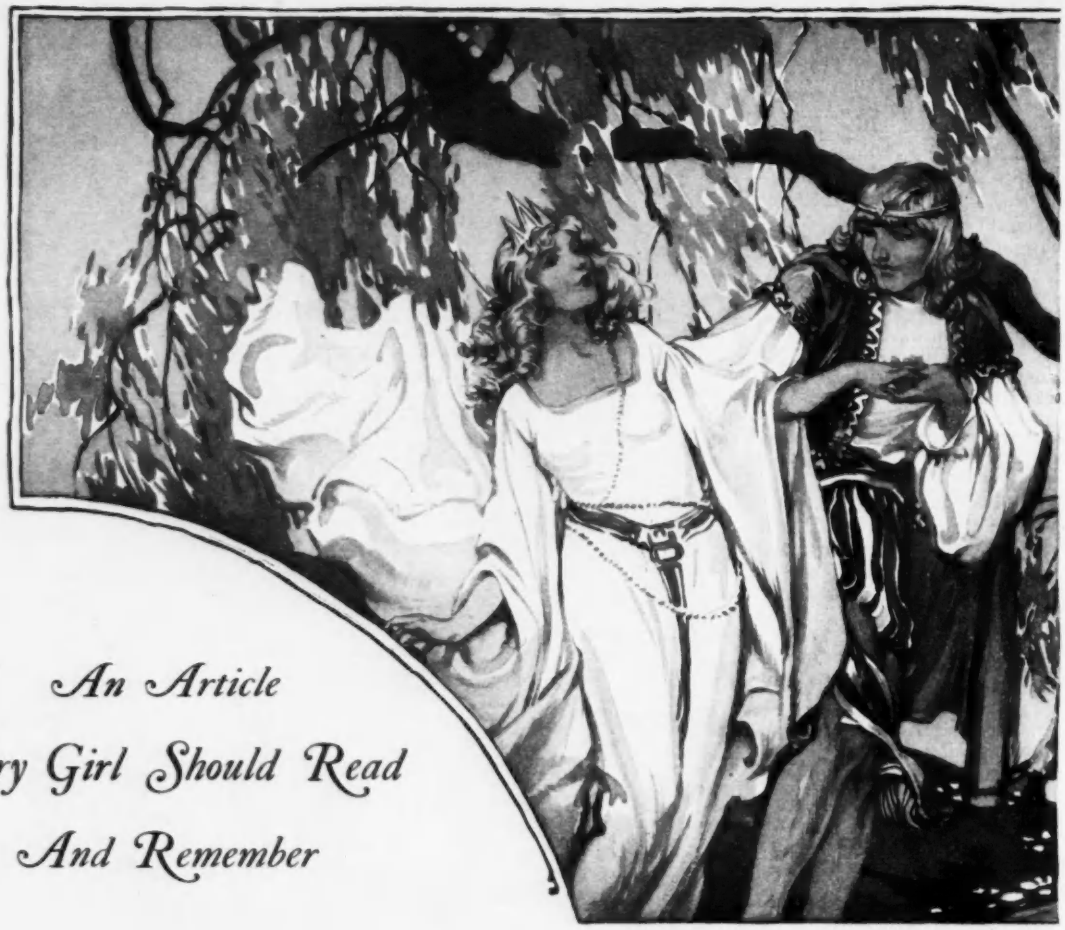
"Well now, ain't that plumb natural! The leastest men-folks has the heftiest tromp. Joshuay all over agin, him bein' low, if he was wide-out. A big, high man kin cover twic't the groun' without makin' hit into a Fourth o' July."

She thought of Uncle Babe, who would have been six feet four if he had ever straightened out his undulations.

The fire being made, the Squab would gallantly turn his back while Aunt Sary adjusted her toilet on the edge of her bed. And when she was mixing up the corn-bread in the other house, there would be a screeching sound that announced the man of the place had relaxed and was riding, bellybuster, on the organ stool.

There was a slightly startled and incomplete look about the Squab that suggested a little chicken who finds his egg opened before he is quite ready to come out. Perhaps there was something to warrant this in the downy whiteness of his hair, which popped up in unexpected places, the peaked nose like a little bill, the round, astonished eye. Everybody called him simply "the Squab," which was painful to Little Wully.

Viewed from (*Continued on page 261*)



*An Article Every Girl Should Read And Remember*

# "HAPPILY EVER

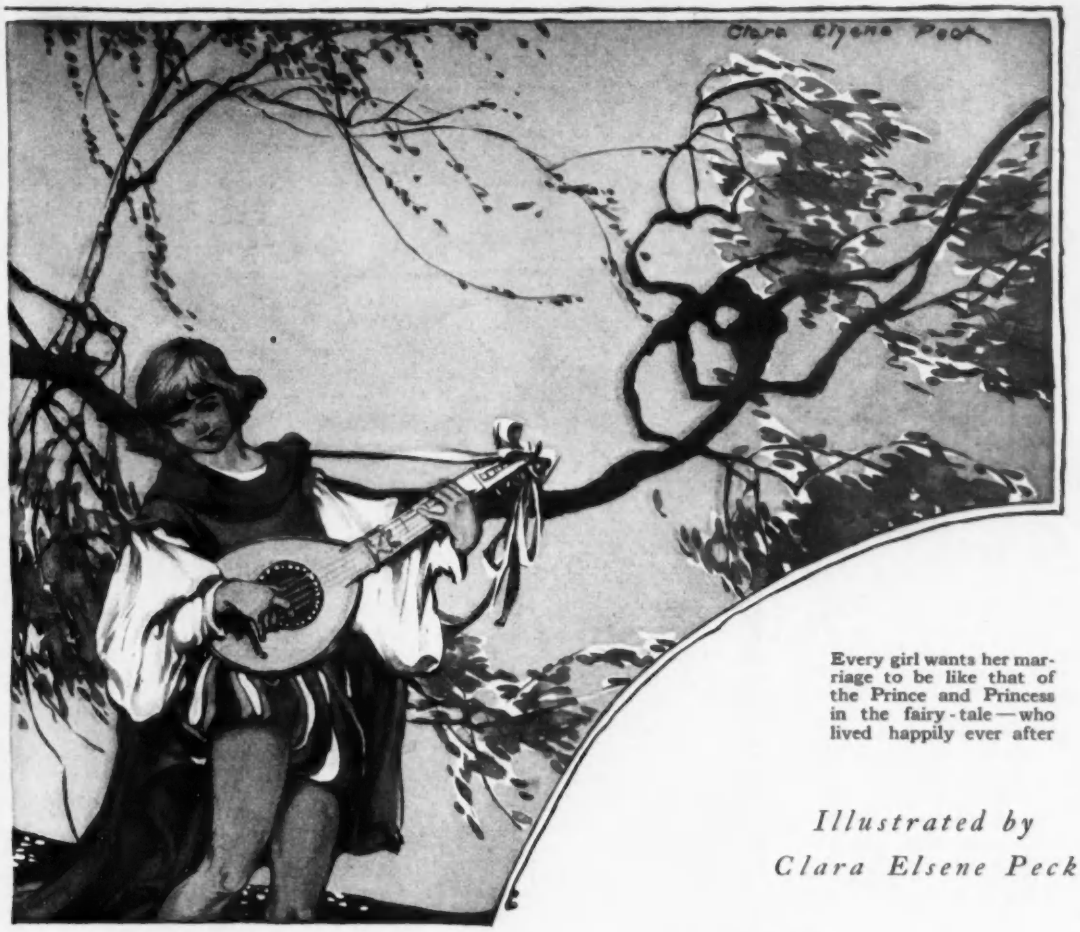
DEAR CELIA:

I am really overwhelmed by your response to the letter I sent you a few months ago, giving you my "counsel and advice" when you were contemplating marriage. I should not have ventured to write you such a letter at all—as I told you at the time—if you had not asked for it, because I feared I could not do justice to a subject which, as we are both agreed, is one of the most important in the world; and when I finally did write it, I wrote with hesitation and humbleness, feeling that probably nothing I said would be of real assistance or value to you. But now you tell me that my letter helped you so much—clearing away mists of uncertainty, solving problems which seemed to have no solution, beautifying aspects of life which had appeared unlovely—that your doubts and difficulties have been dispelled; that you are definitely and happily engaged; that you are to be married in June; and that for a wedding present you want another letter, "containing everything I left out before"—a letter which will be just as helpful to you when you are a young matron as the first one was when you were an unmarried girl.

My dear, you have entrusted me with an even greater responsibility than you did before; and because I realize this, I am going to write you rather seriously, though I know that seriousness may seem to you ill-timed. For this letter will reach you at a joyous period; a period when your father and mother—who are delighted at your decision—are buying you a beautiful trousseau and issuing invitations for an elaborate wedding in a large and lovely church, to be followed by an equally elaborate reception at their large and lovely house; at a period when your best friends are all excitement over the prospect of appearing as your bridesmaids in flower-wreathed picture hats and pastel-colored bouffant dresses, and are giving "linen showers" and "kitchen showers" for you every day or so; at a period when each ring at the door bell presages the arrival of a big box of flowers or a silver cake basket, or a dozen Dresden china cups, or some equally attractive proof of your popularity; at a period when you are planning a motor trip through France and Italy for your wedding journey and a lovely little suburban cottage for your honeymoon home; at a period when your prospective husband is enveloping you with tenderness and ardor and adoration, showing you constantly—and telling you constantly—how much he loves you; at a period when you are saying with happy conviction to yourself, to your fiancé, to me, to every one:

"Other marriages may have been miserable failures. But mine is going to be a glorious success. Other husbands and wives have ceased to love each other. But we shall love each other always. Nothing can harm us. Nothing can come between us. We are going to be like the Prince and Princess in the fairy-tale who 'were married and lived happily ever after'—only ours is not a fairy-tale. It is a true story."

I am glad that you are so jubilant and confident; that you can have, and do, and be all this; for happiness is the birthright of every bride, and the girl who approaches her wedding day without it has forfeited a precious heritage. So I should be the last to wish you to do this without a sense of joy. But I should also be the last to wish you to do so without a sense of responsibility, and that is why I am going to




Every girl wants her marriage to be like that of the Prince and Princess in the fairy-tale—who lived happily ever after

*Illustrated by Clara Elsene Peck*

# "AFTER"

## By Frances Parkinson Keyes

write you a serious letter. For you are voluntarily entering into the closest, the most important, and the most sacred of all human relationships, and consequently you should regard your marriage not only as a glorious adventure, a transfiguring experience, and a splendid fulfillment, but as a tremendous obligation as well—an obligation to yourself, to your husband, to society at large, and to God.

This feeling of obligation which I consider so essential should, in the first place, prevent you from thinking of your marriage as an experiment, no matter how delightful an experiment. It should cause you to regard your nuptial vows as permanent and conclusive, irrespective of the exact form which these take. Such an attitude will not curtail your happiness, as many inexperienced girls seem to imagine. It will enhance this immeasurably. For as I think over the marriages which have come within my range of observation, I realize that those which have been most successful in the long run are those where there has been not only love, but loyalty. I am prepared to go further than this: I am prepared to say that I believe almost every marriage can be a success if there is a fixed and unchangeable determination to keep the home fires burning at any cost, no matter what threatens to extinguish them.

The glamour of bridal days may fade. Let us be honest and admit that it usually does—sometimes only a little, sometimes a good deal—and this is not altogether a misfortune: if it blazed too long and too brightly, it might dazzle us. Interests and ambitions, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, which were once mutual, may become divided, and no one is necessarily to blame for this, since it is impossible to foretell exactly what form the development of a human being will take. Trials and temptations may beset us, and sometimes a trial is too hard to bear bravely, sometimes a temptation is too strong to resist. Faults and failings which once seemed insignificant may suddenly loom huge and hideous before us, and we have no magic mirror to show how huge and hideous our faults and failings appear to some one else. But in spite of all this, and much besides, a marriage can, and will, continue to be a successful one if the "high contracting parties" decline to permit such difficulties to divide them, to dampen their courage, to break their spirit, or even to interfere seriously with their happiness.

This letter is for you and not for your husband; and therefore I shall not touch upon the part which you are justified in hoping he will play in making your marriage successful and happy. I shall confine my remarks to the part I believe you should play; and I beg you to remember that though he may fail you in some respects—just as you may fail him in some respects—causing you disillusion and disappointment which you did not anticipate, he may, in like measure, more than fulfill your expectations in other directions; and if instead of dwelling on his shortcomings, to yourself or any one else, you will consider his merits, you will doubtless be agreeably surprised to see how many he possesses! It is frequently said that most men have the faults of their virtues, but it would be equally accurate to say that most men have the virtues of their faults! If—for instance—a man is extravagant, he is also apt to (*Continued on page 206*)

# Treasure

*Illustrated by*
*Joseph M. Clement*

The last car was in. Soon the hospital windows would gloom. A small, lonely figure, hugging a little ship She would go while its lights still blazed in her heart.

ONCE more the Zodiac spins its wheel of chance, and the months swing past, and the year turns its brightest face to us. Time chalks up another milepost, adds a circle to the oak, a rattle to the snake's collection. For a year does not begin on the stroke of the calendar, but with the return of life to a sleeping earth.

In Ward 17 of United States Veterans' Hospital No. 80 Fred Gossip was cutting another notch in his crutch—eight of them now, one for every year "in." Time is a matter of small concern here, and paradoxically it is the one episode left to us. Today's an anniversary. April, the sixth. Twelve years ago! A bugle ringing from ocean to ocean. All those boys—we were hardly more—flinging their answering shout in high heaven. How we marched that day to all the pride and confidence of youth! God, take away the memory. Don't let us think—don't let us question—give us to drink of the obliterating waters of Lethe.

The ordered world sweeps on, advancing, progressing, prospering. And once a year it pauses with tears on its cheeks to place a wreath upon the graves of heroes.

And here we lie. Hung in a sort of purgatory between the quick and the dead. The irony of it. Our funny position in life. Men of battle—flattened out. Haw! Haw! Give him his medicine. Tuck him to bed. Taps through the quiet wards. Sleep at length removes the tedious surroundings, lifts a mirror to the past. Up out of the fog of time they come—comrades, faces, a strip of muddy trench, the creak of wheels, combat troops passing each other on a narrow road, shapes moving forward in the dawn, a buddy biting the dust at Soissons. I heard him say his prayers last night . . . Pushing on; taking another sector; Good old First—the Sixteenth of the First! Why, don't you remember, you of the Third, we relieved each other out there? I got mine at Malancourt; left a wing, collected some mustard and this shattered hip. Yes, we went to Hell and back that day. But listen, it was heaven, y'see, compared with this. Get that?

Here we lie.

Gasoline Hitchcock, who has been sweating over a sign for days, working with a pencil and a square of cardboard, suddenly finishes and flashes it:

"WHO PUT THE SOLD IN SOLDIER?"

Haw! Haw! That's good, Gas. You're not wet. Not a bit.

Spring! A process extraordinary and stirring in the air. This fragile beauty of April that is somehow an agony. Yet the little ivy leaf at the window, blown by every winter gale, alone upon a dead vine has pushed through to life again! *We can not help but hope.* It sweeps the wards in

begin to wink out. Jenny did not want to see it darken. So, she would keep it — a cluster of stars in the and a worn old suitcase, she took the car to town

# *By* Norma Patterson

## *A Story In Which We Say Goodby to Jenny, the Gallant Little Nurse of Veterans' Hospital No. 80*

recurrent waves—lifts them tier on tier, layer on layer of mutilated human cargo—swept up into quiet, trembling ecstasy because of that whispered promise of spring; a promise of laws so finely balanced that to lose is to gain, to drop in defeat is to touch the hem of victory, to die is to live again.

Somebody wants to know: "Where's Jenny? Where in thunder's Jenny?"

"That's right. I knew the day'd got a catch in it somewhere."

JENNY was sitting in the middle of her floor with all her worldly goods about her, packing. She was not making a good job of it, and practically everything that went in the worn old suitcase must come out again. She thought she could do better if she could see, but a queer mist was before her eyes.

Jenny was leaving. Leaving No. 80. This room was no longer hers. The great, somber hospital with its hushed corridors, and its tragic doors, and its brooding, waiting atmosphere was not now a part of Jenny's life. After two years of flying at the heels of endless tasks; of love and devotion to her boys; of grief and loss beyond the point of endurance; of darkness that became, with time, light; and gray walls that resolved into the walls of home for Jenny, who had no other; after tangling her heart irretrievably about the place so that she could not get it back—ever—Jenny was going. Dismissed. She hadn't been any good here. She hadn't helped. The Chief Nurse had told her so.

"You mean," Jenny had asked, a terrible, startled earnestness in her voice because she must get this straight, "you mean I'm—not a good nurse?"

"As a nurse," came the crisp reply, "you are absolutely impossible. It would be madness for you to continue in the profession. That is why I can not give you a recommendation."

Jenny stood—her eyes wide, very bright. She wasn't sure how long she stood there. It must not have been as long as it seemed, because nobody put her out. After a time she felt her feet beginning to come to life, and knew that she could walk out on them.

The Chief Nurse, it appeared, had been talking right along, and Jenny caught the last of a one-man lecture.

"A nurse must never offer suggestions or opinions. She is merely an efficient machine

placed here to carry out orders." (Jenny had heard that countless times.) "You can see how remiss you have been in this respect—all over the place all the time and as informal as if you were in your own home. Frankly, your name has been up for dismissal several times, but Dr. Huffy has taken your part. Because you were a friend of his and he felt a responsibility, he begged another chance for you. But after this last astounding escapade, I know that were he here, he would agree with me that we can no longer retain you in the hospital. He will be relieved when he comes back from this trip with Dr. Florenz and finds the problem has been settled."

She added, because of the look on Jenny's face,

"You admit you were wrong, don't you?"

Jenny rather leaped at it. "Oh, yes! I'm mostly wrong. And the strange thing is—I fight so hard beforehand to know what's right."

She had trimmed up the terminal room in Ward 10. Tinted its walls, hung draperies, put a rug and books and a soft light, so that Baron Keating, an artist who lay dying and suffering from the harsh white walls ("I can't look at ugliness, Jenny"), might have one last memory of beauty to carry with him into the Dark. Jenny hadn't been able to sleep nights for grieving about him. Lying wide-eyed through the black hours, she had arrived at her decision. She knew at the time it might mean her dismissal. She couldn't help it. The case had seemed urgent to her—life-and-death urgent. And it had taken so little to beautify the room. Only a couple of hours, and she had used her own money.

It wasn't wilfulness or perversity that made her do these things, but a force that was stronger than Jenny lifted her out of herself and threw her headlong into them.

All this gushed up now—what she had tried to do—the thing she had meant; and she turned impulsively to the Chief Nurse . . . saw on that stern, unyielding face the futility of avowals. As she stood there, Jenny felt the space between them widening and widening and widening, until one of them stood away over here and the other far over yonder, beyond the reach of shouting.

No use to speak. She couldn't hear from so distant a country. So Jenny raised a hand in a woeful gesture of farewell and walked from the office for the last time.

Jenny had no way of knowing that the eyes of the older woman followed her. The small, crushed figure—youth's colors struck. Before the Chief Nurse's eyes there walked out another—a young boy, proud and hurt and angered by her stern reproof; walked out never to return to her. She took a step toward Jenny—stopped. No. It was better. Jenny was wrong. She would always do these things—true to some astonishing fire that burned within a tender-hearted and gentle personality.

Jenny packed.

Little sounds came to her, familiar and sweet. The Fife, Drum, and Bugle Corps (three old men) practised on the grounds in the sunshine, and queer, discordant melodies shrilled simultaneously, lost each other, groped wildly, caught step for a bar or two, fell out again. The purr of the ambulance coming to a stop at the rear entrance. Voices. Some one whistling.

Memories brushed past. Happy, busy days. Those who had made the grade and returned to their homes; those who had gone West. In her packing she had come to Erney's little ship, and Jenny sat looking forlornly at it. What to do with it? Take it? No one else cared. And her fault was that she cared too much. Jenny wiped her eyes on an army pennant one of the boys had given her, and wished she had a mother. She needed to put her head down on some mother's shoulder and cry and cry.

One of the nurses tapped on the door, tried the knob. Hadn't she heard sniffling in there?

"Just—just static," said Jenny shrilly, and tried to stop.

Now she was done except for the clothes she had on.

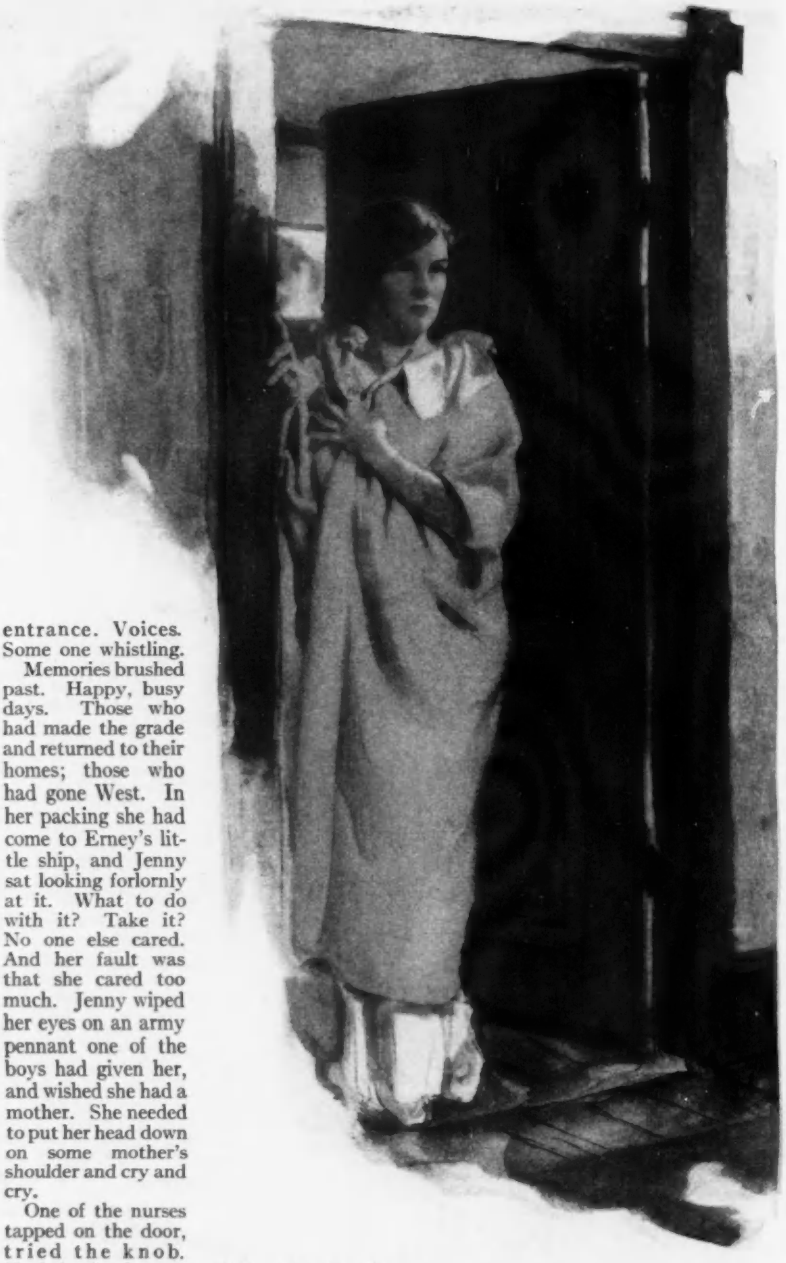
Jenny stood up, looked down at the white uniform. She would go back through the ward one last time before she took it off. The boys mustn't know she was leaving. They would make a fuss if they knew, and when they made a fuss it raised a lot of temperatures and accomplished nothing more. She daubed her eyes with cold water, put on a little powder, lifted her shoulders, and went out.

Already everything had changed—gone from her. The corridors saw her as a stranger, moving in a place she once knew. Amos, faithful orderly, stopped her to speak of Charlie. Charlie was uneasy, low in his mind. He felt the cold breath on his cheek. He wanted to go home—spend his last days with his family. Watch the apple orchard out the window, and the young garden coming up, and the flowers bursting with colors.

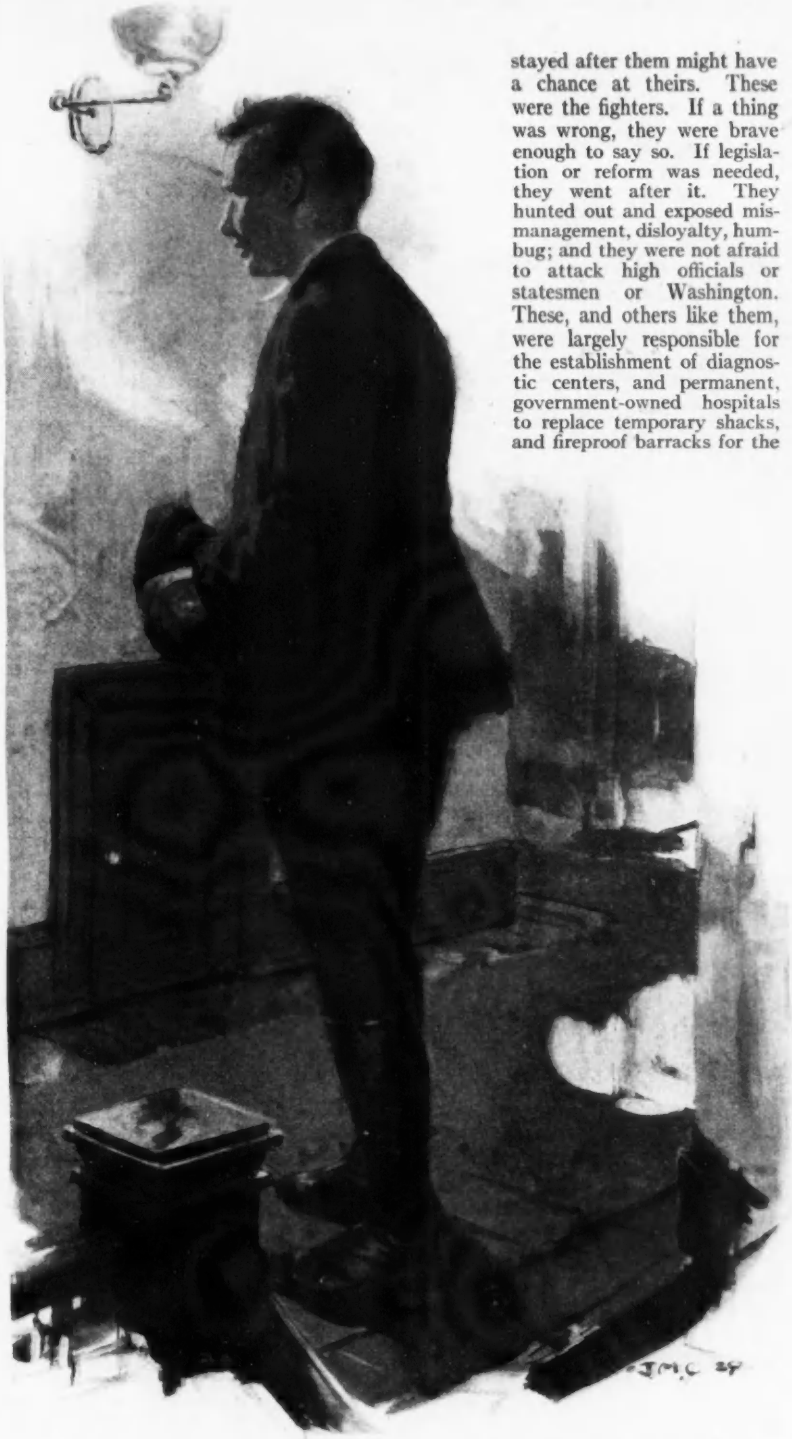
"And there's something to that, Miss Jenny. Some of 'em makes progress here, and some 'ud do better in their homes because you can't transplant 'em. He was askin' for you, just now. He needs cheering up."

"Oh, Amos, stand by him for me. Don't let him die—alone!"

She caught her quivering lip and hurried away from the expression of surprise on his



**The dim light in the hall shone on the haggard face of Jake. He said, "You must come, Miss Jenny"**



kind face. A sense of unreality possessed her. She walked in a fog. And through this fog saw the arched entrance to the ward and stood in the door, waiting for the blur of faces to clear.

*Greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for another.*

In this ward there were men who might have returned to health and normal conditions, but they had taken on themselves the fight of their comrades. They would give their lives that the thousands who stayed after them might have a chance at theirs. These were the fighters. If a thing was wrong, they were brave enough to say so. If legislation or reform was needed, they went after it. They hunted out and exposed mismanagement, disloyalty, humbug; and they were not afraid to attack high officials or statesmen or Washington. These, and others like them, were largely responsible for the establishment of diagnostic centers, and permanent, government-owned hospitals to replace temporary shacks, and fireproof barracks for the feeble, blind, and disabled. With their last conscious breath they would fight.

Jenny, acutely aware today of their sacrifice, saw them as through the smoke of battle—as across the thunder of guns; saw them driven and beaten and undrooping and unconquered, pressing on to take the last hill.

And this was the thing that was killing her. She had had the chance to help, and she hadn't helped. She could never atone for that. Too stirred by their tragedies to be circumspect or diplomatic, she had thrown her impulses to waste, defeating her purpose at its source—she who had run on such eager feet to join their ranks—to thrust up her own small banner into the splendid company of theirs.

They hailed her happily, and Jenny hailed back, trying to shake that queer mist from her eyes. Where had she been the whole blessed afternoon? And come here, Jenny, will you, there's a rock inside this pillow that must have grown on a Plymouth Rock chicken. Gasoline yonder has printed a hot sign—real humor. How's that for a fella as dumb as Gas?

Charlie beckoned to her, wanted to talk. He'd got it into his head to go home, and wouldn't Jenny help him? There had been so few to take their part, get their viewpoint; only Jenny, and Dr. Huffy maybe.

But he was not here now. He was off with that foreign surgeon, and perhaps he wouldn't get back in time.

She asked, "Shall we send for your wife, Charlie?"

"I don't see how she can leave. There are the children, too small to stay alone, and she's always afraid they'll get playing with matches. No, what I want is to *go* home. I say, Jenny, stand by me in this. Speak to somebody. If they'd give us what it costs to keep us here, let us go back to our people for—for whatever time we've got left, then the poor devils waiting and needing hospitalization could get in. See?"

Jenny promised to help. What else could she do?

She was at the door again, that unbearable ache in her throat. One swift look, and hurry away.

And now she faced the things she hadn't let herself think about. Windy. When the foreign surgeon returned with Dr. Huffy, Windy was to undergo an operation for his spine injury. If he lived through it, Dr. Huffy had explained to her, he had a chance at complete recovery. Did she have the strength to go to Windy now, knowing it might be the last time?

She stood outside his room with her hand on the door and her eyes closed and prayed.

"Help me to get through this and keep a blithe face for Windy. He mustn't know I'm going."

She mustn't betray her anxiety by a word or a look. She got her face all arranged, and—now, Jenny opened the door.

But when she saw that bright glance, and Windy's hair rumpled and boyish against his pillows, and the eager light that always leaped to meet her as if Windy sprang from a chair to do honor to his guest—it was more than Jenny could bear. Feeling herself going to pieces rapidly, she crossed his floor, and stuck her head out the window, and let the soft wind wash away its ghastly look of suffering.

She said—from out the window: "There's wine in the air, Windy, and little nice tunes. The hills, I think, are singing. Can you hear them?"

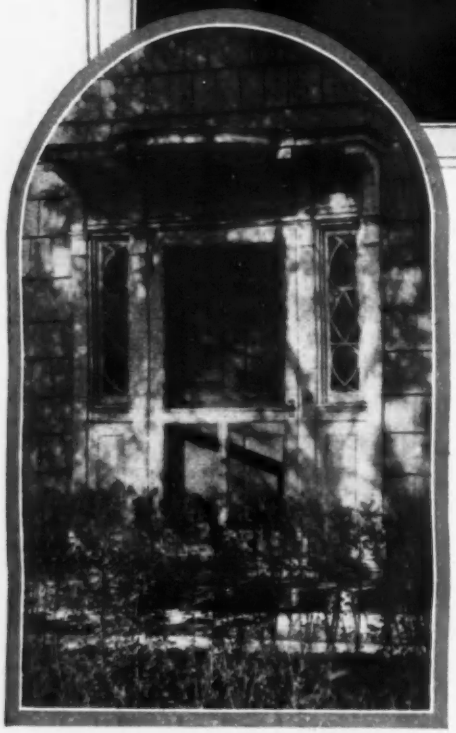
"It's that fellow under the window with a guitar. A wandering minstrel pausing at my casement. Who *is* it with so haunting a baritone? He's been singing quaint, old things. Ah!" (*Continued on page 214*)

There has never yet been found a substitute which, for economy, durability, and ease of handling, can take the place of wood

# *Building With* WOOD

## *By* Roger H. Bullard

*WHICH shall the new house be, brick or stucco, frame or stone? All have their merits, all their weak points. No one type is ideal for everybody or for every locality. If you are planning to build and have not definitely made up your mind how you will build, read these four articles by prominent architects. If you are still in doubt, we shall be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask us. Other building problems will be discussed in this department next month and every month thereafter. We hope you will read it regularly*



Wood lends itself to detail of design

EVER since Man, the maker of inventions, left the shelter of the rocks and caves and proceeded to make for himself and family a permanent shelter of comfort, convenience, and safety, he has turned for his building material to the most natural substance which the earth provides. Animal skins, straw, grass, and leaves were all discarded in favor of the more durable framework of wood. The Ark, we are told, was made of gopher wood, and the Phoenicians made their ships for adventure from the wonderful cedars of Lebanon; until forests are no more, wood will be the most natural material for building.

There has never yet been found or invented a substitute which, combining economy, durability, and ease of handling, can take the place of wood. Even in localities where there is no timber, wood is still cheaper and easier to transport than any of the heavier substitutes, and in places where stone, cement, and brick are not available, there is no alternative.

Except for nails, glass, and whatever masonry is necessary for chimneys, a house can be completely built of wood alone, which can not be said of any other one material. Locust, which does not deteriorate from the action of dampness, makes excellent and long-lived foundation posts; spruce or fir is used for beams, posts, plates, rafters, and framing throughout; and cedar, white pine, or cypress make the best shingles. Clapboards or siding may be used on the exterior walls as an alternative, and cedar for roof shingles. White pine comes in again for exterior cornices, window and door frames, and trim, and comb grain Georgia pine or oak is used for floors laid on North Carolina pine rough flooring. White pine, white wood, cypress, oak, cherry, birch, and many other kinds of wood may be used for the walls, ceilings, and trim in the various rooms, the selection depending somewhat upon whether they are to be painted or stained. Other woods sometimes used for interior paneling, although more expensive, are walnut, teak, butternut, and California redwood. Mahogany is often used for stair rails.

Some of the finest examples of early American houses were built of wood by the settlers of this country over 250 years ago and the excellent *(Continued on page 186)*

# *Everybody Likes*
# A HOUSE *of* STONE
## *Says* Julius Gregory

ALMOST every one, I think, would prefer to have a house of stone rather than one built of any other material. This preference is probably based as much on feeling and sentiment as on practical and esthetic grounds. Stone to all of us represents strength. We know that it is an enduring material, resisting the ceaseless onslaughts of time and weather. We like to look at it and touch it. We have a feeling that it is fundamental—that from it we can build a dwelling for all time. It is well adapted to a wide variety of architectural styles, and is especially charming when used to build homes of the informal character admirably suited to American life. Being such a substantial and permanent material, it entails little expense for cost of upkeep.

With all these desirable qualities you may wonder why stone is not more frequently used as a building material in this country. The answer is that it is the costliest of the ordinary building materials, even though the stone selected is a local one and does not have to be brought from any great distance to the building site. Part of this extra cost depends on the availability of the stone selected and the cost of mason's labor. Part is due to the fact that all the other materials used in the house should have as nearly as possible the same permanent quality. A roof of slate, flashings of copper, window frames of metal—fine, enduring materials like these belong to the house built of stone, and naturally they increase the first cost.

But if one's purse can stand it, and if there is good stone at hand, no other material is so satisfactory. The stone should, as a rule, be native, because it is difficult otherwise to escape the impression of affectation. You may occasionally have seen houses of round cobblestones and wondered why they were so ugly when most stone walls are beautiful. They are unpleasing because such stones can not be built up naturally in a wall; they need plenty of mortar to hold them together. It is a case of taking boulders which were never intended to be used as a building material, and forcing them to serve. The effect, of course, is unnatural and ugly.

Many of the oldest houses in the country are built of rough-dressed, native stone, and from them a traditional style has developed which local architects have successfully expressed in modern houses. The low, rambling, informal houses of Philadelphia, built of the native ledgestone, are an example. Quite different from them are the Dutch (*Continued on page 193*)

**"For permanence, beauty, and local suitability stone is the best building material," says Julius Gregory, who chose it for his own house. The deep window recesses make the interiors effective**

*Photographs by Samuel H. Gottscho*

# *I Like* STUCCO *Says* Frank J. Forster

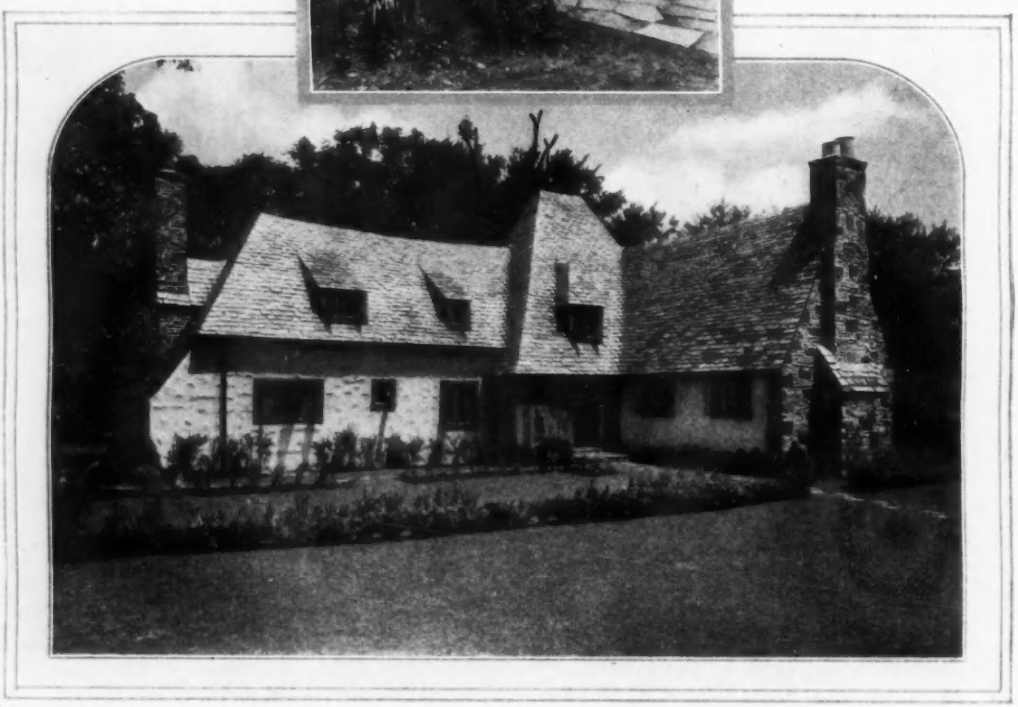
## *Because It Is Beautiful, Adaptable, And Durable*

IN OUR domestic architecture, wood, in the form of shingles and clapboards for exterior wall covering, is gradually giving way to more durable materials, such as stucco, brick, and stone. In our early New England architecture, while of course brick and stone were occasionally employed, clapboards and shingles were the chief materials used because wood was plentiful and close at hand. Local stone in combination with wood was the predominant building material in the Dutch Colonial architecture of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, while the Southern Colonial houses were usually constructed of brick, with wood for general trimming and for the tall columns supporting the porticos. Stucco on a base of brick or adobe was used by the early settlers of California, and stucco is still the most popular and appropriate material in that section.

In the semi-tropical sections of the country—Florida and California—Spanish and Italian arehitecture are very appropriate. They need luxuriant foliage and brilliant skies to bring out their beauty. In the more northerly latitudes neither type is so successful. There our native Colonial styles or the architecture of Northern France or of England seem more at home. In all these types of domestic architecture stucco has been extensively used, and in the case of many old houses it has stood the test of centuries of wear. It is an eminently practical material. The original cost is somewhat higher than that of wood, but it is more durable, and the upkeep is practically nothing. When applied over a frame building, it greatly reduces the fire hazard. When used on a base of brick, stone, or tile block, it acts as a waterproofing material.

Besides these practical advantages, a properly applied stucco wall has great richness of surface. Its slightly irregular surface catches the sunlight and makes a pleasing background for trees and shrubbery. Then, too, stucco combines successfully with other wall treatments, such as brick, stone, or half timber. A house constructed of several of these various materials is often more pleasing than a house made of one of them. Each material relieves the monotony of the other. The small picture on this page is a detail of a house in which several materials are pleasingly blended. Brick was used for one wing of this house, the gable end being parged over with stucco. The other wing is of stucco, worked to a fairly (*Continued on page 189*)

The flexibility of stucco and the charming way it combines with stone, brick, and wood are seen in this house



A carved wood entrance gives an old-world charm to the entrance of this brick and stucco dwelling

*Photograph by Charles Darling*

**A careful study of color, texture, and brick pattern resulted in this charming house of Georgian design**

# *The Beauty of* BRICK

## *By* Eleanor Raymond

IN SPITE of the fact that brick is one of the oldest building materials known, our knowledge of its use extending back to the days of the Hebrew patriarchs, there is still something to be said with regard to the different effects that may be obtained when it is employed in domestic architecture.

It has always been a favorite material for dwelling houses because of its practicality as well as its beauty. Brick does not warp, decay, or burn like wood. The original cost is higher than wood, and a little higher than stucco, but the maintenance afterward is slight, for it will not require painting, and if the mortar is of good quality, the brick wall will last indefinitely without deterioration or need of repair.

The beauty of brick as a medium for architectural expression depends on a number of factors—the size, texture, and color of the bricks, the color of the mortar, the character of joints, and the kind of bond used. Each of these has considerable effect on the appearance of the finished wall.

In the past bricks have been of various sizes, ranging from the long, thin bricks of the Romans to the over-sized ones found in many of our Southern houses. Recently, for the sake of economy in manufacture, the Bureau of Standards of the U. S. Department of Commerce has fixed the standard size as 2¼ x 3¾ x 8 inches. In spite of this uniformity now established in the size of the units, there is ample opportunity for variety of effect because of differences in the color and texture of the bricks themselves, in the character and width of their joints, and in the pattern of the brickwork.

Bricks are classified in many ways, according to the clay employed, the process of manufacture, or the uses for which they are destined, but the classifications in which home builders are most likely to be interested are those that enable them to choose bricks that will give them a beautiful result. The first question to be considered, then, is that of the color of the bricks to be selected.

Most people, if questioned as to the color of bricks, would undoubtedly respond that they are red. But there are scores of shades of red. Moreover, bricks actually cover a much wider range of color than can be designated, however loosely, by the word red. From the lightest to the darkest tones they extend from light salmon pink to deep wine red, and from yellow to dark buff. There are even blacks in the case of very hard-burned bricks, and shades of blue among the wire-cut ones. The architect is then confronted with a wide choice of color, and here naturally the element of personal choice must enter somewhat into the matter. It becomes necessary, therefore, to select those that are most suitable or pleasing for special kinds of houses, and it should be possible, by analyzing the effects obtained, to justify our choice. The most satisfactory colors found in old brickwork are the soft reds which vary from light salmon to dark terra cotta with shades that often verge on plum. Bricks which show some variation of color in each separate unit are pleasanter than those of uniform color, which are likely to give a hard, mechanical effect.

The question that naturally arises next is whether all the colors suggested for possible use are equally appropriate for all types of houses. Is the wall with a range of colors more suited to the formal house or the informal one? Can such a seemingly arbitrary statement with regard to color be made?

Perhaps it will be of help here to refer to the illustrations showing the house of Georgian design built for Mr. William K. Jackson and the city house remodeled for myself. In the first of these, a formal house of Georgian architecture with doorway of strictly classic design, the character of formality is given, I believe, by the slight variation of color in the bricks and the sophistication of the soft salmon red as well as by the design of the house. In the case of the city house, on the other hand, there is a much wider range of color, which existed in the second-hand bricks selected and is increased still further by the old *(Continued on page 190)*

*Photograph by Burr A. Church*

**Bricks of varied color, with deep joints, give to this city terrace a charming air of informality**

## *On and On Goes the Ship that is Bearing a Girl in Search of Her Name*

# AROUND

*Why Celia Sailed*

NOTHING in her quiet, uneventful years in the old Van Heusen house on Fifth Avenue had prepared Celia for what happened. She had always known there was a mystery about her birth, but old Mrs. Van Heusen—whom she had called "Vannie" as soon as she could lisp—had never let it matter. The only discourtesy Celia had ever known came from some distant cousins—the Blanchards—who seemed to make a special effort to make her feel an interloper.

Their discourtesy finally infuriated old Mrs. Van Heusen so that she tore up her will leaving part of her fortune to the Blanchards and part to Celia, and gave her lawyer orders to make a new one. Unfortunately she died suddenly without signing the new will. Celia was left without anything.

She knew only that she had been found on the doorstep the night old Mrs. Van Heusen's scapegrace son had come home ill, dying. The only intelligible words he was able to utter were:

"Take care of little Celia. Married by Christian—"

That slight clue—and a dozen worn postal cards sent to his mother during his travels—were the only things Celia had to go on when she sailed on the *Empress of the East* as one of the social directors of the cruise, a position earned by selling the trip to ten other people.

Just before she sailed, Judge Stuyvesant had brought her two filing cases of the letters written by his firm twenty years ago, in an effort to discover some record of either Robert Van Heusen's marriage or of Celia's birth. And a warning. The warning related to a young man in a striped tie and golf stockings—a young man whom she afterward identified as Mr. Perry Marchand, and who in no time at all had arranged to have a seat at the big table over which she presided.

She wired his name to Judge Stuyvesant, and when the answer came, she went to her cabin to read it alone. Her fears were confirmed. Mr. Perry Marchand was a member of the firm of Mrs. Blanchard's lawyers. She opened the wardrobe door to file the wireless with her other papers—and stopped in shock and horror. The two filing cases were gone. Not a trace of them was left.

The new moon had already set, and the stars had the sky to themselves. Celia was all breathless within, wondering what Perry was going to tell her

# the WORLD

*By* GEORGE WESTON

*Illustrated By W. G. Ratterman*

CHAPTER XIII

CELIA found Mr. Buhl at the rail on the front of C deck, watching the electric capstan slowly but surely drawing up the anchor chains.

"In the old sea-tales," he said, making room for her by his side, "this was done by hand. Bars were fitted in the head of the capstan, and the crew walked around in a circle, pushing their chests against the bars. That's when they sang their chanteys—

" 'Blow—Blow—Blow the man down.' "

Celia said nothing, hardly knowing how to begin, reluctant to add her line of dejection to Mr. Buhl's song of the sea. Around them was the bowl-like harbor, beautiful as a stage setting; on one side the city with the statue of La Habana on her lofty tower; on the other, Morro Castle adding a deeper, more dramatic note to the scene.

"I read another chantey once," he continued, "but I'm afraid it was too good to be true. I can't remember it all, but these two lines have stayed with me—

" 'With her shells and seaweed dripping,
It's a beauty we are shipping—' "

Still Celia said nothing; and silence sometimes being more compelling than speech, Mr. Buhl transferred his gaze from the rising chain to the troubled young face by his side.

"You look worried," he said, all concern in a moment.

"I am," she sighed.

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

She showed him Judge Stuyvesant's cable.

"But we were expecting that," he said in a low voice, making sure that no one could overhear. "At least, I was," he said, looking at her with a sudden, new interest. "Weren't you?"

"In a way," she sadly nodded.

"Then why worry?" he asked. "We knew from the first that this young man wasn't to be trusted—that he came from the enemy's camp. So why be downcast at this?"

"But that's not all," said Celia, returning the cable to her pocket-book. "You remember those two filing cases filled with letters which Judge Stuyvesant gave me before we sailed from New York?"

"Yes; you told me about them."

"I put them in the bottom of my wardrobe, and somebody has taken them."

Mr. Buhl whistled under his breath.

"You're sure it wasn't the stewardess?"

"Yes; I asked both the steward and the stewardess."

"Then it isn't hard to guess who took them."

"I'm not so sure," said Celia, hesitating.

"At least I'm sure of one thing," said Mr. Buhl decisively. "We'll get them back."

"You—think we can?"

"Why not? As I remember it, those letters showed that Judge Stuyvesant's search was a failure. Therefore—don't you see?—the other side would be glad to have them. Therefore in all human probability the letters have not been thrown overboard, but are still on the ship."

"It's a big ship," said Celia thoughtfully.

"Unless," continued Mr. Buhl, not noticing the interruption, still busy with his own line of reasoning, "unless he mailed them back from Havana."

"If you're thinking of Mr. Marchand," said Celia quickly, "he couldn't have mailed them, because he was with us all the time he was ashore."

"Then they're on the ship," said Mr. Buhl more positively than before. "That being the case, I must have a talk with Mr. Albans." He glanced at his watch. "I'll see if he is in his office," he added. "The sooner, the better."

Celia, however, placed a detaining hand upon his arm. "No, please," she said. "I don't quite understand why you are going to Mr. Albans—and—and what you are going to tell him."

"I'm going to tell him to find those letters," said Mr. Buhl grimly. "With all the stewards and stewardesses on board constantly poking into every nook and cranny of the ship—"

"Yes, I understand that," said Celia, "but the letters may not be in their filing cases any longer. Mr. Albans will want you to describe them."

"All right, then; I'll describe them."

Celia's detaining hand was still upon his arm. "But, please—you mustn't," she said. "Mr. Albans doesn't know—what I've told you. You're the only one who knows that."

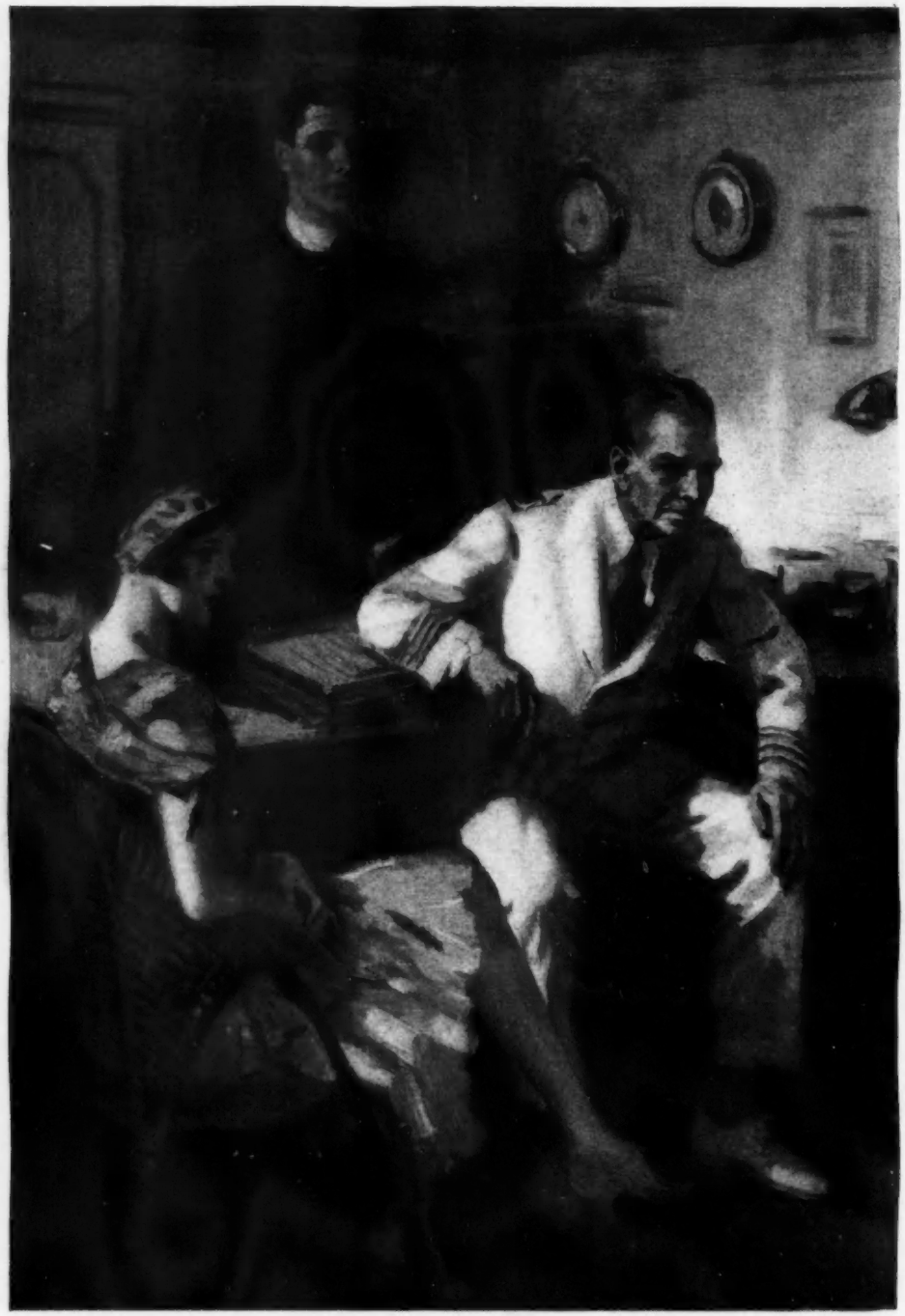
"Marchand knows," said Mr. Buhl. "And whether or not it was Marchand, the one who stole your letters knows. So why not let Mr. Albans know, too? He has chartered this ship; with the exception of the captain, he has more power than anybody on board; and believe me, he can help a lot—both now and later."

"But—I don't like—telling—" Celia still hesitated.

"And I'll tell you some one else who knows," continued Mr. Buhl in no way diminished—"this Mrs. Blanchard in New York that you told me about. There she is, you might say, playing chess with you. She moves her lawyers on the board, and you check them with Judge Stuyvesant. She moves Marchand across the board, and you check him with me. Now she moves a letter-thief against you, and what are you going to do? Check the thief with Mr. Albans? Or let Mrs. Blanchard win the move and possibly the game?"

It might have been the thought of Mrs. Blanchard—and her two superior daughters—which finally decided Celia.

"Well," she said, her hand detaining Mr.



**"How did this letter-file come in your room?" said the Captain. "I'd like to "Have you looked in the file?" he asked. "Of course," said Miss Dorcaster.**

know myself," cried Miss Dorcaster. Mr. Graham's question went deeper. "The whole ship will know yet," Celia was thinking with a heavy heart

Buhl's arm no longer, "I suppose I ought to come with you—but—I think I'll stay here."

"I'll be back in a few minutes," he promised, hurrying away as though afraid that she might change her mind.

The anchor had been raised, and the *Empress* was slowly moving toward the open sea, when Mr. Buhl appeared again at Celia's side.

"I've seen Mr. Albans," he reported, "and he's all for you. Says he'll help in every way possible."

"Does he think he can find the letters?" Celia eagerly interrupted.

"He doesn't seem to have the least doubt about it." At this Mr. Buhl's usually straightforward glance wandered a little, although perhaps he was only looking for lizards on the gray walls of Morro Castle, which the *Empress* was passing at the moment. "There are one or two points that he isn't quite clear about—" he added, "—er—when you last saw the letters, and so on—and I told him I'd fetch you and we'd go over everything together."

So together they made their way to the counter with the "Cruise" sign above it. Here an assistant director opened a gate with a concealed lock, and they passed through the outside office to an inner room which proved to be Mr. Albans' private retreat. At Celia's entrance he arose and drew up a chair to the end of his desk.

"Mr. Buhl has been telling me your real reason for taking our cruise," he said in a guarded voice, "and I can't tell you how much I admire you for it. Not only that, but this is my tenth trip around, and I may be able to help you."

"But you're so busy," said Celia.

"Routine, my dear Miss Van Heusen. And if I may say so, deadly routine. Every day the same difficulties for A. B. Albans to smooth over—every day the same complaints—"

He raised his hand for silence, and in the outside office they heard a woman speaking over the counter.

"Is Mr. Albans in?" she asked in a lofty voice.

"He is very busy, madam," said the assistant director on duty. "I am in charge of Information and Complaints this afternoon."

"Then I wish you would tell Mr. Albans—from Mrs. Bannister of East Coventry, Ohio; he will know the name as soon as you mention it—that unless he can move me to a quieter stateroom, I am seriously considering leaving the ship at Los Angeles. Tell him, please, that Mr. Bannister is the leading attorney of East Coventry, and I think he will know what *that* means!" In richly significant tones she concluded, "This—is—my—third—and—last—complaint!"

"Thank heaven, it's her last!" said Mr. Albans in his guarded voice after Mrs. Bannister had marched away. "And now perhaps you begin to see, Miss Van Heusen, why this business of yours appeals to me like a—like a—well, like a bar of a melody in the middle of a page of sour notes."

"Do you think you can find the letters?" hesitated Celia anxiously.

"We'll find them—never fear—if they're on this ship."

"Mr. Buhl said (*Continued on page 287*)

# *If You Like To Go* PLACES *Just Follow*

## Frederick L. Collins

LAST summer I stood beside the rustic arch which marks the Great Divide, the backbone of the North American continent, the top of the world. Beneath the arch flowed a tiny rivulet which divided into two still tinier streams. Before the summer was over, I had followed each of these streamlets to the sea. The waters that flow to the east eventually reach Hudson Bay and the Atlantic; those to the west join the Kicking Horse River and add their mites to the great Pacific.

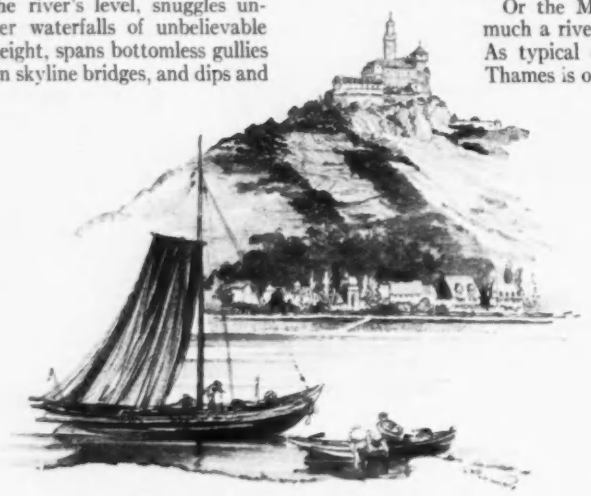
Two summers ago I followed the Rhone from the Golfe du Lion to its headwaters in highest Switzerland. From there I plunged into the Black Forest, emerging at Frankfort-on-Main; thence down the Rhine to Coblenz and back along the shores of the Moselle to France. It was an intriguing and at times a beautiful trail, but, so far as the streams themselves were concerned, it was as if I had been playing with a set of Nature's toys. Royal rivers they were, but scarcely ever did they achieve majesty.

There is no comparison in natural grandeur between any river in the Old World and the Columbia. This is the largest of the great Northwestern logways that bring the forests to the sea. It plunges through jagged rifts in tossed-up mountains into a valley of surpassing loveliness. The great highway which follows the river's course hangs for miles to the edges of precipitous cliffs, winds through arches of tunneled stone, emerges on giant promontories hundreds of feet above the river's level, snuggles under waterfalls of unbelievable height, spans bottomless gullies on skyline bridges, and dashes through two hundred miles of cascades and gorges.

Or the St. Lawrence. Throughout its glorious way from Lake Ontario to Cape Gaspé, the mighty river shines with the crystal beauty of a mountain spring. Its Thousand Islands—and six hundred and ninety-two more for good measure—are by day an inland archipelago of unimagined splendor; by night, in the magic of the Grand Illumination, they become a Venetian dream of twinkling lights and tinkling tunes. The St. Lawrence is by the way of being paradise.

Or the Mississippi. Not so much a river as it is a symbol. As typical of America as the Thames is of Britain: typical in its size, its power, its sometimes uncontrollable sweep. At Minneapolis it is the river of the staff-of-life. At St. Louis, it is the river of Pierre Laclede, of John Jacob Astor, of James B. Eads. At New Orleans, it is the river of sugar and rice, of plantations and levees, of Creoles and Crescents, of Mark Twain and Edna Ferber, of adventure and romance.

Old World streams, on the other hand, seldom look the part. The blue Danube is decidedly yellow. The Jordan doesn't roll. The Nile is little more than a canal, and a rather meager one at that, if it is to be judged by weights and measures. Shakespeare's Avon wanders through softly wooded stretches in the pleasant, casual manner of the English countryside, but it is an ordinary stream to have so much fuss made over it.



The Rhine is an intriguing and sometimes a beautiful trail—a royal river but scarcely ever achieving majesty

Its neighbor, the Thames, is what our Wednesday-luncheon orators would call a bigger and better river, but even the Thames is so narrow that it could flow unnoticed between the double s's of a full-grown r'ver like the Mississippi.

There are, however, compensations:

The Thames is a noble stream, not because of its size, but because the essence of England flows through it to the sea; because the signs on its hundreds of tiny piers read like an outdoor version of Green's "Short History of the English People"; because the long double line of pleasure craft, that stretches from Oxford to Richmond, is a symbol of the British art of leisurely living; because romance and history sit enthroned on either bank, and London is waiting at the end.

The Tiber is tinier than the Thames. But its muddy waters have risen and fallen with "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." It is still "Tiber, Father Tiber, to whom the Romans pray." The Meuse, where more recent history was made, is merely a prosperous brook. But to me it is one of the largest and most terrifying

*Illustrated By John Richard Flanagan*

Sentimentally Egyptis a land of enchaining interest; physically it is disappointing. The Nile is little more than a canal, and a meager one

torrents in the world. Reason: I fell into it once out of a catapulting airplane and thought—in my ignorance—that I was dead! To most people the Clyde is a rather insignificant stream, but to the Glasgow Scotsman it is the greatest river in the world. He has widened it and deepened it and hollowed it out until he has changed an eighteen-inch shallowness to a navigable depth that enables great ocean liners to dock in the center of the city.

"Sandy," said a visiting Canadian to his Glasgow host, "you could hitch a dozen Clydes on to the good old St. Lawrence, and nobody would notice it at all."

"Mebbe," answered the Scot, "but the St. Lawrence is the wark o' the Almichty —we made the Clyde oursel's."

The difference between these rivers is frequently the difference between sight-seeing in the New World and the Old. Take Egypt. Sentimentally, it is a land of enchaining interest. Physically, it is incredibly disappointing. Cairo is gay and queer and becomingly "mosquey," but it is filled with disillusioning modernity. The tomb of Tut-ank-amen is everything that the papers said it was —I'm not going to describe it; no reader of the Sunday supplements was more bored than I!—but the entrance is little more than a hole in the ground. Here, as almost everywhere else in Egypt, there is no setting, no back-drop. The tourist's pleasure is largely in the content of his own mind.

All my life I had looked forward to Shepheard's Terrace. There is something about the word "terrace" which suggests green grass and marble balustrades, far vistas and shaded paths, still pools and playing fountains, moonlight and romance. There is a Burne-Jonesness about the word. But the terrace in front of Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo is very little Burne and very much Jones.

I had fancied the heroine of "Bella Donna" tripping in silver slippers over cool lawns up wide marble stairways to carpeted scenes of social splendor. Instead she pushed her way through a crowd of importunate dragomen—the dictionary plural is "dragomans," but nobody in Egypt uses it!—across the hot concrete of a city sidewalk, up worn stone steps, past a new-art iron railing, to a commonplace front piazza. Instead of a scene of social splendor, she strode through a confusing mass of stained metal tables and faded wicker chairs; tired men sustained by a never-ending parade of martinis and bronxes, determined women paralytic from too much sight-seeing. Instead of silver slippers, she wore ground-grippers. And if she did any tripping, it was over the rim of Mr. Shepheard's top step, which is wider than the others and sends many a worshipful tourist face-downward on the linoleum-like tiles in an attitude of true oriental devotion.

To the old-timers on the Terrace there is nothing displeasing in these Cairo incongruities.

"I have been coming here every year for seventeen years," one old habitué confided to me, "and I have never seen the Pyramids. Shepheard's and the race track are good enough for me."

The same man told me that I mustn't miss Heliopolis.

"It's great!" he insisted. "There's a Luna Park and everything."

Heliopolis, where Asenath, daughter of the High Priest, was given to Joseph as a reward for interpreting Pharaoh's dream, where Herodotus and Plato sat at the feet of the ancient wise men—Heliopolis, whose "greatness" consists today of a pretentious hotel, a fair race course, and a one-ring Coney Island without a sea! Once, temples and palaces lined its highways. Today, the only temple is the *papier-maché* structure which houses the "Fire and Flames," and the principal palace is the home of the president of the street railway.

A veil of almost equally opaque modernity hangs over the Pyramids and the sacred Sphinx—albeit the modernity in this instance takes the innocent form of that most ancient of beasts, (*Continued on page 224*)

Jerusalem is today, as always, the most dramatic city in the world. The modern pilgrim motors through the ancient Jaffa gate

"SOPHRONIA," he said sternly, "promise me you will send me away smiling. Or you shall not come aboard." She felt that she was sinking into the flowers and ferns about her knees. "I—promise, Edward," she said. "I promise—to smile"

# CLAUDIA CRANSTON'S

## *STORY Of A LOVE That BLOSSOMED In The MIDST Of WAR*

# The Blue & The Gray

*Illustrated*

*By Walter Biggs*

WREN HALL swam in the sound of the house slaves singing in the yard. It pervaded the rooms, and seeped into the cellars, where the butler was burying the imported wine. For this was the spring of 1864. Deep in Louisiana. And tomorrow the Yankees were coming to the Parish of Iberia.

"Goo' by, Honey,
Goo' by, Honey,
Ah's gwine—tuh leab mah home."

Upstairs in her room Miss Sophronia was crying. For it was she who was leaving Wren Hall. And she did not want to go!

Sophronia Louisa Henrietta Watson had not cried out loud before. She had only cried inside. Where no one could see. Or a little at night in her bed.

For crying was a thing that was not done by the women of the South in the war. Crying? Of course, they never laughed. But they smiled, those beautiful women with small, soft, white hands, who broke the fallen boughs for their fireplaces, and stripped the bushes of leaves to stew for tea.

Although until yesterday Miss Sophronia had been only seventeen, she had kept her father's great house. Assisted by the blacks, but more and more alone in responsibility of late. Portioned the food, soothed the fears, nursed the sick. For hers was the only white face left at Wren Hall. And across the Bayou Teche, back of the mansion, was a long double row of whitewashed cabins full of the Wren Hall slaves. Gentle savages to whom she was a white goddess.

And now her aunt on the other plantation, had decreed that Miss Sophronia must leave ahead of the Yankees—while all she wanted was to stay and hold her own!

"Goo' by, Honey,
Goo' by, Honey,
Goo'—ooo'—oo—"

The sound came in the open windows like something with a form.

Nobody had told them, but the darkies knew Miss Sophronia was trying to decide something else besides going to New Orleans! Trying to decide if she loved young Marse Edward Wylie Howard Baker enough to disobey her father.

Her father, the Colonel, had written home that there should be no wedding until after the war. But Marse Edward Wylie was home on furlough now, and Miss Sophronia was trying to decide if the wedding should be tomorrow!

Miss Sophronia and Marse Edward had loved each other since they were children. And now, since yesterday, they were both eighteen.

The darkies were making everything harder. Singing there in the yard. Gradually the young white girl felt a second meaning under their song.

"De *big* road!
De *long* road!
De *wide* road—
Down de lane."

The singing was sharply illustrative. Something seemed to burst like fireworks in Miss Sophronia's brain under its spell. Out of her mind struggled a decision. She would disobey her father! She would marry Marse Edward tomorrow!

"I shall *not* go to New Orleans, Lily Bell," she said to the black girl who was sorting out her dresses from the *armoire*.

She stood at the open window. The pure-bred Africans looked up at her. Bright calico, blue jeans. Bizarre contrasts of color. Red, tight bandannas across low foreheads.

The singing became more erratic. Stirring the hot, heavy scent of the magnolias.

Miss Sophronia clutched at Lily Bell's shoulders. "What are those blacks singing about?" she asked hysterically. "It's not—anything about Marse Edward! I am going to tell him we will be married tomorrow!"

Lily Bell was trying to hide her face in her arms. Miss Sophronia took both hands and turned the black face to her own. Tears were like broken crystals on Lily Bell's ebony cheeks. The pink, tender lips were softened and trembling.

"Marse Edward ain't," she said, "gwine to be hyah a-tall—tomorrah!"

"Of course, he is." Miss Sophronia said quietly. Then: "Lily Bell! Is he gone? Has he gone already? Oh, just tell me that."

"Not—yit."

"Marse Edward is home for two weeks. Everybody knows that."

But Miss Sophronia resumed her interrupted packing swiftly and carefully. Packing her ivory-backed mirror. Putting in the jewelry box her mother had brought from Paris. For Miss Sophronia's mother had been a French duchess, and she had gone back to Paris every year until she died.

Last of the things on her dressing-table, she packed the jade-sticked folding fan with the diamond butterfly on gauze. Marse Edward had given her that last night, because it was their birthday night—because they were both eighteen.

In the midst of the packing came the double whistle of Marse Edward's yacht on the bayou. He was tying up to the landing. It was the signal they had agreed upon.

Miss Sophronia patted Lily Bell on the shoulder as she passed.

"How the white folks do let the niggers upset them!" she said.

The darkies were not in the garden back of the house any more. Their black bodies were gone, their white and calico. But they had left something apprehensive. Something in the air that made Miss Sophronia tremble with the cold in the hot sun. Made her stumble on the steep bank toward the bayou.

"Edward," she cried quickly to break the spell. She held out her arms. "Oh, Edward, I have decided. We shall be married tomorrow!"

But he did not answer her. He just stood there, a sort of quick pallor showing even through the roughened, lean tan of his face. He took off his cap. His burnished black hair shone in the sun.

"You are not going—to marry me—tomorrow!" she cried.

He met her eyes. "I am going to run the Union blockade in the Gulf tomorrow."

The blockade! The blockade? The words drained the blood from her face and her heart. For they were a death-warrant. Marse Edward Wylie Howard was wedded to death, not to her!

"But they can't make you go," she cried. "You are not old enough to be a blockade runner."

His strong, brown hands were on the rope that made the yacht fast to the landing. "Sophronia," he commanded, "don't *touch* me if you are going to try to weaken me. I am old enough to die for Dixie. For I am eighteen now."

She was not listening. She was stumbling toward him. To hold him back.

He had the mooring rope untied and was ready to leap aboard the yacht. He had not had two years in the camps of the soldiers for nothing. A battlefield can put the iron of thirty even into eighteen.

"Sophronia Louisa," he said sternly, with no flicker of his black, deep-set, Southern eyes, "if you ever want to touch the Gray again, act like a soldier now! Promise me you will send me smiling. Or you shall not come aboard!"

She felt that she was sinking into the ferns and flowers about her knees. Or were they rising up around her face. The water was already trembling around the bow of the yacht. The smoke streamed thinly from the orange-colored funnels.

If he went without holding her in his arms, she would die. If she did not promise, he would go.

"I—I promise, Edward," she said. "I promise—to smile."

Then she was in his arms, her face against his gray shoulder, choking back her sobs.

"You must excuse me, Edward—Lieutenant Edward Wylie Howard Baker," she said, "for not being a soldier. I'm just Sophronia Louisa, you know."

He laughed and kissed her thin eyelids shut. Latin-dark eyelids luscious as a

bruised purple peach. "It's wonderful that we are eighteen now," he said. "It's wonderful we are not just neighbors' children any more. That I am old enough to be a soldier. And you are old enough to be a soldier's sweetheart."

"Old enough to be a soldier's wife," she corrected.

"Brave enough, too," he answered. "Kiss me again."

And from his lips she gathered strength for those so hard, strange things to come. Into her spirit from his spirit poured the indomitable, fierce fighting soul of the Southern armies, of those desperate, passionate men fighting for their wide, rich fields and their gracious mansions.

It seemed to Miss Sophronia only a moment that Marse Edward held her in his arms. Then he was gone. Down the sweet Bayou Teche among the lotus flowers. In his father's yacht, the *Sans Souci*. To run the Union blockade in the Gulf of Mexico. With secret dispatches for the Confederate ships in the harbor of Havana.

Strangely now, little Miss Sophronia was afraid. Afraid of the soldiers coming tomorrow. Afraid in her father's house.

She hurried to pack the big, brown leather trunk Celestine Vichy and Aaron Burr dragged down from the trunk room at the top of the house. She was glad enough to go to New Orleans now.

Dressed in a tight-bodiced, brown taffeta traveling frock, she hurried once more to the sentry, for news from the North. As she and Lily Bell walked, it seemed to her the sun had never shone so yellow. It seemed to her the oaks had never been so green. The Spanish moss so gray.

Down the street, as they turned into it, Miss Sophronia and Lily Bell saw some one coming. Waldo Whittall, pegging awkwardly on his wooden peg. He wore gray, brushed and pressed.

**The white cloth glistened with silver and plate. Glittering as you ordered," Miss Sophronia said. "But there is no for over two years. We have parched beans for coffee,**

Young Whittall was on the other side of the street. He had been back in New Iberia now for almost a year. Carried messages. Messages that the Yankees had been repulsed. That some son of some family of the village had been made a major. That some one was expected home on furlough. That some one was not coming home at all.

As Miss Sophronia and Lily Bell approached, he crossed the street to their side. They promptly crossed to the other. When he followed, Miss Sophronia put out her hand to clutch Lily Bell. But Lily Bell was gone. Squalling. Back the way they had come. The white girl was there alone, waiting for young Whittall to peg to her.

He stopped. Gazed speechless.

"Well," she snapped. "Speak out like a white man, Waldo. I have enough of squalling hyenas at home."

Whittall straightened on his wooden peg. "Miss Sophronia—I—I can't," he faltered. "I'm not so brave myself, since—since I've been hurt so much."

"My father," she said. "I know it is my

**vases were filled with flowers. "I have prepared the table—food. There has not been a dust of flour in Wren Hall sir, and dried roots for tea." The Major's face was crimson**

father. Will they be—bringing my father back? Waldo? As they brought my uncle?"

"It was—something they could not bring him back from. Half his regiment together. A train of powder, and they never saw any of them—any more."

She was turning away. She did not say anything at all.

He waited a moment. "I—I have a letter, too, for Wren Hall," he said hesitatingly. "A sort of something from the Union Army Headquarters. I thought I would give it to your Aunt Callie on the other plantation. Or to the butler, maybe, at Wren Hall. I don't know hardly who to give it to—now. It's addressed such a way."

"What do you mean?" she asked, holding out her hand. "How is it addressed?"

"It just says, 'To The Head of the House,' " he said, handing her the long, documentary-looking letter.

"To The Head of the House
Wren Hall
Parish of Iberia
Louisiana"

They both looked at the odd address, Waldo Whittall bending on his wooden peg, Miss Sophronia in her taffeta traveling dress, ready to go to New Orleans. They were both blinded at first by the fierce, hot sun on the shimmering, white envelope. Then they were blinded by the meaning of the scrawling superscription.

"The head of the house?" she said, under her breath. Looking questioningly at Waldo. "The head of the house—Wren Hall? That's—that's I now—Waldo."

They read the document together. An order to open the Hall for the entertainment of the Union officers expected ahead of the army *tonight*. The order set forth that it was understood Wren Hall was the first house of the parish, and would suitably quarter the staff. Commanded supper and beds for six. Signed, "Lauderdale, Major, U. S. A."

The crippled boy thrust the order back into its big envelope.

"Hurry, Miss Sophronia," he said. "Hurry to New Orleans. Oh, hurry, Miss Sophronia. For the Yankees are coming to Wren Hall!"

But Miss Sophronia had been changing inside all this afternoon, changing back and forth inside. And now she changed outside. Looking up at her, Waldo's words were frozen on his lips. For in front of him, instead of a willowy, pale, young girl, there stood indeed a sparkling woman, set and sure and flashing as a jewel. Miss Sophronia's soft, dark eyes had become shining and darker. Her red, contemptuous lips were sophisticated as a lipstick from Vienna! And there were blood-red danger signals in the lily skin of her cheeks.

"Leave for New Orleans?" she said. "With this impertinent letter in my hands! Shall the head of the house be absent when the strangers come? I shall be in the great hall, Waldo, with the butler at the door!"

(*Continued on page 173*)

# The First Caddy

## By Bruce Barton

## Children of the Bible, No. VI

GENERALLY speaking, the lives of rich boys and girls have little interest. We are eager for every fact about the boy Napoleon, but who cares for the boyhood of King Louis XVIII? Every step in the progress of John D. Rockefeller appeals to our imagination, but there is little thrill in the youth of John D. Jr. Nothing much can happen to the lad who is born with the silver spoon. Nothing is allowed to happen.

So it is that we know much about David, the shepherd boy, and little of Jonathan, the son of Saul, the king.

They lived in troubled times. Saul, the handsome country lad whom Samuel had selected as Israel's first king, was now an unhappy, middle-aged man, bitterly conscious of failure. He suffered the penalty which is so often visited upon those who begin their careers at the top. General Grant was not a genius, and no one knew it better than himself; but he had the advantage, as he remarked, of having entered the Civil War at the bottom, while McClellan was thrust at once into the highest command. McClellan failed, and Grant succeeded. Saul failed, and David succeeded. Both Saul and McClellan were given power before they were ready for it. Grant and David fought their way up.

The writers of the Bible narrative are on the side of David, and naturally, for he was destined to become the nation's greatest king, but their picture of Saul is fair enough to stir our sympathy. Driven to desperation by the approaching ruin of his reign, suspecting that both he and his eldest son Jonathan were to be pushed aside before this newcomer, it is not surprising that his mind was affected. Blindly groping for some escape, he adopted the worst expedient; he sought to kill David. Had he succeeded, his end would have been even more tragic. An immediate revolution would have followed, destroying him and his family and possibly wrecking the nation.

In this dark crisis the friendship of David and Jonathan stands out superb and regal, "passing the love of women." Whether women can ever love each other in the way that men love at their best is a question that can be endlessly debated; it lies beyond the boundaries of this present writing. Women are capable of the sweetest and most heroic sacrifices: their devotion to husband, children, parents, or even a great cause, displays a patience and capacity for suffering which men's love seldom attains. But there is a splendid sweep and power in the affection of one strong man for another. It not only endures; it conquers.

Knowing the king's design, David took care to keep out of his sight. But a feast was approaching at which he must be present, and he suspected that Saul would seize the occasion to do his wicked work. It was the feast of the new moon; it probably had a pagan origin, and even in Jeremiah's day it appears to have been a frequent occasion for idolatry. As observed in the family of the first king of Israel it was a festival at which each member of the household must be present for at least three days.

David said to Jonathan,

"There is but a step between me and death."

He determined to watch that step.

They came to an understanding. David would stay away from the feast. If Saul missed him, Jonathan was to make the excuse that David had gone to his home in Bethlehem. If Saul were satisfied with the explanation, the two young men would take it as a sign that his anger had abated. If, on the other hand, he should display rage, it would mean that David could not return in safety. He must take to the wilderness.

On the first night of the feast Saul noted David's absence, but he said nothing. On the second night he demanded angrily why the son of Jesse was not there. Loyally and bravely Jonathan told his lie. Whether or not Saul knew that it was a lie, his outburst of wrath left no doubt as to its meaning.

There were clever spies in those days, as there always are around a throne, and Jonathan knew that he must not leave the palace by night. His only hope was to go forth in broad daylight and to take along a witness.

And so we come to the hero of our story, a rosy-cheeked lad with sharp eyes and flying feet—the first caddy.

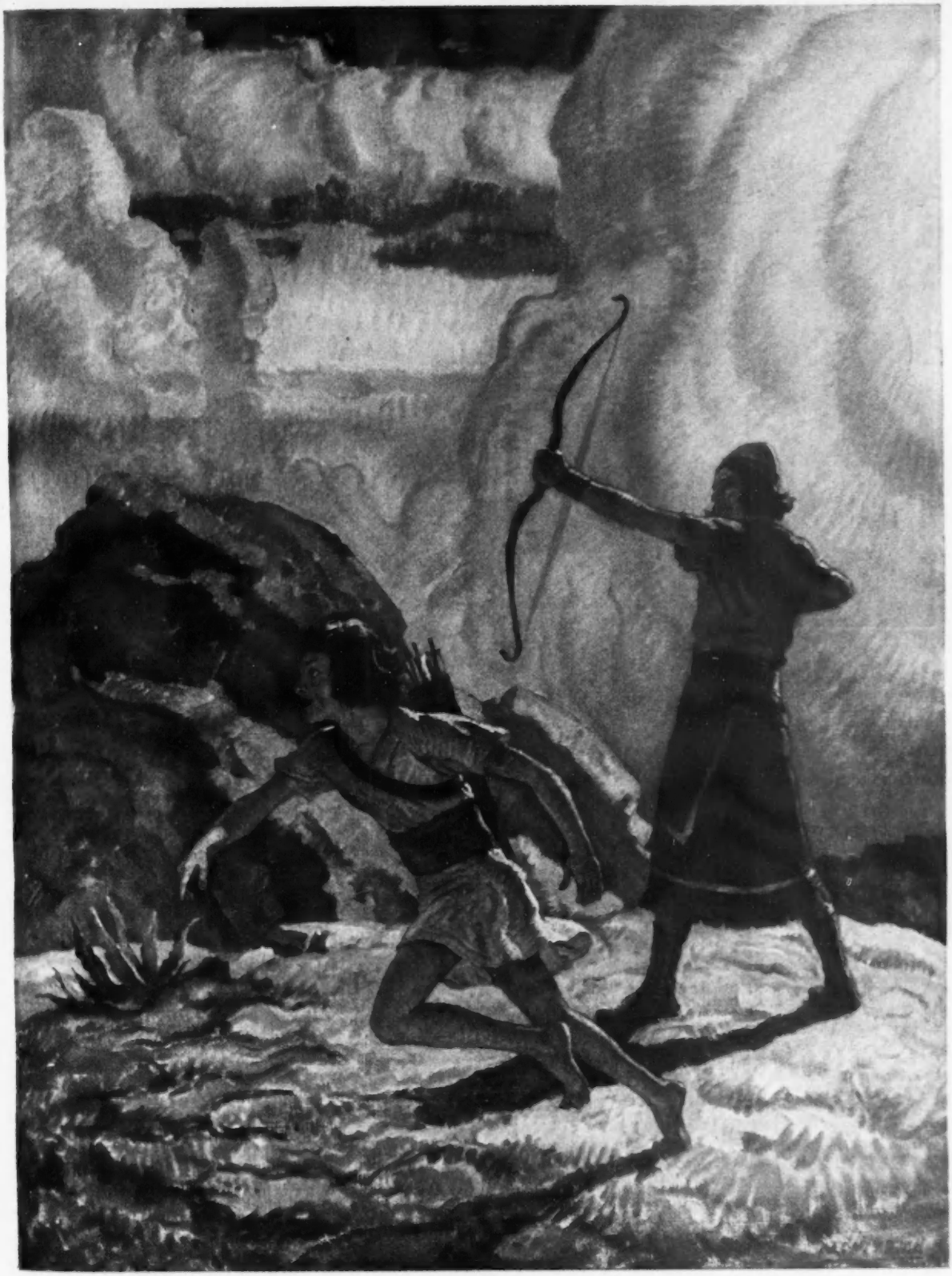
There were many such boys about the court. They were handsome, usually well born, and all inspired with the hope of becoming court officials or leaders in the army. What was their background? From what sort of home had our boy come? What was the social and religious character of the people of his day?

He had no education, if we use the term to mean a process apart from the ordinary experiences of life. There were no schools, but there was training, and parents were the trainers. What they had learned by living they sought to pass on to their children. If this boy could read, as is entirely possible, his father had taught him. Perhaps his father had a trade, in which case the shop was a part of the house, and the boy from infancy handled the tools. Theory and practise went hand in hand; there was no instruction which did not relate itself immediately to life.

There were no cities, and no farmhouses either. People lived in villages and went out every day to their land, returning to town at night. As yet there was no national capitol. Shechem had been the center of national life, and Shiloh the religious shrine, but for some reason both had diminished. Jerusalem was still in the hands of the Jebusites. This boy had never known any holy city except the village where the king had his residence, and that changed with the changing fortunes of Saul. Every man was a priest in his own household, and when a prophet happened to pass by, he led the service of worship, which was always joyous and usually a feast. At such a celebration the lad may have seen Samuel, the grand old man of whom even the king was afraid.

The other boys in his village envied him when he went away to take the coveted appointment as a page at court. We can imagine the awe with which he entered that golden environment. Here was the throne on which the king sat and rendered judgment. Here was the orchestra which played to him when weariness and depression settled in deep lines on his face. Here were the captains and generals, some with scars, and all with stirring stories to tell. At first he moved in a shining daze. Everything was wonderful; everything made him feel tiny and unimportant and lonesome. He wished he could go back home.

And then the disillusionment! Not all the generals were noble and brave; some were jealous of the others, and hinted that the stories of valor were considerably overdrawn. The men who stood about the throne flattered the king and studied his moods, looking out of the corners of their eyes, each seeking his own advantage. The boy heard whisperings. The men who had looked so big to him at first seemed now no more than ordinary. His dad could show them all a few things. And the strong man in his little village back home—well, the boy would like to see any one of the old generals stand up in a single combat against him. As for the king, one must be respectful to the king; one must be loyal whatever the cost. But the bright eyes of youth could not be blinded even by the radiance that shone from the throne. Even the king was a man—a moody (*Continued on page 259*)



Painting by N. C. Wyeth

JONATHAN shot, as he walked along, and the boy, running ahead, picked up the arrows and brought them back. And when they were out of sight of the court, they went toward a rock named Ezel, accessible from the wilderness and not far from the road. There David had hidden, straining his ears for the words that might mean life or death

# GOOD HOUSEKEEPING STUDIO OF FURNISHINGS AND DECORATIONS

A glimpse of one end of the living-room is shown above, while to the right is the opposite doorway which opens into the dining-room. The walls on the first floor are finished with deep cream Craftex; the floors are stained and waxed

A firesafe house at left with steel construction, and the exterior faced with brick, is designed in the English cottage type. The slanting roof is of slate. The metal casement windows and the gable over the door accent the English feeling

## THE STUDIO FURNISHES A FIRESAFE HOUSE

### By Helen Koues, Director

AN INTERESTING new development in the construction of domestic architecture is the use of the steel frame to replace the wooden structure. For some time past, fireproof construction of steel has been used for our large buildings, but until now the place of places that should be fireproof—our house—has not been so built.

The house illustrated was built of steel construction, at Milton, Massachusetts, and was finished, furnished, and decorated through the cooperation of American manufacturers, by Good Housekeeping Studio.

*This house was designed by the Broderick Firesafe Homes Association; erected with steel from the Steel Frame House Company, at Milton, Massachusetts, by Rogerson and Sullivan*

Through the courtesy of the Broderick Firesafe Homes Association, we quote the following:

"Hidden away within the walls of these rooms rests the secret of safety. The entire framework, the floor beams, and roof members are of steel, insuring strength and security upon which the Broderick system of Firesafe Construction is based.

"Upon completion of the erection of the steel frame, a sheathing of cork-board, one and one-half inches in thickness, was applied to the entire exterior surface of the outer walls and then the brick work placed in position and securely fastened to the steel frame itself. Within the steel frame space is provided for the plumbing and heating pipes and the conduits for the wiring of the electric and telephone systems.

"Underneath the polished oak floors is laid a corrugated underflooring of asbestos and cement, this in turn being bolted

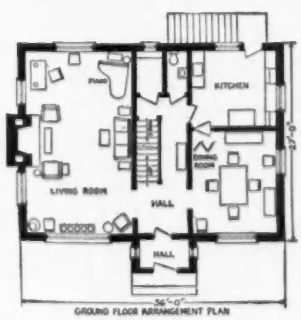
The dining-room and living-room are furnished in the same feeling with oak pieces of the early English type. Below, a section illustrating the steel construction, cork insulation, and brick exterior of this house

The floor plans of the first and second stories are shown below. The placing of the furniture for convenience and charm, as the Studio arranged it, is indicated, and offers useful suggestions for comfortable groupings

securely to the steel floor beams, thus effecting a complete fire stop between the basement and first floor, as well as between the upper and lower floors. The steps of the main stairway are covered with molded rubber treads, colored to harmonize with the decorative scheme, and many noticed the feeling of safety and quiet in passing up and down. The absence of sound passing from room to room was also noticed. This was due to the insulating board being treated with a Craftex finish.

"Metal aluminum downspouts and flashing, immune to corrosion, were used.

"The suggestion of half-timber work and stucco introduced into the exterior design of this house is really not either wood or stucco, but here again asbestos-and-cement in precast sheets was used, and the whole securely bolted to the steel frame and supported by it.



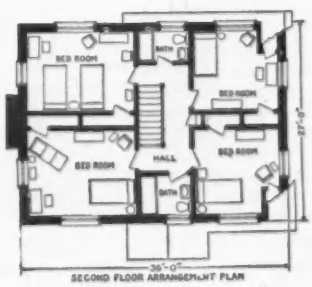
GROUND FLOOR ARRANGEMENT PLAN

## New Illustrated folio

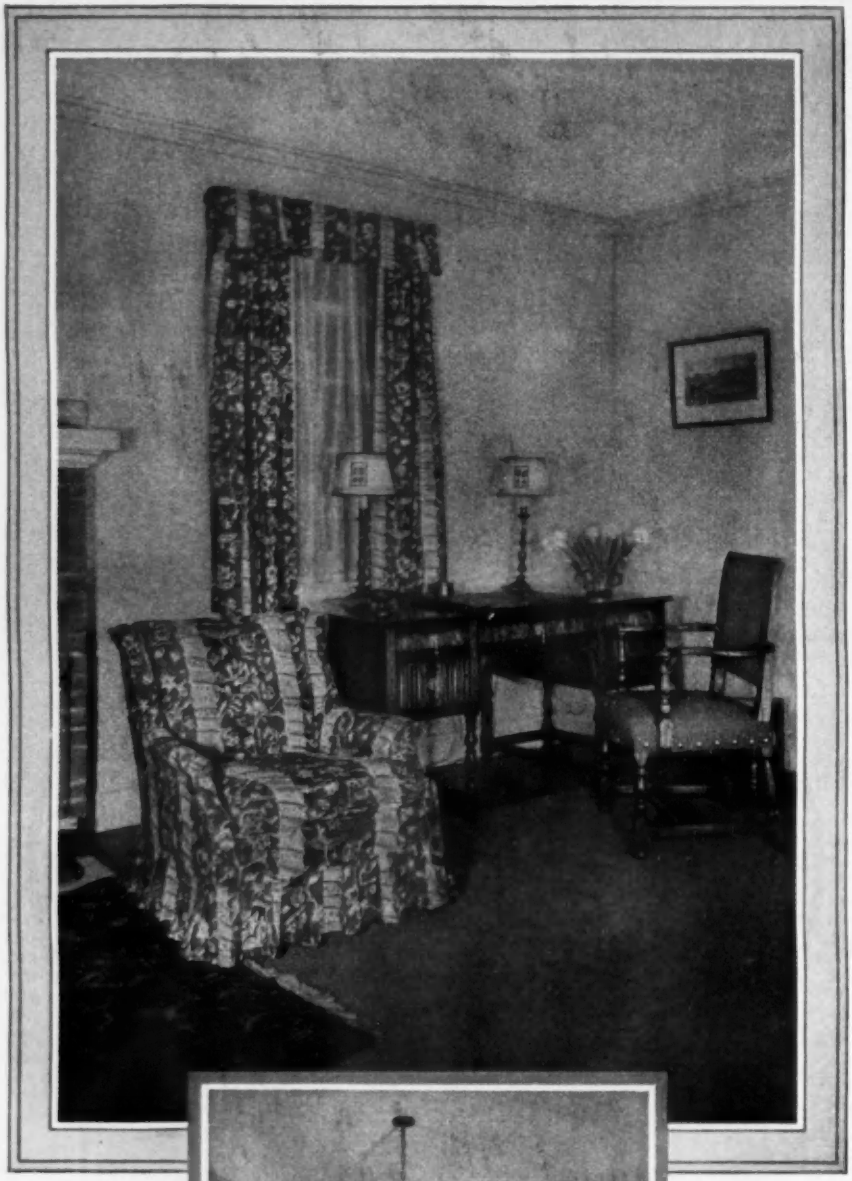
**Furnishing a House For a Family of Five**

**Good Housekeeping Studio has prepared a new illustrated folio, showing how a small house may be furnished for a family of five; it includes a double bedroom, a nursery, a boy's room, as well as a living-room, dining-room, and sun room. Price 25c**

**Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at Eighth Ave., New York City**



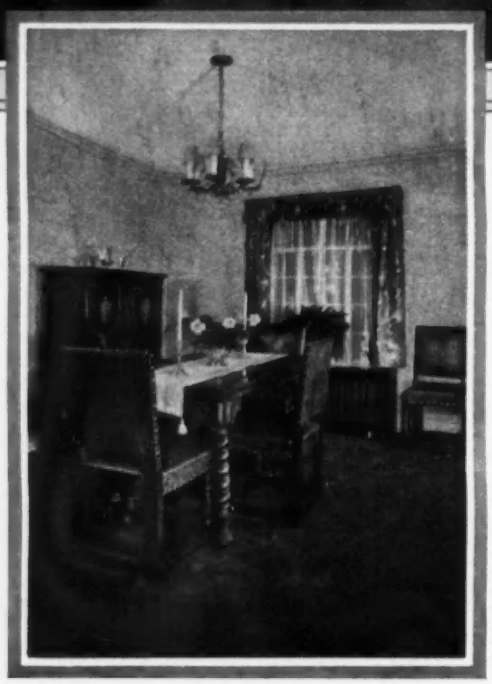
SECOND FLOOR ARRANGEMENT PLAN



Hand-blocked linen in red and blue gives color and pattern to the plain walls of the living-room. Oak furniture is used here, as well as in the dining-room

The firesafe roof is covered with slate laid in various thicknesses, colors, and weathering, the hips and ridges being also of slate."

Since the exterior of the house is English in feeling, the interior should be furnished in the same feeling. At the entrance, there is a small vestibule which, like the hall, living-room, and dining-room, is finished with Craftex, glazed to give a creamy-yellow tone to its slightly rough surface. The doors are of oak stained a walnut tone, shellacked, and waxed. The wood frames around the doors, windows, and surbase could be painted the color of the walls, or if a definite early English feeling is desired, could be stained a walnut tone. If metal casements are used, they may be painted black or lead color, both inside and out. In a small house spaciousness can be obtained by keeping the walls of the various rooms either in one color or different tones of a color. In this instance, however, the background is the same throughout the main floor, with color accent and variety given by the furnishings.

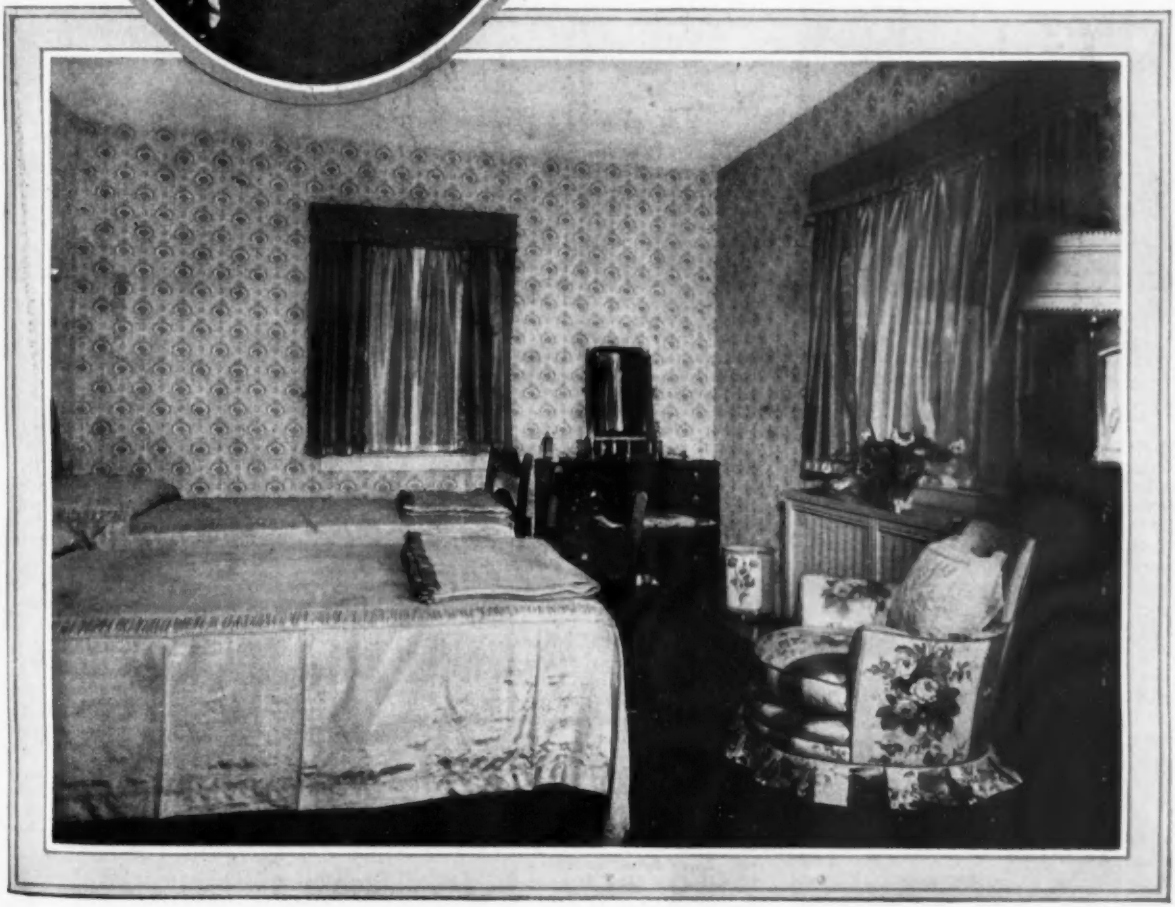


Since the hall, of which a glimpse is shown on page 64, is narrow, it is furnished simply by a low oak chest in the English style, above which is hung a colorful India print. A table with a lamp, or a radio cabinet, could replace this chest. Rugs of plain color to fit the space cover the floor. The stair rail, the banister, and treads might be stained a walnut tone in a house where the trim is of that color, or painted green if a lighter character is desired. These furnishings are from the Century Furniture Co., Mohawk Carpet Mills, H. B. Lehman-Connor Co.

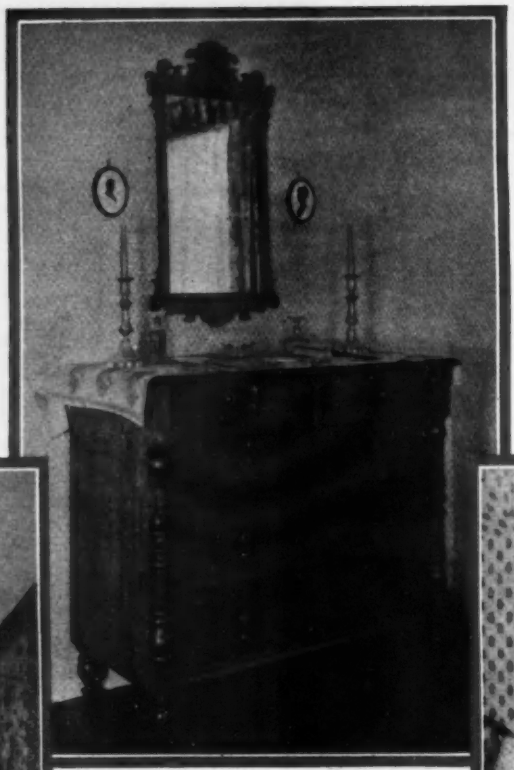
The living-room is charmingly

A glimpse of the yellow room shows a Duncan Phyfe table before a window hung with plain yellow. To the right, a Colonial room, with mahogany lowboy, and chintz-covered chaise longue, and blue draperies

The double bedroom in pink, blue, and yellow has walnut furniture in the Queen Anne feeling. Curtains and spreads in solid color are used against the figured wallpaper



Attractive scrap baskets of tooled leather or painted tin carry out the color scheme



The small-patterned wallpaper forms an excellent background for this fine maple bureau, mirror, and silhouettes

Lamps should emphasize the character of the room. This one is in the maple bedroom

In a narrow hall a chest, a radio cabinet, or a small table may be suitably placed against a colorful hanging

This window treatment with marquisette glass curtains and draperies to draw is typical of all the bedrooms

## *The Studio's Work*

*Each month Good Housekeeping's Studio of Furnishings and Decorations builds, finishes, and furnishes one or more rooms, with the cooperation of the American manufacturers. This month, however, the Studio furnished a complete house. From the blueprints before the house was finished, we studied its proportions, planned the finishing of the walls, the floors, the trim, and selected the color schemes and the main furnishings of each room. Many thousands of people visited this exhibition in Milton, Massachusetts, during February and March, and viewed not only our work but the products of the many American manufacturers who cooperated with us. Though this house is no longer on exhibition, we cordially welcome you to visit the Studio's model apartment which is now on view at our publication building, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City.*

*Illustrated decorating folios, giving concise, expert information, with pictures to point the tale, are: Principal Periods of Furniture Design Since the Twelfth Century; Decorating Details and Terms You Ought to Know; Bedrooms for Every Member of the Family; Arranging Comfortable, Charming Living-Rooms; Lamp Shades and How to Make Them; Porches, Terraces, and Sun Rooms; How to Paint Furniture—How to Refinish Natural Wood Furniture; Smart New Slip-Covers and How to Make Them; How to Equip the Clothes Closet; Hand-Made Rugs—Hooked, Braided and Woven; all 25c each. Color In Your Home, $1.00. A Garden Calendar, giving explicit directions for the work to be done each month of the year, with charts and pictures of garden planning, 50c. Helen Koues on Decorating the House, $5. Address Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St., at 8th Ave., New York City.*

proportioned—fourteen by twenty-four feet. In the center is a large fireplace with a brick facing. Against the warm cream walls an oak table-desk of the early English feeling, a gateleg table, oak stools, comfortable chairs, and a large, overstuffed davenport placed on the wall directly opposite the fireplace make a livable and attractive room, the color of which is well shown in the picture preceding. An all-over taupe rug makes a pleasant base for the hand-blocked linen striped in red and blue, which gives the necessary pattern against the plain walls. The glass curtains in this room, as throughout the house, are hung to the sill and are of maize-colored silk marquisette. To bring the pattern into the room itself, it is repeated in two slip-covers, one by the fireplace and one diagonally across the room by the door. Since the sofa is a large piece, it was covered in a solid color of the red of the stripe, rather than in the patterned fabric. Two pillows of the patterned fabric may be used on it. For variety's sake, a wing chair is covered with a linen in a crewel pattern and has a neutral background as relief for the bright-colored embroidery.

The arrangement of the room is shown in the diagram. The piano, being a large piece, is on the inside wall, balanced by the writing desk under the window. The fireside group consists of two easy chairs and a bench, while on the wall opposite is the davenport with a small table in front of it, forming a group in the center of the room. A particularly attractive feature, which unfortunately we have not space to show, is a long, low casement window at the front of the house, under which the radiator is concealed by a radiator cover. On this is placed a profusion of ferns and growing plants. At one side of it, a gateleg table and easily moved chair are placed, and at the other, a heavy, overstuffed chair corresponding to the one at the right of the fire.

Necessary as it is that the background and the furniture itself be correct in scale and in type for the room in which they are used, a room is desolate in feeling until the small, intimate things of every-day life are added to it, such as books, lamps, pictures, flower vases, flowers, ornaments, etc. These things give individuality and should express the personality of the owner.

Building and furnishing room after room, each month, the Director of the Studio is constantly struck with this phase of decorating, and can not urge readers too strongly to give careful consideration to these smaller things. Get only those which are good of their kind, even if you get them slowly. Do not attempt to complete the furnishing of your house at once. Let it grow. Let it express your varying moods as well as your predominant characteristics. Have the print over the mantel something which really appeals to you. If you have no costly ornaments, do as the Studio did in this case—place a set of your favorite books between book-ends, and put ivy plants or cut ivy in simple bowls or containers on either end of the mantel. It is decorative and charming. Should you have fine ornaments suitable for a room of this type, they could replace the ivy, but better the ivy than the wrong ornament.

The desk, too, affords decorative possibilities. For light it is necessary to have the reading lamp at one end, or two tall brass or pewter candlesticks, like those illustrated, wired for electricity and completed by an attractive parchment shade. A pewter inkwell, a leather portfolio, a bowl of flowers, or a pewter pot containing a growing plant brings charm into this corner.

As always, comfort has been considered in the arrangement. The fireside chair has a standard lamp to give a good reading light. Another easy chair by the door is near a sunny window, with a small oak stool conveniently near for a book or ash-tray. A simply framed old map hangs over the davenport, while a sporting print in this room of early English feeling is attractive over the mantelpiece. Other prints may be used on the end walls.

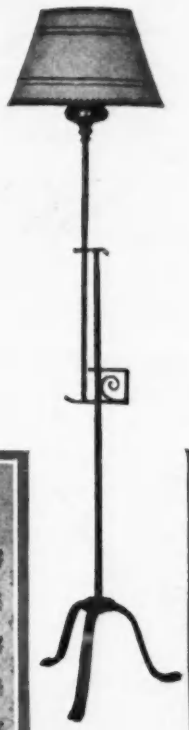
These furnishings are from: Piano, Steinway & Sons; Furniture, Michigan Chair Co., Robert W. Irwin Co., Elgin A. Simonds Co., Century Furniture Co., Johnson, Handley-Johnson Co., Barnard & Simonds, Stair & Andrew, Cassard Romano Co., Schott & Zilly; Rugs, Mohawk Carpet Mills, Kent-Costikyan; Glass Curtains, throughout the house, Scranton Lace Co.; Curtain Fixtures, Schott & Zilly and G. L. King Co.; Radiator Enclosures, Mullins Mfg. Co., Schleicher Inc., J. D. Gerken Co.; Rug linings, Ozite; Over-Curtains, Derryvale Linen Co., R. Carrillo & Co.; Lamps and Accessories, Arthur Todhunter, Cassidy Co., Stern Bros., Carbone, Inc., Ehrich Galleries, Robertson & Deschamps, D. B. Butler, Harlow & Howland.

The dining-room is twelve by fourteen feet. It has two windows, one at the front and one at the side. Dignity is given the room by the early English draw-top table of chestnut, leather-covered chestnut chairs, the plain taupe rug, and colorful, patterned over-curtains against the plain walls. A cabinet to hold linen, a serving table, and a screen at the pantry door complete the necessary furniture.

The glass curtains for these casement windows have been made to draw, and may cover them completely as in the illustration, or be drawn back to expose the view. The overdraperies may be drawn at night and replace shades on this type of window.

The arrangement of furniture in a dining-room is obvious. Although the walls and carpet of this room are plain, the brown of the furniture and the gay orange, greens, and red on a golden-brown ground of the draperies harmonize delightfully with the leather used for the chair seats and backs. The advantage of the draw-top table is that in a room of this size it may be kept closed to seat two or four, but by drawing out the ends it will seat six or eight. Side-lights with silver finish are completed by parchment shields harmonizing with the background. Since a central light was used, the candles in it were completed by shades of tan silk. These furnishings are from: Furniture, Grand Rapids Chair Co.; Rug, Mohawk Carpet Mills; Draperies, Derryvale Linen Co.; Accessories, Hubbard, Eldredge & Miller, International Silver Co., Towle Mfg. Co., Makanna Co., Robertson & Deschamps.

Upstairs, (*Continued on page 312*)



Above is a floor lamp with a wrought-iron base and parchment shade banded in two colors

The Colonial bedroom, below, shows a mahogany chest used in place of a bureau, and a comfortable chair with a table for a lamp, book and ash-tray

In this room we use a lowboy, with an attractive mirror above it, as a dressing-table. This is especially attractive in a small Colonial room

# NEAR-TO-NATURE BABIES

By James Swinnerton

THE little Opossum's happiness is really without lack;
His youth is one big joy-ride on his mother's back.

COPYRIGHT 1929 BY JAMES SWINNERTON

THE very littlest Lynxes are cunning little friskers,
And oh, the fun they have with their daddy's striped whiskers!

Emily Newell Blair

*Recommends*

# SOME *Rattling* GOOD Stories

**"Garda," Rose O'Neill's first novel, is heralded as a masterpiece of style. Those who know the author only as the designer of the Kewpies have a great surprise awaiting them**

"RATTLING good stories, that's what I want. Not the kind that put you to sleep. They may be all right for that insomniac brother-in-law of mine. But what I want is the kind that keep you awake while you are waiting for your wife to come home from choir practice." This from my brother Jim in Florida. "The kind that keep you from your lunch and dinner to see how it all turns out. When I read a book, I don't want to escape from life—I like it too well. I want to find it adding something to life, stimulating me, like a good game or a cold plunge."

I had laughed when I read this letter from my brother after my article on "Books of Escape," but I remembered it this spring as I sat in my sun room, trying to keep my mind on the books for this article in spite of the drowsiness of spring fever. "A rattling good story," I thought, "is what I need. Something so interesting that it will wake me up." I understood what it was that Jim had wanted, something so exciting that he had no inclination toward sleep. I understood, too, what thousands of readers would be wanting for this summer—books to thrill and excite them and put some fun into the tiresome months; something as entertaining as the winter radio, as thrilling as football games, as stimulating as winter sports.

Very well, I would set about finding them—for Jim, for myself, for every one. "Rattling good stories" were what I was after, stories that got you early and kept you guessing to the end.

There would be, I realized, degrees of interest. And I would try to measure them by the question, "Do I care how it turns out?" If I cared enough to mind an interruption, it would be a rattling good story. If I resented even the lunch hour and hurried back to seize the book again, then it would be a "corker."

"The Alchemy Murder" by Peter Oldfeld (Ives Washburn, $2.00) I knew to be a corker before ever I took it up. Not often do I see my husband read in daylight. Naturally I was curious about the book which kept him in his chair all afternoon Sunday, one which was laid down with a scowl when callers came, and opened again before they had cleared the porch.

"Is it good?" I asked.

"Well, you can't put it down," he answered.

Nor could I. Nor would Jim, I felt when I had finished it, even in Florida.

On the first page enters a nice young man, Philip Trevanion, starting for a holiday in Switzerland. And on the second page a lovely heroine, Mona Maclaren, whom the young man discovers to be the daughter of a millionaire. On the third page enters Philip's traveling companion, a grouch. The girl says goodby to her father, who is traveling in the next compartment. The train pulls off. The traveling companion objects to the window being opened. The young man goes to bed. When he awakes he feels as if he were recovering from an anesthetic. He opens the door into the lavatory, finds it occupied. He opens the window and is leaning out when a French policeman grips his arms above the elbows, while he refers mysteriously to the "body" and takes Philip under arrest. This by page six of the story. By page twelve Philip is accused of murdering his traveling companion. By page thirty-five the murdered man is discovered to be the millionaire.

Did I really care how this story ended? Why, certainly. I had to know who committed this astonishing murder and why. I must know if the young man—such a nice young man, the kind you want your son to be!—cleared himself, if he fell in love with the girl and got her, who the other man was and what was back of the abduction.

But the plot thickened. Soon I not only wanted to know who had committed the murder, but who were the international crooks, and what was the secret that Maclaren had. For this is one of those superlative detective tales where there is not only a puzzle about a murder, but a whole series of suspended interests culminating in a big one as exciting as the finding of the murderer.

A different kind of mystery story is Elizabeth Jordan's "The Devil and the Deep Sea" (Century, $2.00). And a rattling good one it is. There is just as much mystery, just as much hurrying through breathlessly to the end. But there is much more story. The mystery is merely her framework, so to speak. Her theme is with her characters. In "The Devil and the Deep Sea" we (*Continued on page 194*)

# THE INCREDIBLE

*Illustrated By Charles D. Mitchell*

## *The Story of Let Her Heart*

### CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN Bruce Stepney turned from the window and went about the routine business of removing the dust of travel, the mere mechanical actions of bathing, shaving, and dressing restored, in some measure, his mental balance.

But going downstairs for dinner, he was conscious of a deep depression. He was not vain enough to tell himself that if he had not acceded to Hildreth's plea to "give Julie her chance" things would have been different and Julie herself unchanged. He jumped, therefore, to the perfectly natural conclusion that the girl was more impressionable, more malleable, than he had thought; that her native honesty and clarity of viewpoint had been unable to hold out against the relaxing and subtly poisoning influences of her careless, luxurious environment. She was young, his sense of justice reminded him; she had been transplanted to an entirely new life. She had come to it inexperienced and untutored, pitifully open to all the varying, strange influences which would be both subtly and obviously brought to bear upon her. She was all the more impressionable because of the permanent quality of her uprooting, the bewildering shock of her sudden grief. He could not, he thought, blame her. And yet he was so bitterly disappointed that he told himself he could not possibly stay in the Desmonds' house and watch this girl whom he loved and who had become a stranger to him.

Yet he was determined not to betray himself. He would not let her see, by word or sign, that he knew her for altered or estranged. After his own sense of blasting disappointment and hurt he was conscious only of pity for her. He thought, as he had thought upon the night he met her, but for different reasons, "Poor child!" Poor child, to believe that the quest for happiness lay down such devious and twisting paths!

He was placed next her at dinner. Pat Jordan was on the other side, and Julie pointedly devoted most of her attention to him. Bruce, restless and uncomfortable, talked to the other woman who was his neighbor, but was unable to help overhearing some of the rapid-fire dialogue between Julie and Jordan.

"Lovelier than ever this evening," Jordan was murmuring. "I do approve of the—double exposure."

Bruce felt himself flush, felt himself wait for Julie's answer. Not long since, she would not have comprehended the innuendo; or, if she had would have flared up into one of her young rages. But then, he thought wearily, a few months ago she would not have been susceptible to such a remark.

He did not catch her answer, but he heard her lazy, artificial laugh. It was quite sufficient. She appeared neither insulted nor flattered—merely indifferent to intimate comment.

The dinner was pure nightmare. The evening that followed doubly so. Stepney, playing bridge for very moderate stakes with like-minded guests, observed Julie and Pat at another table; observed the tray of highball glasses, the mounting cigarette stubs in the ash receivers.

It was late when Julie pushed the cards aside and pulled out a small checkbook

"I am giving you a little friendly advice," said Naida. "Leave Bruce Stepney alone. He was mine, and you took him from me. But you couldn't hold him"

# YEAR

By FAITH BALDWIN

## a Girl Who Rule Her Head

from the rhinestone-studded bag she carried. Vanity case, cigarette case, lighter clattered down on the table. She produced a small gold pen from the confusion and wrote the check.

"Dammit," she exclaimed, in her clear, tired voice, "I can't win for losing!"

Jordan, her partner, said ruefully, "If you will overbid, my dear!"

"Oh, be yourself," said Julie lightly. "There's no fun in being conservative. I thought you were a good loser, Pat."

"In almost everything," he answered carelessly, and smiled at her across the dishevelled table.

Bruce's party had finished their sedate game. Someone had turned on the radio, and Julie rose and danced her way to Stepney. She said, over her shoulder to Jordan:

"Let's wind up at the Green Lion." And added, to Bruce, "Come along?"

He rose and stood beside her, a little apart from the others.

"You look dead tired," he told her. "You'd far better go to bed."

"One can always go to bed," she retorted, "when there's nothing else to do. Come on, Bruce, be a sport and see the sun rise with us."

"I think not," he told her.

The great dark eyes, circled with weariness, looked up at him from a haggard small face, its pallor noticeable under the rouge. She drew closer, and her scarlet mouth was provocative, coaxing.

"Please—I haven't seen you in so long."

His heart leaped, then steadied to a saddened beat. The words were like the old Julie, the Julie who had been so glad to see him come, so reluctant to watch him go. But the tone had changed. It was mechanically flirtatious—it was deliberately, imperiously petulant.

"Very well," he gave in shortly.

So he went with her and the others, including Jordan, to a discreetly indiscreet inn for dancing and breakfast, and spent an entirely miserable few hours. Julie danced every dance, drank every drink, distinguished herself by taking the drummer's place on the orchestra platform, and they drove home in the early, rosy sunlight. Bruce felt her tired weight against his arm, and saw her eyes dull and heavy with fatigue and heard her voice and laughter shrill and uncontrolled with weariness and the wretched liquor she had drunk.

He said good night—or good morning—and went to his room. There was no sense in going to bed. He undressed, took a cold shower, then dressed and went out to walk in the gardens. He was too tired to think. He knew only that a dream had been shattered, a bubble broken, a bright hope murdered.

He did not see her again until after luncheon. Naida was there. She had managed an invitation to neighbors of the Desmonds and had motored over. Stepney found himself extraordinarily glad to see her. At least Naida was herself. She was frankly what she was. Artificial and luxury-loving, tireless in her pursuit of pleasure. But she pretended to nothing else. She was happy to see him, said so, drew him aside at every opportunity. And he permitted it with dim pleasure. At least, he thought, he knew where he was with Naida Trevor.

He dreaded her comments on Julie. But Naida was clever. She said merely, "She's changed, hasn't she?" And added, thoughtfully and seemingly without malice: "It's a pity . . . she was refreshing, before. Now she's just like all the rest of us."

**"If you have him," said Julie brutally, "why are you asking me to leave him alone? I haven't seen him in many weeks." Her heart beat thickly**

Bruce nodded for answer. He did not wish Naida to see his wound nor probe it with her white, slim finger. He wanted nothing beyond escape.

Julie watched the two together, her veiled eyes hot with jealousy. And Pat Jordan, lounging up beside her, said, significantly, "You see?" and added, reflectively, "Habit is a remarkable thing."

Julie, whirling around at him, burned savagely for a moment, all of her, and her bored and painted mask seemed to drop. She said:

"I hate that woman! She's a cat."

Jordan laughed a little. "Quite so. You never by any chance remember she's a member of my respected family, do you? No matter. Still and all, it isn't wise to show how much you dislike her, is it?"

Julie adjusted her mask mentally, feeling young and somehow reprimanded. She ordered imperiously, "Get into your bathing suit!" and dashed off to her room before Pat could answer and without another look at Bruce and Naida.

Upstairs she pulled off her clothes, sobbing a little beneath her breath. It hadn't been easy, the transformation. It hadn't been easy to school herself to alternate languor and fevers, to learn to listen to scandal, to be a scholar in sophistication, to curb her unruly temper, to ignore loose tongues and tolerate the touch of light hands. But all that, she had argued like the child she still was, meant merely the turning of herself into a woman of the world—the sort of woman Bruce had once cared for and still cared for. Yet by no word or sign had he told her that he had noticed the change—was pleased, was intrigued, was interested . . .

Later, Naida and Bruce went down to the Desmonds' private beach and sat on the dock and watched Pat and Julie and a dozen others in the water. Even in a day of scant bathing suits Julie's was something to take the breath. The white jersey top was molded to breast and waist and belted slimly. The jade-green trunks were the merest whisper of color on her limbs. A green cap banded her lovely hair, and her smooth, tanned shoulders, fine arms, and slender legs were naked to the caress of sun and water. Naida said, watching the younger girl dive, a graceful, gleaming arrow cleaving the water without sound,

"She has a lovely figure."

She had no need to add— "And does not hesitate to expose it."

Bruce, smoking furiously, his teeth clenched hard on the stem of his pipe, heard the addition in her tone. He said nothing. He was arguing fiercely with himself, Why shouldn't she? They all do—after all, the only sensible thing—if you really want to swim. But all the same his heart was sick with disgust and jealousy, watching Julie give herself into Jordan's arms, pulled up close in them on the raft, watching them eventually dancing out on the float to the faint, gay strains of the small phonograph some one had set revolving on the dock. It wasn't—*decent*.

Jordan was whispering ardently: "You adorable little thing—Julie, can't you pretend you're really interested in *me*? That will do more good than anything else. There's nothing like a rival to make a man forget his inhibitions."

"Don't hold me so close."

"Why not?" His bare arm tightened

"Come on, Bruce, be a sport and see the sun rise with us." "I think not," he
him. She drew closer, and her scarlet mouth was provocative, coaxing.
steadied to a saddened beat. The words were like the old Julie—but the

told her. Her great, dark eyes, circled with weariness, looked up at "Please—I haven't seen you in so long." His heart leaped, then tone had changed. It was mechanically flirtatious, imperiously petulant

about Julie's slender waist. "Why not?"

He was thinking that the brotherly attitude, the pose of guide, philosopher, and friend, could not continue indefinitely. Summer was running, on the glowing feet of roses, to its appointed end. Surely the girl must see that her efforts, her naive and somehow pathetic efforts, to attract Stepney had failed. If he, Jordan, had anything to say about it, she would never know why she had failed. She must simply accept her defeat. Then, what more natural than that she should turn to the man who had been her friend, who had counseled and comforted, advised and understood, all along?

He said lightly: "You know, I am really falling in love with you myself. A sort of reverse Frankenstein."

The allusion went over her red-gold head—she was concerned merely with the implication of the words. She stopped dead, still in the circle of his arms.

"No!" she said in actual dismay.

"Why not? A little love won't hurt you. I'll beat you to the dock," he challenged swiftly.

"Not you!"

"I'll give you a start," he offered, "and beat you anyway. And take my own reward."

She flashed into the water, green and white and tan, and Jordan after her. She pulled away with long, easy strokes. Victory seemed so simply hers. Yet somehow she fell to dreaming of camp and the still shining of a quiet lake. The noise of the laughter and voices and the shaken singing of the phonograph blurred and dimmed. She laughed a little to herself, remembering how distasteful the feel and taste of salt water had been to her at first. A shout from some one on the dock brought her back to her surroundings and the race—"Julie! *Julie!*"

He was gaining on her, passing her. She put all her young strength into a last wild effort, but it was too late. As she touched the dock he was there before her, his hand out, pulling her up, dripping, on the wide, sun-hot boards, kissing her gaily, lightly, on the curve of her cheek.

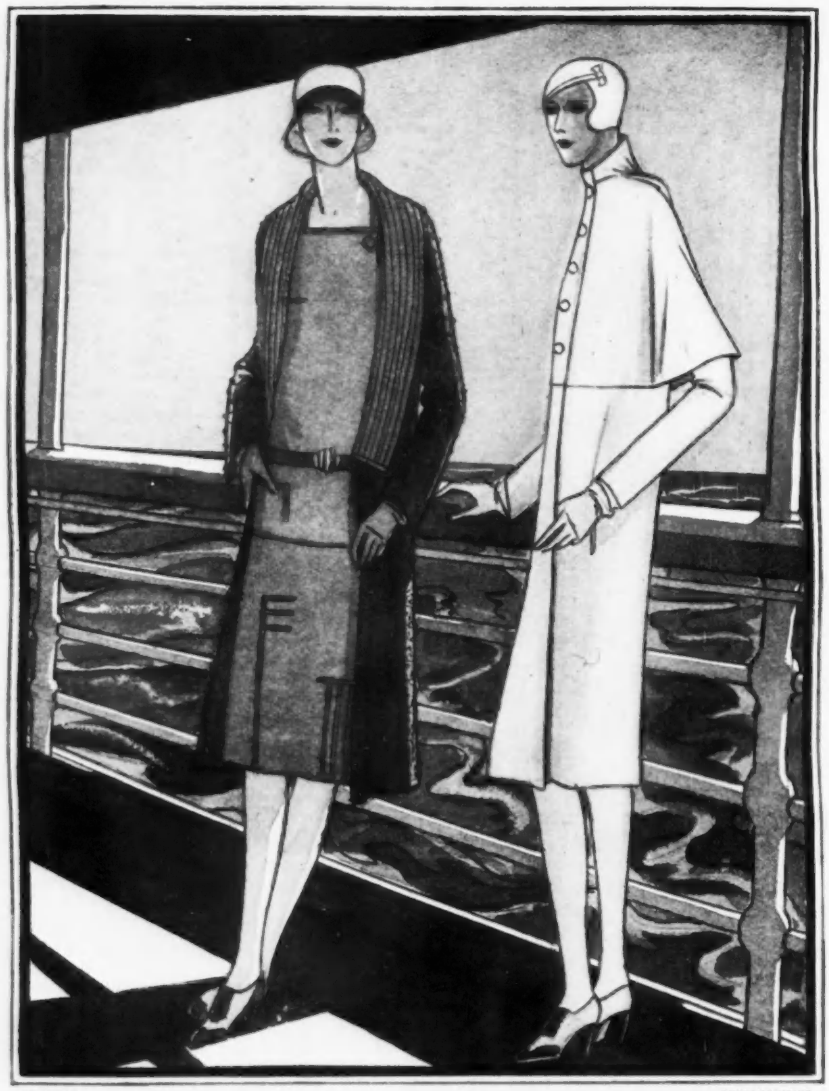
Bruce, watching, said to Naida:

"I've had enough of this. Let's go back to the house."

Naida came to her feet, a lovely, peach-tinted woman in a flutter of painted draperies, her eyes serene and smiling under the brim of a big hat. She and Bruce walked off together, and Julie, turning from Pat's encircling arm, watched them with the forlornness of a child, bitterly disappointed and close to tears.

Before she dressed and went downstairs to the living-room for tea, she had made her resolution. She would get Bruce aside; she would ask him, as frankly as she had always asked him things—no matter what he thought of it—why he avoided her, why their old friendship had gone upon the rocks. But having put on her prettiest frock for the occasion and nerved herself, she did not see him. Her first quick, comprehensive glance about the room assured her that it was empty of both himself and Naida Trevor.

She went to (*Continued on page 236*)



*Cream-colored homespun is used by Schiaparelli for this traveling coat with high yoke and a convertible hood at the back, while Chantal chose a delightful new woolen material, with self-colored dots in it, for the coat of the gray ensemble, the dress and the coat collar of plain woolen*

CHANTAL SCHIAPARELLI

# A THIN WOOL ENSEMBLE IS SMART FOR TRAVELING AND PRINTED SILK FOR SIGHT-SEEING

By Helen Kouer, Director

Paris, April, 1929

MY DEAR READERS,

Here I am in Paris—seeing the smartest clothes in all the smart collections, and here are some models both new and practical for traveling.

Traveling in America or traveling in Europe is, after all, more or less the same thing. One goes from damp climates to dry, from warm to cool, from still weather to high winds. And for motor, or sea, or train, the thin wool materials of the present season are the most practical. They are so porous, so light, as well as so interesting in weave and color, that it is a simple matter to choose the weight you prefer.

Schiaparelli is full of ideas: a cream-colored tweed coat, loosely woven, makes an ideal steamer coat for warm weather when worn with the hood down, as illustrated in the picture above, and a perfect motor coat when worn with the hood up. Although noted for the practical side of its models, this house never loses sight of the mode. The high waist is recognized by the mounting yoke line, and a cape is intimated on the sleeves. Next to the Schiaparelli coat is shown an ensemble from Chantal of light, cool, gray basket-weave wool. The frock is of the material at its plainest, but the coat wears dots—rough, shaggy dots of wool—woven into the tissue, giving the whole an air of extreme chic.

Jane Régny's ensemble is equally interesting. It is the one at the top of the next page, at the right, with the

*Smart and practical are these travel ensembles and sightseeing frocks. First, a tailored suit from Drecoll-Beer, of brown and beige cloth; next, a coat with matching frock, of Régny's, of mustard-yellow tweed; then below, two Worth frocks, navy and pink silk plaid, and one of black, dotted silk foulard*

DRECOLL-BEER

JANE RÉGNY

WORTH

WORTH

frock illustrated in the single figure at the extreme right, of mustard-colored jersey tweed, the frock princess in feeling, with the lines rising in front, and the coat a soft, plain affair belted high with the same material. Even for sports and travel the new line is recognized, either the normal belted waist or the princess feeling, with no line of demarcation, but a decided adjustment and fitting of the bodice. It is now newer than the two-piece mode.

Two excellent printed frocks, dark in color, light in weight, illustrated at the bottom of this page, are for the traveler who does a little sight-seeing in the towns she passes through. The almost invisible dot, either even or unevenly spaced, is a point of the season, and the Worth boléro dress of black foulard seems to have a mere powdering of white over it. The white chemisette and cuffs and tight hips make it of the season. And plaid, which has not had so much importance in many seasons, is well demonstrated in the navy and pink silk frock from the same house. At Patou's, very smart indeed are plaid skirts and short jackets of a plain material, the short jacket as part of a cloth street suit, a tweed sports suit, or a silk suit may be worn over a matching dress, or over a skirt with a more feminine blouse.

The more or less classic tailored suit is illustrated above, at the left, in one of Drecoll-Beer's, in brown-and-beige mixture, with the waistline definitely higher. This is the type of suit many women prefer for their traveling costume. It is always smart.

So you see there is wide variety in today's mode and you have many things to choose from in planning your travel wardrobe—ensembles of tweed and wool, tailored suits, crêpe coats and printed frocks, as illustrated in these smart fashions sent from Paris.

# IN EVENING CLOTHES THE INTEREST IS AT THE BACK

MAGGY ROUFF GOUPY

*"Wings" is the name Maggy Rouff gave this beautifully shirred, black tulle gown, which has tiny, black organdy pieces at the hem of the skirt. Goupy's evening gown is in navy-blue, dotted with gold and silver*

*Worth's lovely rose tulle evening gown, illustrated below, is distinctly of the new season, as shown in the higher waist and in the workmanship of the many little shell-like flaps of tulle on it*

WORTH

THERE are various silhouettes for the evening, but whichever it may be, the interest lies chiefly at the back. The straight, tubular evening gown with the flounce beginning at the knee is perhaps one of the best. Molyneux and Patou advocate it, and it is graceful and lovely for the extremely thin woman. Then there is the princess line that may be more noticeable in back than in front, as shown on so many of the Chéruit models, or the polonaise effect that Premet has made so picturesquely. In truth, you may choose according to your whim just as much as according to your figure, for all these silhouettes may be modified according to personal taste. That, in fact, is one of the evidences of knowledge of clothes: just how much adapting can be done.

Printed taffeta is having a tremendous vogue just at present—a type is illustrated in the Molyneux frock on the opposite page. This gown is not only smart and new in line, but the black printed ferns on the white background make it striking and modern in feeling, as well as catering to the mode for black and white combined. A charming version of the shirred frock is the black evening gown, on this page, of chiffon and

# VIVID AND INDIVIDUAL IS THE NEW EVENING MODE

MOLYNEUX CHERUIT

*Molyneux uses one of the newest prints in this white taffeta gown with a fern pattern in black, which is very striking; while Chéruit chose dull blue satin for the gown with pink and yellow roses at the back*

*Louiseboulanger designed the charming and adaptable printed chiffon frock, below, which has a becoming scarf neck and a little cape back, the print in dull tones of blue, beige, mauve, and red*

LOUISEBOULANGER

organdy, from the new house of Maggy Rouff. Shirring has not been in evidence for many years, but when such houses as Rouff and Patou use it, it is significant. There is an 1890 atmosphere to it that lends originality to quaintness, especially when it is handled in the modern manner.

The prevalence of flowers used as trimming at the back of evening gowns is new. Premet, for instance, uses brown roses on a cream chiffon gown with great success. The Chéruit gown, above, on this page, which is a Watteau-blue satin gown, with pink and yellow roses at the waist, is one of the outstanding examples of this treatment. Natural flowers are not to be ignored nowadays, either. Not long ago, in Paris, one smart woman wore a spray of pink camellias placed evenly down the shoulder-strap of an ice-green gown, and it was one of the most charming effects ever seen in real flowers. Two white calla lilies were also seen on a white satin frock, a combination which was striking, and another use of real flowers was a bouquet of gardenias at the waist, in the back.

Printed chiffon is still a favorite, and a charming example of one of the newest is illustrated in the Louiseboulanger frock shown at the right.

*From Paris: Nowitzky's skirt (left) to slip over the suit; above (seated) Schiaparelli's knitted, white wool suit with designs in black, and Régny's black jersey suit with flags; (standing) Schiaparelli's white and black jersey suit and Chantal's with removable skirt and cape*

# DRESSING COMFORTABLY FOR SPORTS

## FOR THE SEA AND BY THE SEA

EACH year the bathing suit assumes more importance in meaning and less importance in size. This season the actual swimming suit is extremely low in the neck and just as scanty over the hips. The new suits are cut up in a point on the thighs to give as much freedom as possible, but propriety remains with us, and when we come out of the water, there are capes, jackets, trousers, and even skirts to be slipped on over the suits, as shown in these bathing costumes from Paris.

The latest thing in the swimming mode is called, paradoxically enough, the "garden skirt." This is a separate skirt, designed by Mary Nowitzky and illustrated in the figure at the left, above. It is mounted on a ribbon, tied around the waist, and has been worn by some fashionable women who have swimming pools in their gardens abroad and have tea served under the trees. Fashion has decreed that trousers are not quite in the setting, so we have a skirt, useful, amusing, and becoming, and also a wide garden hat, and the costume is complete. American women, like the French, love surprises, and what could be more surprising than the sight of a bathing jersey top emerging from a picturesque, printed-cotton skirt worn with a wide straw hat?

Chantal has another idea for the woman who does not care to disguise her swimming prowess to the point of exaggeration. She makes a brief skirt which may be removed, and a brief cape, and underneath you find the classic jersey swimming suit in all its practical glory.

*Schiaparelli designed this charming ensemble in navy-blue, the coat of light-weight, rough wool with wide revers of rough cotton bouclette in plaids of navy, white, and pink, and the dress to go with it of navy-blue wool voile trimmed with an organdy collar of pink and white. The belt at the natural waist is knotted tightly*

SCHIAPARELLI

*Lucile Paray, who heads one of the newest dressmaking houses in Paris, sends this smart tweed ensemble. The coat is tailored, yet shows the new, slightly fitted waistline, and there is a flare toward the hem. It is woven in light and dark shades of gray, the jumper of hand-knitted yarn, with a little knitted design*

LUCILE PARAY

# PARIS SPONSORS ENSEMBLES IN LIGHT-WEIGHT WOOL OR TWEED FOR SPORTS OCCASIONS

IN THE newest and best fashions from Paris, this spring, everything has contributed to make the line unquestionably fascinating—and line is the thing. In ten years, there has not been such a clear and definite change in the silhouette, and although you may unconsciously take the change for granted—the high waist-line with longer skirts—just hold up a last year's frock with one that is new this spring, and see the difference. Both the normal, belted waist and the fitted, princess line are markedly 1929, and are rapidly being accepted by smart American women.

There are other changes, too, in a wealth of detail and softer touches on everything, in workmanship and trimming. Just as predicted in the early spring issues to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, there is a complete return of femininity in everything—in line, in detail, in fabrics.

The two ensembles, above, illustrate some of these high points in this year's fashions. The first is a navy-blue wool ensemble with both dress and coat showing the new, higher waist-line and the dress and coat both slightly longer than they would have been last year. The other ensemble shows a little less fitted line—but nevertheless, for this type of tweed suit, it is new to have the coat fitted in at the waist and the skirt flared at the hem. And the details are interesting—an organdy collar on the wool dress, buttons on the skirt and the coat of the tweed ensemble, and tucked and knitted revers on the wool coat, with cuffs to match.

MOLYNEUX MODEL FROM KURZMAN
LAZARNICK, PHOTOGRAPHER

*Charming for summer evenings is the Molyneux gown of bright green chiffon, left, showing a flared hem of matching tulle. Shoes from Saks-Fifth Ave. Chanel designed the youthful, sleeveless frock of printed chiffon, below, which features a collarette demurely tied in the front*

CHANEL MODEL FROM BEST

# LOW, FLARING HEMLINES FOR EVENING—COLLARETTES FOR AFTERNOON

*Navy - and - white printed chiffon is smart for evening, as seen in the Lucile Paray gown, at the right. The sleeveless dress and jacket, below, are essential to the summer wardrobe; the dress, white silk; and the jacket, a lacy knitted Rodier scarf in pastel combinations*

BERGDORF GOODMAN

PARAY MODEL FROM KURZMAN

# FOR SUMMER A SLEEVELESS DRESS AND JACKET ARE THE RULE BY DAY

# LET OUR SHOPPING SERVICE BUY FOR YOU THESE SUMMER FROCKS IN THE SMART NEW YORK SHOPS

### HOW TO ORDER

**To buy these lovely summer frocks, just send a check or money-order, together with description of size and color (give bust and hip measurement, too), to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C., and your order will be promptly filled. All the styles for summer are so pretty, this year, and on page 121 you will find other charming hot-weather frocks, gloves, and a bag, and a sports bracelet**

*You are sure to be delighted with this lovely, white voile, peasant frock which is gaily trimmed with colored embroidery. It is youthfully becoming and may be had in all the sizes from 14 to 42—the coolest kind of pretty frock to wear all through the summer for many different occasions; 14 to 42; $9.75*

*All cut out to your own size, the semi-made printed voile frock (below, 2nd fig.) comes to you with the difficult sewing finished. It is one-piece, with plain back, belt all around, plaits in front, and collar and cuffs of white organdy; in multi-colors on white, blue, or green; 14 to 44; $3.95*

*Smartly new are sleeveless frocks of white linen with a touch of bright color on them, as in this one (right) with pearl buckle at the belt, and skirt plaited in front. The colors are in gabardine in bands of green and maize, or orchid and maize, blue and maize, or blue and rose; 14 to 44; $3.95*

*With a detachable silk scarf to match, the sleeveless crêpe de Chine frock (below, 3rd fig.) is all in one, with plaits all around, V neck, belt, plaited jabot, and monogram motif; white with blue-and-white scarf, orchid with orchid-and-white, or pink with pink-and-white; 14 to 40; $16.50*

**Peasant Frock**

*These charming and pretty peasant frocks (above) are always popular, especially in voile for hot-weather months. This one is in white voile, all trimmed with bright-colored embroidery, and it may be had in any size from 14 to 42; the price is $9.75*

*Cut to your own size from checked gingham, this semi-made jacket and frock come with the difficult sewing finished; the long-sleeved jacket with no pockets, no buttons, but a little collar; both come in blue, red, green, or black check; 14 to 42; $4.95 for both*

*The sleeveless frock of the checked gingham ensemble (right) is one-piece, with an all-around belt, pearl buckle, plaits in front, little pocket, and white at the V neck. Neck is finished, monogram motif embroidered, 14 to 42; the jacket and frock together for $4.95*

**For Brides**

*If you are planning a wedding this month, you will surely want our illustrated Bride's Booklet, which tells all about the invitations, decorations, the trousseau, linen list, what the groom shall wear, etc. Just send 25c to Good Housekeeping, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.*

*For only $10.75 you can buy this charming linen ensemble, the frock of printed handkerchief linen, the jacket of linen in a solid color. The sleeveless frock has a little bow at the V neck, all-around belt, plaits in front of the skirt, and one in back; 16 to 18, 38 to 44; $10.75*

*In this linen ensemble of jacket and sleeveless frock, the jacket is in a solid copen-blue, with the frock in copen-and-white, or a jacket of green with a frock in green-and-white print; a feature of the frock is its sun-tan back. Both the frock and coat for the price of $10.75*

### Semi-Made Piqué

*New and smart is this semi-made, printed, piqué ensemble (right, 1st fig.) which comes cut out to your own size and has all the difficult sewing finished. The top part of the one-piece sleeveless dress is white piqué, the skirt and jacket printed in rose, orchid, or green on white; all material included; 14 to 42; both for $4.25*

### Laced Jersey

*Jersey is a year-round fabric, and in this three-piece ensemble the jersey skirt and jacket are in the same color, the blouse contrasting jersey. The skirt is plaited in front and on a bodice, the V-neck blouse long-sleeved; brown with yellow blouse, navy with white, powder-blue or red with white; 14 to 42; $16.50*

# COOL FROCKS SMARTLY NEW AND FEMININE

### Semi-Made Print

*One of our prettiest dresses is this semi-made, two-piece, printed-georgette frock, the blouse like a jacket tied in surplice effect, the collar and cuffs, scallops on the blouse, and plaits all finished; skirt is on a bodice with flesh georgette vest; multi-colored flowers on navy, French blue, or black; 14 to 42; $8.95*

*Perfectly charming to wear all summer is this printed silk frock (right). It is two-piece, with circular skirt plaited all around in a new godet effect; has a bow and rhinestone pin; black with green-and-yellow print, brown with orange-and-yellow, navy with red-yellow, red with beige-blue; 14 to 20; $16.50*

*Just the thing for this summer is the smart silk suit (right, center), with sleeveless bow blouse, a cardigan jacket, and all-around tiny-plaited skirt, the skirt on a bodice. It may be had in black with white blouse, black with chartreuse-green, navy with flesh blouse, or in all-green, all-pink or all-maize; 14 to 20; $15.95*

### Garden Party

*For afternoon weddings, for evening parties, or other occasions, the sleeveless lace frock with matching jacket is summer's loveliest fashion. This one, above, may be had in pale green, black, beige, flesh, or sky blue, the removable jacket the same, the frock with snug hips and double-tiered skirt; 14 to 20; $25*

*Polka-dots for summer! This smart silk suit with polka-dot jacket and skirt, the silk blouse a solid color, is really a youthful and useful costume. Plaits in front, and bodice separate from the blouse; black dots on white with white blouse, brown with beige; or black with red and chartreuse; 14 to 38; $29.50*

### HOW TO ORDER

**Let us speed to you these lovely summer clothes we have found in the New York shops. Just send size and color, together with check or money-order, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.**

# SUMMER PATTERNS FOR THE YOUNG AND THE VERY YOUNG

## By Caroline Gray

J-28

JUNE, the month of parties and countless things to do, calls for a variety of pretty clothes, and now is the time to make them and at the same time to plan what will be needed for traveling, vacations, week-end visits, and other events.

The patterns for this month include a formal and an informal dress for the business girl or the young matron, and four charming frocks for the little girl and her slightly older sister. The lace gown, at left, is the type of thing that is indispensable in every wardrobe. It packs without wrinkling and is smart for all sorts of affairs. It is sleeveless, with a softly-draped surplice forming a deep V in front and showing the cream-colored chiffon top of the silk crêpe slip. The separate jacket has straight lines and can be hip length or shorter, as you wish. In size 36 this dress requires 6¼ yards of 36″ lace, 2 yards of silk crêpe, and ½ yard of chiffon. This includes material for the jacket.

The adaptable frock at the right changes its character with its fabric. In a colorful cotton print it is charming to wear in the house and for sports; but if it is made with long sleeves in a figured silk with a dark background, it becomes a useful street frock. While the frock shown is sleeveless, and the armholes finished with bands, a pattern for the long sleeve is included. It requires 3¾ yards of print and ¼ yard of plain for collar and bands in size 36.

The ensemble of plain and figured piqué, J-30 below, is smart for a young girl from 12 to 16 years old. It consists of a one-piece sleeveless dress, and a straight jacket. The suit, in (*Continued on page 213*)

J-29

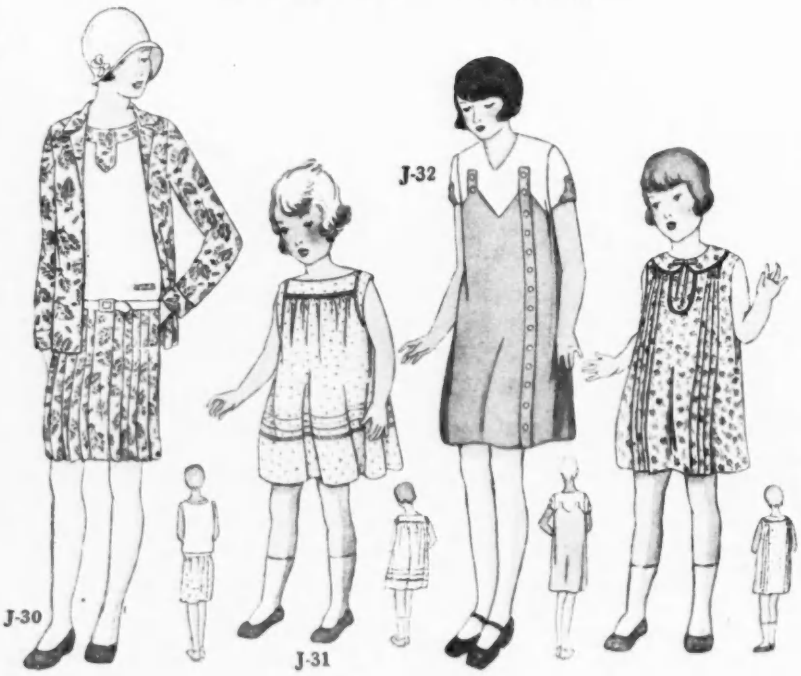
*For sports or general wear, with or without long sleeves, the dress above is smart and practical. The pattern, J-29, comes in sizes 34 to 42 and costs 50 cents*

*Lace or printed chiffon would be a successful choice for the graceful and versatile gown, above. The pattern, J-28, comes in sizes 34 to 42 and costs 60c.*

*Plain and printed piqué or linen is used for the smart and easily made little ensemble at the right. The pattern, J-30, comes in sizes 12 to 16 years and costs 50 cents*

**HOW TO ORDER**

**For patterns on this page send correct amount to Good Housekeeping Pattern Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.**



J-30

J-31

J-32

J-33

*The party frock of dotted swiss, hand-fagoted, pattern J-31, and the play frock of colorful printed cotton, pattern J-33, come in sizes 4 to 6 years, 30c each*

*White and colored linen are used for the daytime frock, pattern J-32, with its unusual yoke and sleeve tabs, which comes in sizes 8 to 12 years, and is 35 cents*

### FOR BABY

*Ivory-enameled wicker bassinette with net and lace over pink or blue silk; 14 x 31"; $34.50. Imported navy-blue London pram (below) $69.50. The baby is wearing a hand-embroidered silk coat with detachable lining; pink, blue, or white; $12.75; and silk bonnet; $4.95. Nurse's blue serge cape, lined with red, is $15; the navy-blue crêpe de Chine veil; $10; and satin crêpe dress; navy, brown, or gray; 14 to 44; $22.50*

GÁBOR EDER, PHOTOGRAPHER

### HOW TO ORDER

**All you have to do to buy these just-right things for your baby is to send check or money-order to cover any or all of the articles illustrated here—bassinette, perambulator, nurse's uniform, and the complete layette—to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Avenue, New York City and they will be sent you**

# WE WILL BUY IN NEW YORK YOUR BABY'S LAYETTE

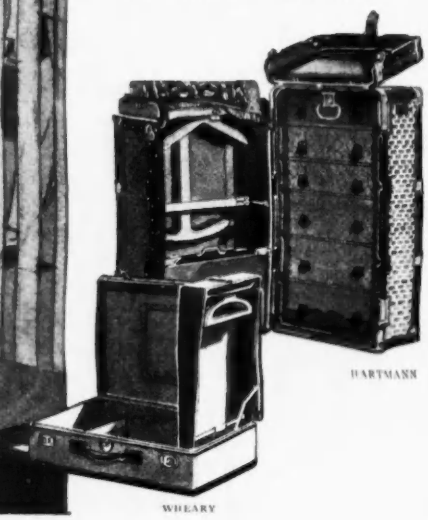
MOTHERS of today rejoice in all the new and modern ways in which babies are taken care of and dressed. No longer is the stuffy, cumbersome layette, with its long skirts, heavy woolens, and the like, in fashion. Instead, everything is reduced to a minimum—the least in clothes, the least in work, and both baby and mother are happier and healthier. With this in mind, we have chosen this simple but entirely adequate layette of fifty pieces, for only $25. You may buy all or any part of it from us.

*This layette contains 50 pieces, complete for only $25. Two pairs of crocheted booties, white with pink or blue, 25¢ pr.; 24 Bird's-eye diapers, hemmed, sterilized white cotton; 27x27"; $1.45 doz.; 3 fine-ribbed wool-cotton-rayon shirts, up to 3 yrs., 95¢ ea.; 1 white cashmere wrapper, hand-embroidered and trimmed in pink or blue; $2.95; 2 Arnold-Knit cotton gowns with drawstrings, 95¢ ea.; 1 stockinette rubber sheet, 14x27"; 75¢; 2 quilted crib pads, 70¢ ea.*

*One lovely hand made and embroidered fine white nainsook dress (top, above) is in this 50-piece layette; $1.95; 3 all-wool flannel abdominal binders, picoted; 25¢ ea., and safety pins; 2 hand-made and embroidered Gertrudes of fine white nainsook; 95¢ ea.; 2 wool flannel Gertrudes with nainsook tops; $1.25 ea.; 3 white nainsook, hand-embroidered slips; 95¢ ea.; 2 white face-cloths edged in pink or blue; 10¢ ea.; 1 soft, cotton blanket, pink or blue edge; $1.50*

BELLER

*For train travel wear the Patou ensemble of navy crêpe, left, from A. Beller. The Hartmann Wardrobe, below, is of Canvas Ducord in a French checker pattern, and the Wheary Wardrolette of Duckoid in beige and brown*



HARTMANN

WHEARY

OSHKOSH

SESAMEE

SEWARD

WINSHIP

*Both ends travel comfortably in the Oshkosh shoe and hat trunk of duck with distinctive bandings, above. The Seward Wardrobe has a Sesamee lock, and the Winship Fortniter, wardrobe conveniences*

# TRADE-MARKED LUGGAGE YOU CAN BUY IN YOUR OWN TOWN

THERE is romance in luggage, for it immediately suggests travel—steamers, trains, motors, or more adventurous still, aeroplanes. To enjoy traveling, however, it is essential to be equipped with just the right amount of luggage. An insufficient amount is as uncomfortable as too much.

One of America's prides is her luggage, for it can not be excelled in materials or workmanship. The models shown on these pages have been selected from manufacturers whose distribution is wide enough to insure your finding the various trade-marked articles in or near your local shop. There are wardrobes for longish trips and small, compact pieces for week-ends.

For summer vacations spent at a resort, or an ocean voyage, a full-sized wardrobe trunk is required, a selection of three being offered on these pages. The Hartmann trunk, above, is particularly smart with its French checker pattern, and its special shoe-box and secret drawer. A plush cushion in the lid prevents the clothes from wrinkling. The Seward trunk, at left, is equipped with a Sesamee lock, which enables the user to determine his own combination and avoid the troublesome use of keys. On the opposite page above, is a new Belber model, which is moth-proofed

# MEETING THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE FASTIDIOUS TRAVELER

*Moth-proofed, the Belber Wardrobe, above, has a special safe lock, while the Revelation Gladstone bag of pigskin is adjustable to fourteen different sizes. The Oshkosh hat case is equipped with hangers in the lid*

at the top, sides, and bottom of each drawer and hanging section.

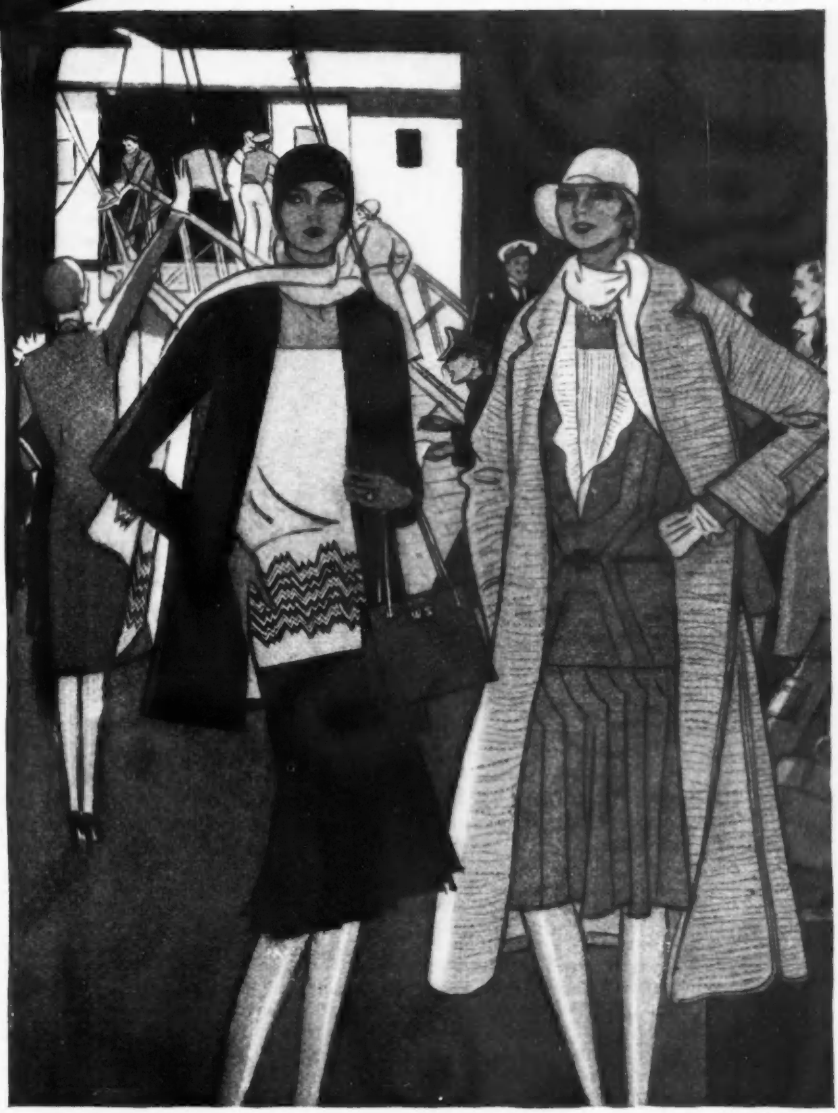
For long trips, when many pairs of shoes are required, the Oshkosh shoe and hat trunk, on the opposite page below, is indispensable. The upper part has twelve small drawers, each accommodating one pair of shoes, plus one large drawer with removable partitions for riding boots or heavy shoes. The large hat cage in the bottom drawer accommodates a number of hats.

Where small hand luggage is concerned, many of the newer pieces include wardrobe conveniences that make travel a delight. A good example is the Wheary Wardrolette, on the opposite page above, with a tray in which eight dresses may be hung, removable at will, so that the bag can be used as a suitcase.

On the same order is the Winship Fortniter, on the same page below, smartly covered in waterproofed, natural Irish linen with hangers of various shapes fitting into the lid. Subdivisions in the body of the case allow for shoes, hats, and lingerie.

Equally attractive is the Oshkosh Wardrobe hat case, with hangers in the lid and space for hats, shoes, and lingerie below. The Revelation expanding Gladstone bag, at left, by a patented device of hinges, can be adjusted to fourteen different sizes.

WM. BLOOM



*Two costumes appropriate for steamer wear are shown at right: first, a London Trades suit of hunter-green tweed; and, second, a Jane Regny coat of brown and yellow tweed with a jersey dress to harmonize; from Wm. Bloom*

*A Story of Taking Chances*

*By* Jay Gelzer

# *THIS* THING

EVERY morning Hilda came down Mrs. Crowley's front steps at exactly nine o'clock. With a market basket on her firm, round arm. With the beds all made. With the breakfast dishes washed and put away. With luncheon's stew already simmering far back upon the stove.

Immediately all that part of South Street happening to glimpse her egress gaped its knowledge that Hilda was as different from other dwellers on South Street as Mrs. Crowley's steps were different from other steps on that same street. Scrubbed, those steps, and leading up to a house where clean curtains flaunted in windows recently acquainted with soap and water, and that in itself, in a district closely abiding the smoke and fume of near-by train yards, savored subtly of miracle rather than of unremitting effort.

Hilda herself, walking down South Street toward the corner market, was even more strongly touched with the savor of miracle. She was tall. She was strong. She had a slow, deliberate walk which made her approach that of a goddess rather than that of a woman with a market basket. She had dazzling white skin. She had blue eyes with the tranquillity of gaze to be found in those accustomed to unimpeded horizons. She had the beauty of perfect health.

All in all she had so many things to which South Street was unaccustomed that it is a little difficult to select the exact quality which inevitably fixed South Street's almost startled attention upon her, unless it were her size. A big woman, Hilda. Or, rather, a big girl, since she was only eighteen. Juno, walking down South Street with a market basket when she should have been striding over fertile prairies with sheaves of garnered wheat in her arms.

Not meant for pavements, Hilda, and an artist would have sensed it instantly. Would have painted her against the open, with perhaps a strong breeze blowing her full skirts about a superbly molded figure.

Not being any too well acquainted with art, the denizens of South Street could only stare and gape, throwing out a cheap witticism or so regarding the girl's size by way of relief from an emotion too closely approximating awe for comfort, when what was there to be awed by? They knew Hilda well. They had watched her grow from childhood to young womanhood. She had played with their own children in the scant time permitted her for play.

Looking after Hilda disappearing down the street, at her orderly pace which was neither slow nor fast, the slatternly women watching would decide that it was the

*Illustrated By James Montgomery Flagg*

Hilda, walking down South Street toward the corner market, was a bit of a miracle. She was tall. She was strong. She was beautiful. "Where do you s'pose she come from?" Mrs. King would say

# Called LUCK

mystery clouding her beginning which intrigued their interest.

"She ain't as pretty as my Agnes," Mrs. King would say, with a defensiveness which defeated her own claim, to an untidy Mrs. Coombs sitting so closely and so conveniently next door that only a scant few feet separated them.

"Well, *no!*" Mrs. Coombs would agree cordially, after perceptible hesitation. "No, Hilda ain't as pretty as Agnes," she would repeat firmly, as though to atone for her telltale hesitation. "Not but what Hilda's a good girl."

Hilda *was* a good girl. In a street so intrusive in its curiosity that the slightest deviation from rectitude could scarcely go unremarked, the two gossiping women knew it beyond doubt, and Mrs. King would nod agreement with bitterness in her nod and a wish to halt further comparison between Hilda and Agnes. Hastily she would divert the conversation to less dangerous ground.

"Where do you s'pose she come from?"

Again an artist could have told them. From the Nordic countries beyond a doubt, and in all probability from Sweden.

Mrs. King and Mrs. Coombs knew only that one spring day, seven years before, a foreigner carrying a heavy bag and leading a little girl by the hand had walked slowly and tiredly down South Street. Before the door of Mrs. Crowley, who kept a lodging house as did most of the others in the vicinity, he swayed. Perhaps decided by that swaying, and correctly interpreting the sign in the window, the stranger had climbed the steps weakly, still holding the heavy bag, still clutching the little girl by the hand.

Having little English, he had made his wants known to Mrs. Crowley by gestures toward himself, the child, the bag, and toward his mouth, rather grotesquely indicating the process of eating, and Mrs. Crowley, accustomed to the flotsam and jetsam which drifted in and out of her front door from the depot two blocks away, had accepted him as a lodger.

Next morning, aroused by a child's terrified whimper, she had found the man dead in bed.

For what she did then Mrs. Crowley was ever afterward to receive much praise for kind-heartedness from those who knew of her action, but as a matter of fact it was scarcely kind-heartedness on Mrs. Crowley's part.

Mrs. Crowley was getting along in years even then. She was alone in the world. She was accumulating fat at an astonishing rate, and as she herself frankly admitted, her knees gave out on her, going up and down stairs. Here, providentially, was a pair of nimble knees to go up and down stairs, and Mrs. Crowley plainly saw the hand of God in it.

The dead man had spoken some outlandish and incomprehensible gibberish. The child spoke the same. Out of the torrent of words which leaped from the little girl's shaken calm, Mrs. Crowley

understood only that her name was Hilda.

Cannily determined to have no difficulty with the law, Mrs. Crowley searched the heavy bag thoroughly, but when she had finished, she knew no more than at the start. There was a little money, something over a hundred dollars. Some clothing for two. Nothing else. She was never to know—and Hilda was never to know—that John Larsen had been on his way to upper Minnesota to join his brother, where eighty acres of prairie land and a house awaited him.

Her conscience cleared by the total lack of information disclosed, Mrs. Crowley had summoned the proper authorities to remove John Larsen from her second-floor front bedroom.

She turned over to them half of the money found in the bag, together with the bag itself, after carefully removing Hilda's clothing, but she said nothing whatever of the most important piece of property the dead man had left behind him, his daughter, Hilda, who stood by the front window in the locked parlor, small face pressed close to the glass, watching, with panic in her blue gaze, as her father went away.

Thereafter Mrs. Crowley had taken her ease, somewhat hampered at first by her inability to convey her wishes to Hilda. But as Hilda learned the language of her new country and began to prove indisputably that she had hands as well as feet and knees, and an intelligence to direct all three, accompanied by a willing disposition, Mrs. Crowley fairly purred in increased comfort.

"This is what people raise families for!" she had discovered slowly, watching eleven-year-old Hilda scrub the splintered kitchen floor free of grease. "And it's wise they are to raise young hands to save old backs!"

In later years she was to bless the impulse which had led her to secrete Hilda. Was to bless even the lame knees which were really the cause of Hilda's staying. For Hilda, to Mrs. Crowley, as to the rest of South Street, was both a marvel and a reproach.

Hilda was up at sunrise every morning. She scrubbed the front steps daily except when the bitter lake wind made it impossible because of rapidly forming ice. She stirred breakfast porridge with slow, even strokes of her strong arms. She washed great piles of dishes. She made beds swiftly and expertly with an entirely unnecessary turning and thumping of mattresses. She washed windows and ceaselessly waged war against Chicago dirt in the frequent laundering of curtains.

In South Street curtains hang in a limp and discouraged-looking grayness from fall until spring, and anything else is so nearly a gesture of affectation that at times Mrs. Crowley was moved to protest against this particular item of industry.

"Leave them curtains *go!*" she would bluster with rough kindliness. "Ain't there work enough without slaving over *them?*"

Seemingly there wasn't, and Hilda's immaculate curtains continued to flutter at the windows, broadcasting a mute message of different ideals from those of South Street, and turning more than one undecided pair of feet resolutely toward Mrs. Crowley's door.

Railroad men. Cattle men. Farmers in from the Northwest with harvest money itching to be spent, wrapped in huge rolls apt to be mostly and naively of one-dollar bills. All came to Mrs. Crowley's house, and Mrs. Crowley watched them with a jealous eye.

Let any of these take a fancy to Hilda—or, rather, let Hilda take a fancy to one of them—and where would the ease and comfort of her old age be *then?*

Relentlessly she drove them from the door of her kitchen, and the lash of her voice, looping swiftly up the stairway at just the right moment, would inevitably summon Hilda from casual conversation with a good-looking cowboy from Montana, with sun wrinkles already printed deeply into the corners of keen young eyes.

"*You, Hilda—I need you!*"

Hilda would come flying down obediently and with so little delay that gratitude would bloom in the old woman's heart, finding tangible expression.

"After lunch we'll go out and buy you a new pink gingham, Hilda. You're growing fast, these days."

Mrs. Crowley liked Hilda in pink gingham. Admired Hilda's astonishing beauty, which was so strange a beauty to South Street. Resented so acutely the possibility of Hilda's pink and white beauty being tarnished that at least once she laid the flat of her hand against an impetuous brakeman's cheek in a rebuke which left stinging red prints of her fingertips for hours.

She had not given Hilda schooling because there were the knees which gave way when she climbed stairs, and the thousand and one steps to be taken in a cheap lodging house run for transients who were entirely transient. Room and bed, one dollar. Breakfast, fifty cents. Dinner, seventy-five cents. Work for a young back, not an old one. Hurrying for young feet, not old misshapen ones.

No, Mrs. Crowley could scarcely send Hilda to the schooling her youth entitled her to, but in the business of living—at least, in the business of living in South Street—Mrs. Crowley educated Hilda.

"Never let a man put a finger on you, Hilda!" emphasis against which Hilda dared not protest by even a single question ringing out passionately in Mrs. Crowley's harsh voice.

"Never run around nights like Agnes King!" was another of Mrs. Crowley's edicts, and Hilda had no urge whatever to question this one.

She rose at daylight. She fell at dark into a bed whose coarse sheets were fragrant of sun and soap and wind, asleep almost before her blonde head touched the pillow, while downstairs Mrs. Crowley would perhaps refuse an uncertain request stammered at her from the doorway of the room where she sat deeply engrossed in the latest number of a sensational magazine.

"My girl—she's asleep long ago! No, she don't care for moving pictures, and she don't go out nights *ever.*"

It was part of the legend which grew up about Hilda in South Street as she herself grew up, her not going out at night, her living entirely apart from the endless battle of the sexes in a world as manless as that in which some temple virgin might have lived.

Women crowded into Mrs. Crowley's narrow kitchen for a cup of coffee to watch the blonde girl moving about with an apron shielding the pink gingham in which Mrs. Crowley still loved to dress her. There was something epic about the ease with which Hilda lifted a scuttle of coal and sent its contents rattling into a stove. Something breath-taking about the manner in which she peeled potatoes in a smoothly uninterrupted coil of brown separating from white. Something dating back almost to the garden of Eden in the swiftly perfect motion with which Hilda raised a basket of freshly-ironed linen to her shoulder.

"She's strong, ain't she?" somebody would sigh enviously, after Hilda had disappeared through the doorway of the kitchen on some errand upstairs.

"Strong *and* good," Mrs. Crowley would state emphatically, smiling her satisfaction with the gift destiny had brought her.

Once Mrs. King bluntly challenged that satisfaction, inspired thereto by an unpleasantly acute twinge of envy. "Just the same, Mrs. Crowley, Hilda ain't *living!* She's hands for *you*, and feet for *you*, but that ain't *living*, and some day Hilda'll find it out!"

"It's better'n *some* people's living!" retorted Mrs. Crowley acidly and had the last word.

But, as it happened, Mrs. King was right. At eighteen one can not make a life entirely of work, and unknown to Mrs. Crowley something new had come to Hilda, bringing with it a surging element of dissatisfaction.

## *MAGIC*

By Grace Noll Crowell

SOME *women have a magic way*
*Of putting cheer into a room:*
*A quick, transforming touch that sends*
*The light into a shaded gloom.*
*They have a lovely way of giving*
*A cheerful, happy look to living.*

A WOOD *fire crackling on a hearth,*
*Old brasses rubbed and burnished bright,*
*Red tulips in an earthen bowl,*
*The luster of worn boards scrubbed white—*
*Some women have a way of knowing*
*That household wares should be kept glowing.*

I NEVER *see a woman's hands*
*Move swiftly at their burnishings,*
*But that they always seem to bear*
*A likeness to white flying wings.*
*They are so beautiful at giving*
*A cheerful, happy look to living.*

"So you came down here to find a wife?" Bernard said with slow malice, so that the countryman flushed brightly. Hilda stood in the doorway, listening

Warm evenings, instead of going straight to bed, Hilda walked sometimes the few blocks to the lake, where she sat in the cool sand, letting the lake wind blow upon her bare throat. If the night were exceptionally warm, she pulled off shoes and stockings and plunged strong, white toes deep into the sand, not knowing she would have liked the sand better had it been good black loam.

Occasionally she threw herself face downward upon the sand, bruising herself in the intensity of her emotion and sobbing with an abandon of which she was later ashamed. Then, sitting in the velvety dark, with night pressing with kind fingers at the heat in her swollen eyelids, her mind would tear at the veil which lay between herself and her childhood.

A house—a huge house of wood—she could not remember the shape of the house, but she remembered the size and that it was of wood.

Cattle lowing (*Continued on page 274*)

# Good Housekeeping Institute

*Katharine A. Fisher*
*Director*

Photograph By H. J. Williams

Home managers are planning the spending of their time as well as the spending of the family income, in developing their daily work plans

# *Managing the Home*

*By* Katharine A. Fisher, Director

THE success of any business depends very much on its organization and management. Industry today is therefore giving much attention to questions of management, not only in this country but in other countries, and an International Management Congress devoted to such questions is now being held each year. Last year the city of Prague was selected as the meeting place; this year it is Paris, and the middle of June.

American organizations are this year officially participating for the first time in this Congress, and it will be interesting to home managers to know that the Committee in charge of the American program decided to include a paper on the management of the home. The Committee invited me to prepare this paper, as Director of Good Housekeeping Institute.

The business of housekeeping and household management can not well be viewed from the same angles as an industrial undertaking, for the home is primarily a living center rather than a work center; and human relationships, and not housework, make the home. It is a workshop where personalities are in the making as well as meals, and this must be taken into account in any discussion of household management questions.

The development of machine production on a large scale in this industrial era has made available many facilities for housekeeping undreamed of by our grandmothers. It has also brought American home managers a new set of management problems, both social and economic, for some of which there is no simple solution. Half a century ago many necessities were still produced from the raw materials in the majority of American households, and home managers gave much time and attention to the planning and supervision of this work. These activities invited family cooperation, as they provided common enterprises not only of economic but of great social significance in the life of many households.

Now that production has been largely given to industry, varied work and recreational interests outside the home separate the family group, and the daily routine of housekeeping is left to the home manager, who sometimes finds housekeeping rather a lonesome occupation. Over two million women in this country, in addition to managing their homes, are employed in business or professional work outside the home, and they have therefore had to work out new ways of meeting their responsibilities as home managers, particularly in caring for and training their children.

Home managers are now consumers rather than producers, and as consumers they are spending by far the greater part of the family income. With so many household occupations taken over, or in process of being taken over, by industry, the home manager is finding it more necessary to weigh values, both social and economic, in deciding what work should be done for her by industry and what should be done at home. She is also giving more time and attention to selecting and effectively using the products and services which industry has developed.

The spending of the family income is therefore a question of growing importance, and also one of increasing complexity, for home managers. Hundreds of letters come to Good Housekeeping Institute every year, asking for assistance in planning ahead for the spending of the income. The rapid development of instalment buying in this country has brought much discussion as to its probable economic and social effects. Standards of living have risen rapidly, and the question of adjusting expenditures to the income level is a perplexing one for most people. Many stress the value of budgeting the income in meeting this problem more satisfactorily and

in getting the greatest benefits from the practice of instalment buying, while minimizing its possible abuses.

Home managers are not now approaching their problems in the purchasing and the use of food, furnishings, equipment, clothing, and other household products in the same way as did the home manager of but a generation ago. They are not only doing more purchasing; they are selecting different products, largely developed through scientific research. Research work in food production and manufacture has greatly changed the business of food purchasing. This is the day of the package and the can, and the development of cold storage has made it possible to provide local markets all over the country with a wide choice in fresh meat, fish, eggs, fruit, and vegetables.

The commercial food package identifies the manufacturer and thus assures the buyer as to the uniform quality of the product, while it is also a guardian of the Federal Pure Food Laws, since it must carry a label with a clear and truthful statement as to the contents. The federal meat inspection service also provides a protection for the buyer in the form of a government stamp, but unfortunately home managers in their purchasing do not always read the labels, or look for the stamp.

Results of research work in nutrition and food values are becoming common knowledge, bringing a great change in diet in this country, with corresponding changes in the business of planning the daily meals. In the purchasing of clothing home managers are discovering new fabrics made from new fibers which have been produced in chemical laboratories, and much attention is being given not only to the production of fabrics but to their proper care and cleaning. The results of this work reach home managers in various ways.

Since the turn of the century there has been a rapid increase in the use of mechanical equipment in housekeeping, with great emphasis on labor-saving values. Housework is being mechanized, and home kitchens and laundries are being planned for greater convenience. The kitchen has contracted to a step-saving size with work table, range, and sink at a more comfortable working height, while in household equipment both large and small there is a trend today in the direction of automatic control, from the house heating plant to water heaters, the ovens of gas and electric ranges, refrigerating units and the smaller electrical devices such as the toaster, the flat-iron, and the waffle-iron.

The development of modern household equipment has involved much research work by manufacturers, and extensive investigations are continually being carried on in producing better devices for use in the home. Home managers can scarcely realize the amount of work of this kind which an effective piece of equipment represents. Much research is also necessary in working out the best methods of using modern equipment in the home, and this kind of work is being developed by such organizations as Good Housekeeping Institute, colleges, government departments, and manufacturers. Magazines like Good Housekeeping have been foremost in bringing the results of this work to home managers.

Kitchens are contracting to a step-saving size, with table and kitchen-sink working surfaces at more comfortable heights

Such labels on food packages protect home managers who read them

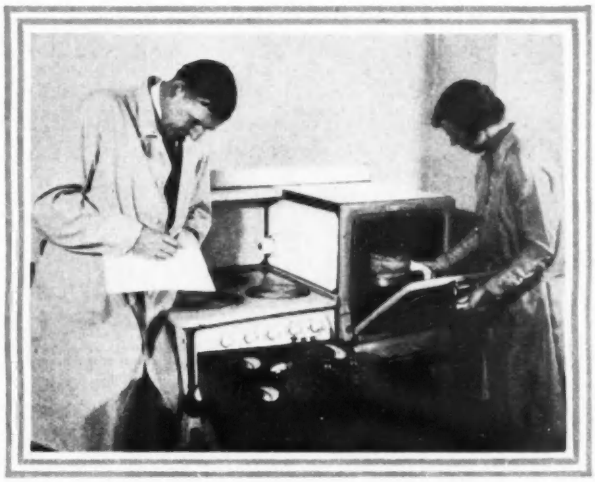
Good Housekeeping Institute was the pioneer in testing home equipment for home managers

Because home managers have not been able to judge for themselves the service which a piece of equipment under consideration will give them, they have felt the need of a dependable buying guide to their purchases. Good Housekeeping Institute was the pioneer in responding to this need through our testing service, which was established over twenty years ago. Each year a growing number of home managers are learning to look for the Good Housekeeping Institute Seal of Approval in selecting household equipment which they can be certain will give them satisfactory service.

During recent years there has been much discussion as to the ways and means of increasing housekeeping efficiency. This has been stimulated by the great contrast which exists between working conditions and small-scale production in the home, and machine production on a large scale in industry. The pioneer work of Frederick W. Taylor in developing what may be called the science of management, and in applying the principles of scientific management to industrial processes, has played an important part in the study of better industrial management, and enthusiastic followers of the Taylor system consider that many of the principles of scientific management may be applied to housekeeping.

In finding "the one best way" for any piece of work in industry, Mr. Taylor made a close study of the motions of the worker at a given task. The process was timed and charted, and on the basis of all this work a standard method was developed for doing the work in the most labor- and time-saving way. The workers were then instructed in following the method, and through frequent repetition of one task they were able to develop a high degree of skill in automatically following the method to the letter.

In an attempt to apply the principles of scientific management to housekeeping, some work has been done in developing "the one best way" for a few of the everyday household tasks. Steps have been counted, work motions analyzed, processes timed and charted, and standard methods worked out. However, the home manager faces many difficulties in trying to follow closely any standard method. In the majority of homes in this country she is herself the entire working force. She has not a staff of workers to instruct; she is both manager and worker, planner and doer, and she is constantly shifting from one to another of her great variety of tasks. She can not, therefore, develop the skill of a specialist in any one of them, and the daily life of her household frequently



(*Continued on page 184*)

# *Building* SALADS *into your* MEALS

By Demetria M. Taylor

*Of the Institute Staff*

*Photographs by H. I. Williams*

ONCE there lived a citizen of ancient Rome who possessed a vivid imagination concerning things culinary. We can imagine that frequently he incurred the wrath of his cook by dabbling in her supplies when in a creative mood! One day, on her "afternoon out," so the story goes, he was displeased with his dinner of simple herbs which she had prepared and left for him. They seemed unusually dry and tasteless, and it occurred to him that a "sauce" of some kind would vastly improve the dish. It would be great fun to invent a new sauce, thought the Roman gentleman, and forthwith he disappeared into the kitchen. A few minutes later he reappeared, carrying with him a flask of olive oil from his olive orchard, a lemon from his lemon grove, and boxes of salt and spices. Placing a capacious bowl before him on the table, he mingled all these ingredients, tasting and retasting until the "sauce" met with his approval. Then he added the herbs, tossed them about until every leaf gleamed with oil, and sat down to the feast. With the first taste a smile of beatific satisfaction overspread his features, and the salad, as we know it, was created!

Today we serve salads to our families for many reasons other than their esthetic appeal, although we realize that they add color and beauty to our meals. We know that the ingredients used in making salads supply us bountifully with minerals and vitamins, introducing them into our meals in an effective and appetizing way. We know, too, that salads help us to achieve variety in our menus, that there is no better way to serve a daily raw fruit or vegetable, and that any course of any meal (save breakfast!) may be in salad form if we desire.

There are several rules for making salad which can not be repeated too often if perfect results are desired. Salad plants, whether they are the basis of the salad or merely a garnish, must be crisp, *dry*, and thoroughly clean. After washing, place the leaves in a clean towel and *pat* them dry as illustrated.

The Institute has found that the best method of keeping salad greens fresh and crisp after cleaning is to put them in a tightly covered refrigerator dish, if they are to be kept for more than a day; or in a damp lettuce bag if they are to be used the day they are bought. Never keep them (or any other food) in the ice compartment of the refrigerator.

The salad mixture should be cold and moist, but with no excess liquid. A "watery" salad is most unpalatable, and liquid dilutes the dressing.

The salad plates should be cold, and the salad itself attractively arranged and daintily garnished, for "the eye does half the eating."

Salads made at the table are surpassingly crisp and flavorsome and have an appeal which can best be described as psychological, since the process is watched with such eagerness and anticipation by the guests! Like the ancient Roman, you must have before you a roomy and colorful salad bowl. At your right should be grouped the previously measured oil and vinegar in cruets, together with the salt, pepper, paprika, dry mustard, and other desired condiments. At your left, the leaves of the salad plant and the ingredients which are to be added should be arranged. Don't forget to rub the inside of the bowl with a clove of garlic (held on the tines of a fork) for delicious added flavor!

The salad dressing is so often the "making" of the salad that it is an important consideration. The main ingredient is the oil, which may be made from olives, peanuts, cotton-seed, or corn. To the

**SUMMER MENUS**
**WHICH CALL FOR SALADS**

*Informal Luncheon*

Spinach Ramekins with Crouton Crust
Popovers Tomato Slaw
Fresh Cherry Tartlet
Iced Chocolate

*Family Dinner*

Braised Ham Slice
Potato Soufflé Buttered Chard with Egg
Whole Wheat Muffins
Strawberry Salad Fruit Salad Dressing
Iced Coffee

*Sunday Night Supper*

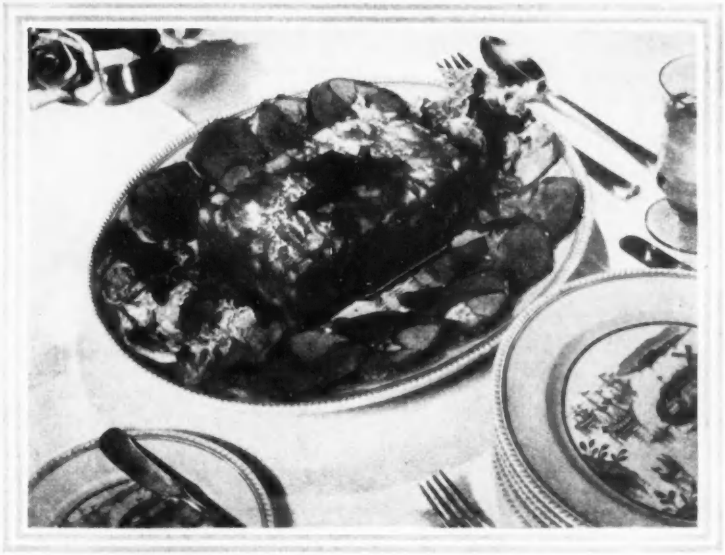
Potato Salad in Tomato Aspic garnished with Mint
Cold Roast Spring Lamb
Toasted English Muffins
Melon Iced Tea

*Informal Dinner*

Tomato Canapés
Boiled Fresh Salmon—Hollandaise
Mashed Potatoes Buttered Asparagus
Jellied Cucumber Salad
Peach Ice Cream with
Crushed Raspberries
Sponge Cake Coffee

Salads made at the table are surpassingly crisp and flavorsome, and have an appeal best described as psychological, since the process is watched with so much anticipation

epicure the dressing invented by the Latin father and mistakenly attributed to the French can never be surpassed. Others who follow the habit of Richelieu, the famous gourmet and statesman, prefer to enrich this dressing with egg, transforming it into mayonnaise. Boiled dressing is the invention of the modern housewife and is easily made and inexpensive. For the busy housekeeper there are the reliable brands of French, Mayonnaise, Thousand Island, and Boiled Dressings which her grocer has upon his shelves and which give excellent results. Remember that to prevent home-made dressing from separating, it should be stored in the warmest part of the refrigerator, or where the temperature is above 40° F.



Potato Salad in Tomato Aspic, garnished with slices of lamb and sprigs of fresh mint, makes a pleasing main dish

Since *French Dressing* is the basis for so many delicious salads, we shall give you directions for making it. Rub a mixing bowl with a clove of garlic and let the clove remain in the bowl. Pour in the salad oil. Add one-third as much vinegar or lemon juice as oil. Add salt and pepper to taste, enough paprika to make the dressing pink, and a dash of mustard or a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Some artists think that a trace of sugar improves the dressing. Beat thoroughly with a fork or a Dover egg-beater until the mixture is thoroughly blended. Remove the garlic before serving. For *Roquefort Dressing* add crumbled Roquefort cheese in the desired amount. For *Lime French Dressing* add bottled lime juice and sugar to taste. This makes an excellent marinade for fruit salads.

Here are some simple devices to make your salads unusual and most attractive

There are general directions for making vegetable or fruit salads which will help you in achieving dainty and delicious results. Whatever combination you may choose be sure to dice or cut the vegetables and fruits in neat pieces of nearly uniform size, and let them remain in a marinade of some well-seasoned dressing for at least thirty minutes before serving. Then drain and arrange on beds of crisp, dry salad plants and garnish attractively. A combination of shredded cabbage, cooked peas, cooked string-beans, and diced tomatoes in French dressing is excellent for a vegetable salad.

*Tomato Slaw* is a favorite relish at Good Housekeeping Institute luncheons. Shred cabbage fine and dice the tomatoes without peeling, using two cupfuls of shredded cabbage for every cupful of diced tomatoes. Chill both thoroughly in separate bowls. Then marinate in French Dressing for one-half hour before serving. This is a delicious accompaniment to the main course of a luncheon or dinner.

After washing the salad greens place them in a clean towel and *pat* dry

*Potato Salad in Tomato Aspic* is an unusual way of making old-fashioned potato salad. Garnished with cold cuts of meat and sprigs of fresh mint, it makes a pleasing main dish for luncheon or for supper. Dice cold, cooked potatoes in half-inch cubes to the amount of four cupfuls. Add three stalks of celery cut in smaller cubes. Make a dressing of the following ingredients and add it to the potato and celery, stirring with a fork: one-half cupful of mayonnaise, one-fourth cupful of vinegar, one-half cupful of cream, two tablespoonfuls each of chopped onion and minced green pepper, one tablespoonful chopped chives, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and two teaspoonfuls of salt.

*Tomato Aspic* includes the following ingredients: one cupful of celery cut in dice, one-half cupful of raw carrot cut small, one onion sliced, a sprig of parsley, three cloves, one teaspoonful of peppercorns, one small blade of mace, one teaspoonful of salt, a few grains cayenne and one green pepper cut small. Cook all these ingredients together for thirty minutes, strain, pour over one tablespoonful of gelatine which has been dissolved in one-fourth cupful of cold water, and stir until dissolved. Cover the bottom of a loaf pan with aspic add the potato salad, and pour over the rest of the aspic. Cool and set in the refrigerator to harden. Serve on a platter with cold cuts. Serves eight.

*Fruit Slaw* is delicious. To make it, combine two cupfuls of finely shredded cabbage, orange sections from three oranges, one cupful of fresh pineapple cubes, and one-half cupful of seedless raisins. Add a marinade of Lime French Dressing and let it stand thirty minutes before draining and serving. Serves six.

To make *Strawberry Salad*, combine two cupfuls of ripe strawberries, one-half cupful of chopped pecan meats, and one cupful of celery cubes. Marinate in French Dressing, arrange on heart leaves of lettuce, and top with whipped cream and a few whole nut meats, or a sprig of fresh mint. This is an excellent dessert salad which will easily serve six.

*Peach Stone Salad* is an interesting salad to serve for dessert. Half of a canned peach on lettuce leaves forms the foundation for an individual serving. Mix together one-fourth pound of chopped nut-meats, one-half pound of stoned dates, and one small bottle of Maraschino cherries, adding enough of the juice from the latter to make a stiff paste. Form this into balls the size and shape of a peach stone and fill the centers of the canned peaches. Top with Mayonnaise. Serves six.

(*Continued on page 170*)

The most perishable foods should be stored in the coldest part, others in the warmest part of the food compartment space

On hot, humid days sweating may occur, so wipe off moisture to protect the finish and to keep doors from swelling out of shape

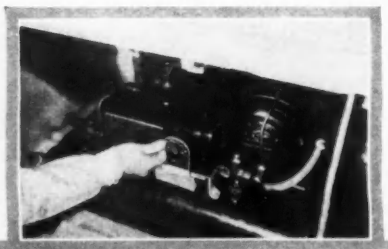
# Getting Good Refrigeration

By
Arthur J. Donniez
*Of The*
*Institute Staff*

IN EVERY home there is the need for storing food and keeping it in good condition, for upon this depend not only the attractiveness and wholesomeness of the food itself but also to some extent the health of all members of the family. Spoilage of food is due to bacteria, the growth of which is retarded by low temperatures. Laboratory tests indicate the desirability of storing perishable foods at temperatures as low as 45° or 50° F., which can be maintained in the coldest part of the food compartment of a good refrigerator at ordinary room temperatures when kept well iced, or in a mechanical refrigerator which automatically maintains excellent refrigerating temperatures.

When ice is used it is most important to keep plenty of it in the refrigerator at all times, and it is essential that the food be placed in the proper location. Foods like milk, uncooked meat, and soup stock spoil quickly and should be stored in the coldest part, while other foods like eggs, fruit, and vegetables deteriorate much less rapidly and may be stored for a reasonable period in the warmest part of your refrigerator. In the side-icer type of refrigerator the coldest part of the food compartment is beneath the ice chamber, and the warmest part is at the top shelf. With the top-icer construction the coldest part of the food compartment is beneath the cold-air flue, and the warmest part is at the uptake flue. Foods which give off odor should be kept in tightly-covered containers, or placed on the top shelf where the circulation of air will carry the odor directly into the ice chamber or cooling compartment.

In a climate such as ours, perishable foods should not be stored during the winter months in window-boxes or cold rooms which depend upon outdoor temperatures for their refrigeration. During the winter season there are few days throughout which suitable refrigerating temperatures prevail. For a part of the day it is apt to be either too warm for proper food preservation or too cold, with consequent food spoilage from freezing. Because of these variations in temperature, it is also unwise to store food in a refrigerator that is not iced during winter months and which is kept in a cool place where the temperature depends upon the weather. In such a case, furthermore, there is risk of contracting a cold when you go from a warm kitchen to a cold porch or entry to get food out of or to place it in the refrigerator.



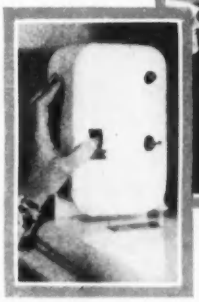
The lower left picture shows a mechanical refrigerator that is operated by the heat from a gas burner. It is defrosted by turning a valve that shuts off the flow of gas to the burner

The top picture shows the control of a mechanical refrigerating unit whose setting is easily changed to produce faster freezing of the dessert shown in the trays of the lower right picture

It is far better to keep the refrigerator in a suitable place and to provide refrigeration all the year round.

A mechanical refrigerator is an excellent device for protecting the food supply. The control is usually adjusted so that the warmest part of the food compartment will not exceed 50° F., even when the room temperature is as high as 90° F. Under these conditions all parts of the food compartment will provide good refrigerating temperatures.

The cabinet of the mechanical refrigerator is usually made of steel, which besides being well suited to manufacturing processes is able to withstand the effects of moisture resulting from sweating. These cabinets can be had with either a porcelain enamel outer finish or with a lacquer finish. The finish of the lining may be either a baked enamel or a vitreous enamel, the latter, of course, being the more durable. Practically all manufacturers of mechanical refrigerators will install their unit in any well-insulated, well-constructed refrigerator that is in good condition. However, as the amount of electric power required to maintain proper refrigeration will depend largely upon the quality of the insulation, you should make sure that your refrigerator is well insulated before installing a unit in it.



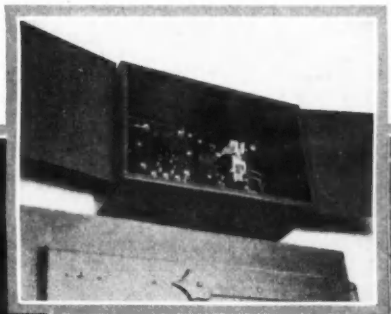
Refrigerator meals can be prepared in the morning, and any final cooking completed before the meal. The setting of the control on the left can be changed to get a different temperature

Frequently we are asked about the cost of operating a mechanical refrigerator. It is impossible to give any exact figure, as this will vary with the cost per kilowatt hour of electricity, the food compartment temperatures that the control has been set to maintain, the size of the refrigerator, how well it is insulated, the temperature of the room in which the refrigerator is operated, the amount of ice cubes and desserts frozen in the trays, the amount of food placed in the refrigerator, and the number of times the doors are opened each day. However, we can say that under our conditions of kitchen use we have operated a mechanical refrigerator with a 7 cu. ft. food compartment, using 1.6 kilowatt hours per day, while the average room temperature was about 75° F. On the basis of electricity purchased at seven cents per kilowatt hour, the operating cost was 11.2 cents per day.

All the mechanical refrigerators shown on the Institute's tested and approved list were found to give satisfactory refrigeration, were reliable in performance, and are well constructed. It is desirable, however, when making your selection, to inquire into the kind of servicing maintained by dealers handling the different units in your locality. Servicing may be needed at some time, so you would do well to inquire from users of the units if calls for service receive quick and satisfactory response.

During the past few years most of the leading manufacturers have improved their units so that they now operate quietly. With present models it is even difficult to hear the motor when it starts. Improvements have also been made in the control mechanism on some machines, which enable the operator to change its setting easily and get a different food compartment temperature, or colder ice tray temperatures when faster freezing of ice cubes or desserts is wanted.

Absence of noise is one feature of a gas refrigerator recently approved by the Institute. This refrigerator is economical to operate where the gas rate is not excessive. Water is used for cooling purposes, but this adds little, if any, to the operating cost. A safety valve attached to the burner prevents gas escaping should the (*Continued on page 158*)



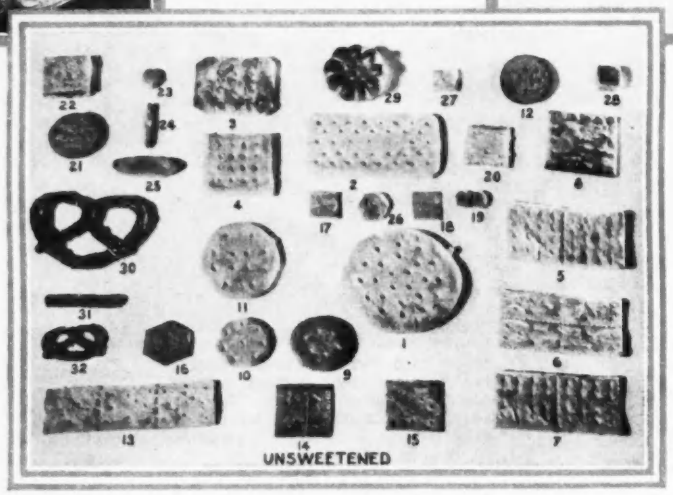
We use the insulated room on the left for testing mechanical refrigerators. It is heated by a thermostatically controlled electric heater, operated by the circuit-breaker shown in the picture just above

Another insulated and thermostatically controlled room, shown on the right, is used for testing ice refrigerators. Each day of the test a fresh piece of ice, sawed to size so it will fill the ice chamber, is placed in the refrigerator

The salad course need not lack for interest when crisp, unsweetened crackers in variety are served with it

The group of unsweetened crackers below suggests only a few of those that can lend variety to the daily meals

The soup course, too, takes on a new appeal when accompanied by any one of the crackers shown at the left




# A CRACKER for Every Course

By Dorothy B. Marsh

*Of the Institute Staff*

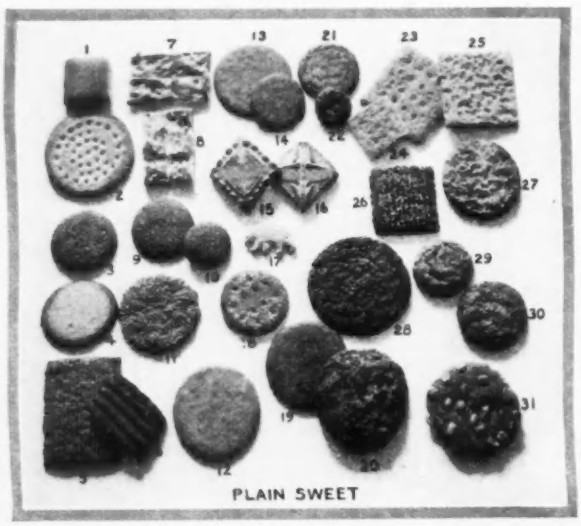
OFTEN, in the search for that "something different" which will bring new interest into our meals, we fail to turn to one of the best sources of inspiration—the grocer's shelf. That food manufacturers are consistently improving the quality and variety of their products is unquestioned. And in no industry are the food needs of the housekeeper more earnestly considered than in the cracker bakeries of today.

The story of the growth of the biscuit industry from the time when crude hardtack was the only cracker, to the present day when one manufacturer alone makes over three hundred varieties of crackers, cookies, and cookie-cakes, was most vividly pictured to our Director and myself in recent visits to our leading bakeries.

The world is scoured for choicest ingredients with which to make the nourishing crackers and cookies that you now find on your grocer's shelf today. In fact, exactly the same high quality of ingredients you select for your own baking or for your own table are used. Finest creamery butter, selected eggs and flour, purest spices and milk, the best sugar—these ingredients and all others are tested by expert chemists to meet the bakery standards.

In large, sunny rooms as immaculately clean as our own home kitchens, the process of making these choice crackers and then baking them is continuously being carried on. Giant automatic mixing machines take the place of our small mixing bowls, while great tile ovens of tremendous heating capacity supplant our home-size kitchen ranges. Here we saw the great tubs of dough for soda crackers, which had been slowly developing in the warm proof room, kneaded under rollers, and then conveyed in a continuous sheet under cutters where 1,680 soda crackers are stamped out per minute. We marveled as the moist, thin, dainty squares of dough left the cutter and went sailing along, headed straight for the oven. Like clockwork a skilled worker deftly gathered up each perfect, unwrinkled sheet of the crackers on his wooden shovel and placed it on the waiting shelf of the ferris-wheel-like oven, where it was to be quickly baked and later sent down to the packing room.

Farther on we saw the fragrant vanilla wafer batter being forced from a huge hopper through a row of vertical tubes on to baking pans, in the shape of tiny balls of dough. They were making tea wafers, too, and our eyes could scarcely follow the rapidly moving and unbroken sheet of the dough as it passed through five different



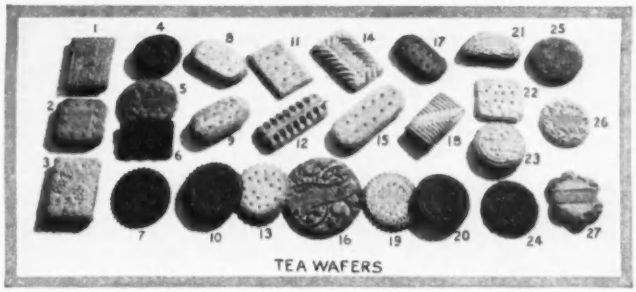

In the plain sweet cracker family the manufacturer has endeavored to satisfy every taste with a wide selection

rolling processes until thin enough to bake. Then the cutting began—1,716 biscuits every minute—and almost simultaneously we saw the biscuits being automatically fed onto baking pans before going into the oven to bake.

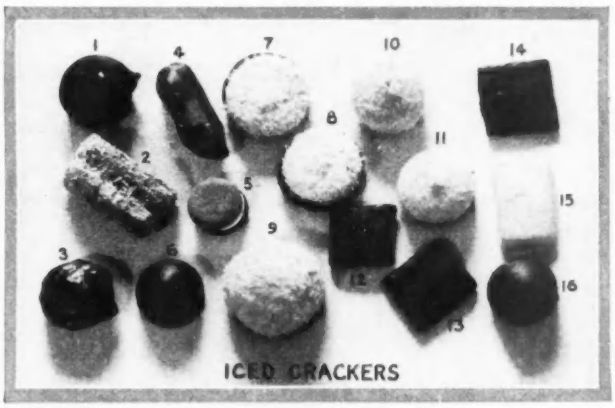
And sugar wafers! It was a surprise to learn that these fragile dainties are baked in huge waffle-irons similar to those we use in our own homes. The rich, tender batter which is poured between the waffle plates spreads into thin, crisp, golden-brown sheets or shells in baking. These shells are then passed on to the icing table, where the lower shells are covered with a generous layer of flavored cream filling, and the top shells are then firmly pressed on top. And as a final and most fascinating step, a set of circular saws cut the completed sheets into the squares, bars, sticks, etc., which we find so tasty.

But these crackers as well as all other varieties crisp and fresh from the ovens must be kept fresh, crisp, and clean until they reach the housekeeper. And the manufacturer of today is to be particularly commended for the splendid way in which he has solved this problem. The old barrel and box method of distributing crackers has been largely discarded. Today we find nationally known crackers being packed in moisture- and dust-proof boxes or tins, which leave the crackers free from the touch of human hands in their journey from the factory to the grocer.

Crackers, plain and assorted, are served in every family, yet few housekeepers really take full advantage of the varied time-saving possibilities which they offer in daily meal planning. With this in mind, we have not only illustrated some of the most interesting varieties of crackers and cookies, but have made suggestions for their uses as well. There is a cracker for every course — crackers which provide a wealth of nourishment whenever served!




You can buy assorted packages of tea wafers in plain and sandwich form (as above) which will grace any repast however formal




The group of iced crackers and cakes shown above makes "crispy sweets" rich enough to serve as dessert or with cool beverages

In the illustration of unsweetened crackers on the opposite page, pilot biscuits are shown in figures 1 and 2. There are still many people who enjoy this crunchy cracker served in place of bread with chowders or other main dishes. However, soda crackers are perhaps far better known. Made in the form of large and small crisp squares, salted and unsalted, with some that can be split in two for convenient sandwich making, these crackers find many every-day uses. Figures 3 and 4 are typical of this variety. For fluffy stuffings, as accompaniments to soups, chowders, and stews, as the basis for creamed fish, meat, and vegetable mixtures in place of toast, for sandwiching neatly with savory spreads, or for partnership with a glass of milk or a plate of salad—these are only a few of the uses for the inexpensive soda cracker, which is so high in energy value.

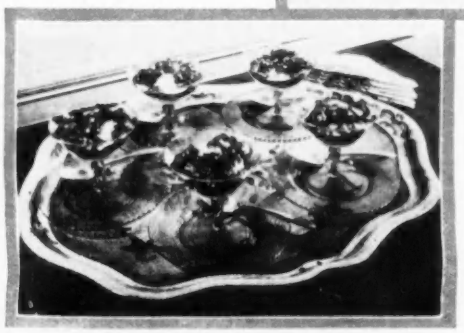
There are daintier unsweetened crackers, too, which are more tender in texture and sold in the form of smaller squares or rounds, either salted or unsalted, as shown in figures 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9. These crackers claim all the uses of the "plain sodas," and because of their very delicate flakiness are preferred by many.

Saratoga flakes, as shown in figure 6, are in the form of long double wafers, crispy, thin, and slightly salted. Buttered and toasted, or split and spread with any piquant cheese filling, these crackers suggest a delightful addition to the salad course. Their size, too, makes their use as a basis for canapés most satisfactory. At the bridge party or Sunday night supper they are most acceptable in the main course when filled with a meat or vegetable salad, or with a tasty creamed dish. As for sandwich use, any favorite sandwich spread is enhanced by the crispness of these crackers. When buttered, too, heated under the broiler, and served with hot milk poured over them, these crackers provide a delightful luncheon dish nourishing for children and adults alike.

In figures 10 and 11 we have two typical types of lunch biscuit. These biscuits, both large and small, are only slightly sweetened. They are tender, substantial, and crisp, and make an excellent cracker for the bowl of milk which children and adu'ts alike enjoy, and for the salad or the soup course.

(*Continued on page 113*)

Fragile, crisp sugar wafers, with their creamy, sweetened fillings, as shown below, may well claim constant use in our daily meal planning



Plain sweet crackers, tea wafers, and sugar wafers offer infinite variety for service with ice-cream

Cool summer drinks are all the more enticing when served with the fresh, crisp crackers which you can now find on the grocer's shelf

# How To The New

By Eva Wilson

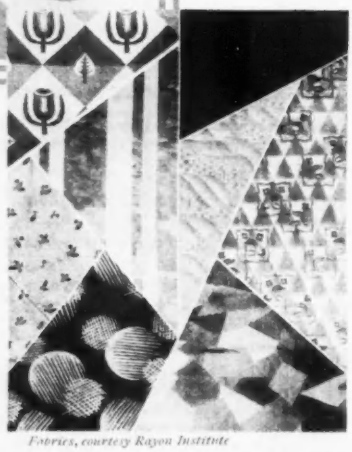
Garments and parasol courtesy American Bemberg Corp.

You can wash your parasol successfully if it is dried quickly to avoid rust spots from the frame

ONE spring day in 1911 a student walked into the laboratory of an Eastern college, bringing a lustrous, but greatly soiled scarf. Two dry cleaners had refused to accept it for cleaning. She called it "artificial silk" and wondered if it could be washed. After much discussion, it was decided to try it, using the method approved for silk. A suds was prepared of lukewarm water and mild soap, and the scarf hesitatingly dropped into it. It was gently squeezed between the hands, but as the washing progressed, the article seemed to become smaller and smaller and soon had disappeared entirely.

Since that day, eighteen years ago, scientific research has brought about marvelous changes in the textile world. No fabric is called artificial silk now, but there is a distinctly new group of fibers which stands with silk, wool, cotton, and linen, not as a rival or a substitute, but as a worthy fifth member of the honorable society of textiles. Being made from cellulose, they are of vegetable origin as are cotton and linen fibers, but they have been so treated chemically and mechanically that their adaptability to design, weave, and style is practically unlimited. Such characteristics as luster, smoothness, and resistance to certain dyes make possible many unusual combinations with other fibers in the weaving of attractive materials for household purposes as well as for wearing apparel.

What is this new fiber called? Rayon is the generic term commonly used by the Textile Division of the U. S. Dept. of Commerce to designate these chemically made fibers. There are, however, four distinct types of these new fibers, and as each type possesses certain characteristics peculiar to itself, each has its own distinctive nomenclature. There is "Celanese," which is made by the cellulose acetate process. "Bemberg" is another distinctive type, as it may be drawn into filaments even finer than the silkworm can spin. It is made by the cuprammonium process. "Tubize," "Belamose," and "Rayon" are other trade names applied to some of the fabrics whose fibers are produced by the nitro process and the viscose process respectively. Some manufacturers use the word "rayon" in connection with their own trade names to indicate their products, as "Du Pont Rayon," "Delaware Rayon," "Acme Rayon," and others. In addition there are many trade names used to designate these fabrics, a few being Svelda, Triconese, Crepenese, and Enka, which indicate varieties of weave, finish, and different combinations with the other textile fibers. This array of names may seem confusing now, but doubtless they soon will become as familiar as are the trade names used to designate the various cotton, linen, silk, or woolen materials found in the shops of today.



Fabrics, courtesy Rayon Institute

These fabrics, especially adapted for modern effects in draperies, represent rayon in combination with other fibers

As these chemically made fibers may form or enter into the structure of any textile material designed for our household or personal use, the problem of cleaning these fabrics has become one of great importance. Correct methods of cleaning any material are worked out from the effect upon that material of the various cleansers and the mechanical processes that may be used.

When questioning the washability of textile materials, an important consideration is color-fastness. These chemically made fibers do not take dyes the same as the natural fibers do, but in most cases they hold the dye well, the colors not being affected by sun, perspiration, or proper laundering. White materials remain white and do not become yellow from repeated washings. All the synthetic fibers, by whatever process they may be made, have a smooth surface and are therefore markedly resistant to soil. For this reason they are readily cleaned without using strong cleansers or vigorous methods. The cellulose acetate fabrics represented by Celanese and others possess this quality to a great degree, resisting many stains so that either they have little effect upon the material or are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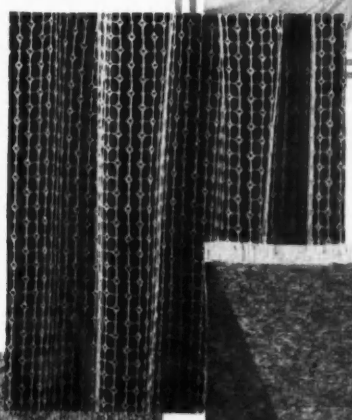
# Care For Fabrics

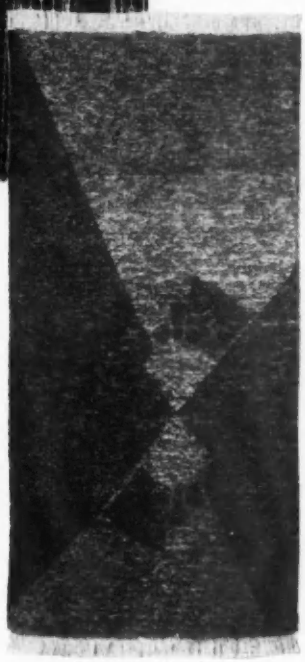
*Of the Institute Staff*

Even a moiré coat may be laundered. Below is an attractive glass-curtain made of rayon and cotton

*Garments and hat, courtesy Celanese Corp. of America*



*Fabrics, courtesy Rayon Institute*



This unusual fabric combines the charm of rayon with the roughness of jute. This "Sase" rug made of rayon waste is washable

*Rug, courtesy Crex Carpet Co.*

readily removed by washing. In laundering materials made from any of these new fibers, lukewarm water and mild soap should be used. The soap should be dissolved in the water and not rubbed on the material. No harsh rubbing is desirable or necessary. The fabric should be squeezed gently between the hands; if very soiled, a second suds may be used, or the soiled portions dipped into soap solution made by dissolving mild soap in warm water. After washing, thorough rinsing is necessary in order to remove all of the loosened soil and to give the material a clear appearance. Two rinses at least should be given in waters of approximately the same temperature as the wash water.

Up to this point, the method of laundering is practically the same for each of the four types of fibers, but now differences in handling due to the different processes used in their manufacture must be observed.

The cellulose-acetate fabrics, being hard and resistant to moisture, may be wrapped in soft cloths, gently squeezed to remove excess moisture, and ironed almost immediately. The temperature of the iron should be slightly lower than that used when ironing silk. *Never use a hot iron when pressing or ironing Celanese or any other fabric made by the same process.* As this material does not shrink or stretch, garments carefully laundered should maintain their original size and shape.

Garments of cuprammonium-type fibers, of which Bemberg is representative, may be treated like all-silk fibers. That is, they are rolled in soft cloths, squeezed to absorb the moisture, left for half an hour or more, and then ironed. An iron that will not scorch fine cotton fabrics may be used on this material. As these are strong fibers even when wet, articles made from them may be hung to dry if so desired, then dampened and pressed. The rayon fibers made by the nitro-cellulose and viscose process are not so strong when wet as when dry. Articles made from these fibers, therefore, must be handled with care in washing that they may not become stretched or pulled. A garment should be held together in the hands while it is being washed and not lifted out of the water in such a way that its own weight may pull it out of shape. These fabrics should not be wrung or twisted, but rolled in soft cloths and gently pressed or squeezed to remove the water. They are best ironed when dry or nearly dry, as there is less danger then of stretching or breaking the fibers. Pressing any of these fabrics on the wrong side or under a pressing cloth will prevent giving an undesirable luster to the material.

Knitted garments should be washed carefully to prevent stretching. Loosely knitted fabrics tend to stretch when wet, and it is known that the rayon fibers may stretch when washed. Such garments should not be pulled or subjected to strain while wet. They should be carefully patted into shape and dried flat, never hung over a line or fastened with clothespins. The more closely knitted garments, constructed of those fibers that are less apt to stretch, may be washed and hung to dry, but they will keep their shape better if dried flat. None of the knitted articles requires pressing, but if one prefers a smooth garment, pressing on the wrong side will prevent giving too high a luster.

The weave of a material, the style of a garment, the combination of fibers—one or all three of these factors may determine whether an article should be washed or cleaned by another method. The advent of a new fiber is (*Continued on page 164*)

*Illustrated*
*By*
*Henry Raleigh*

SABINA gave her days to the children. The image of Carl was slipping into a hazy perspective—existing somewhere, an integral part of her, but invisible

# OWEN JOHNSON'S

*Powerful Story of a Husband and Wife Who Were Willing To Make Any*

# SACRIFICE

*To Save Their Children's Happiness*

## CHAPTER XXXV

THE quarrel with Carl, for it had been a quarrel, was the first ominous cloud on Sabina's horizon. Her isolation was over. She was face to face now with facts. Her anger did not subside at once. It was the first time she had experienced an antagonism that had in it a flash of hatred. She had had the feeling that Dan had been attacked, and had rushed to defend him. Long after Carl had left the room she remained rigidly sitting in her bed, turning over what had happened. That Carl should have resented her actions astounded her. What did it portend for the future? From him, at least, she had a right to understanding and sympathy. She had silenced him, but she regretted the method she had used, for she felt that between them such questions should never be asked.

She was up early next morning and, slipping into her *peignoir*, came into the salon while Carl was still at breakfast.

He was surprised at her appearance and glanced up apprehensively, wondering if this presaged a new conflict. Like all men, he hated a scene in the morning. She sat down opposite him, motioning him to go on with his coffee, and said directly:

"Carl, we mustn't be enemies. I realize that I owe you some sort of explanation."

His face cleared. "I made a mess of it last night," he said stiffly. "I wasn't quite myself, you know."

"I, too, said things I had no right to say. I am profoundly sorry. But now that this has happened, we've got to understand certain things clearly."

"Well," he said, playing with his spoon nervously. The strained look returned to his eyes. He had slept badly.

"Putting aside all we said in anger. I want to know one thing: When I made my agreement with you, did you think it was only to prevent your marrying Eileen?"

He shook his head. "No. When I said that, I was frantic."

"Don't you know that I realized then what it might mean to me?"

"If you remember," he said in a low voice, "I warned you."

"Yes, you did," she said, nodding her head. "Well, Dan Lavery has asked me to marry him!"

"And if you were free, you would do so, of course."

"Yes, tomorrow," she answered frigidly. "Too bad it couldn't have happened before," he said grimly. "You would have seen things differently."

She was silent, staring at the plate, a little furrow over her forehead. He expected her to keep her word. Only then did she realize that subconsciously she had hoped for a different attitude.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"You haven't any doubt that I will keep my word?" she said, raising her eyes.

"No," he said with conviction. "No, Sabina, I haven't."

"And I haven't changed my opinion that I did the right thing."

"That's only half of it," he said unsteadily.

"Wait—" She thought rapidly. "The truth is, you never believed the test would come on my side."

"No," he said abruptly, "I didn't think you were that sort."

"What did you think?"

"Well, I've seen dozens of men in love with you," he began lamely.

"But you thought I would never care."

"That's it."

"You haven't understood me very well."

"No, I guess not. I guess that's the trouble."

"It makes me wonder just what idea you have of me now. Carl, you believed in Paris, didn't you, that I was drifting into an affair with the Marquis de Saint Regis?"

"I was worried, yes. That's natural. It was perfectly evident what was in his mind."

"Then I suppose now you think me capable of using my liberty to go from one intrigue to another?"

"That's a rather bald way of stating it," he said, squirming.

"Please don't evade my question!"

He thrust back his chair, squaring his arm against the table. "You've driven me into a corner. All right, I'll tell you the truth. You won't like it. In Paris you were utterly disorganized. Drifting—you said the word yourself. The man was a bounder, and yet you were fascinated by him. You can't play with that sort of fire without getting burned."

"Carl!" she cried, thoroughly angry.

"Now, whether I have a leg to stand on or not," he rushed on, "you might as well know it. You are my wife, and you bear my name, my children's name. And I don't want that name a matter of common gossip, and I never will change about that!"

She was cut to the raw. "So you think me capable of running from one intrigue to another!" she said in a white heat. "Like Eileen, the woman you wanted to marry!"

"Sabina!" He brought his fist crashing down on the table.

"It's the truth."

They sprang up, facing each other angrily. Then realization came to her. She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, I mustn't let go of myself." She stumbled away, fighting down the black rage within her. "But you provoked it," she said incoherently from the window.

She came back contritely, tears in her eyes. "Oh, Carl, it's terrible that we have come to this! Perhaps it's my fault. But I am so unnerved, these days!" She sat down, staring at her hands that were playing on the table. "I'm leaving for California just as soon as we can pack up."

He drew a long breath of relief. "Thank God for that!"

"Don't misunderstand. I am doing it as a last test for both of us, Carl," she said, raising her clear eyes to his.

More than that she could not say. When he looked into her eyes, it seemed to him that for the first time he saw through the veil that had always been drawn for him.

Three days later she left for California with the children.

At Lavery's suggestion, she had decided to pass the winter on the Monterey Peninsula in that fairyland of California which is infelicitously known as Pebble Beach. The house she rented was set on the rocky shore amid the twisted forms of primeval cypress, with a green blanket of pine shutting out the world.

She gave her days to her children, working on his lessons with Tam, picnicking in sheltered, aromatic dells, searching the beach for rare shells or watching the lumbering seals sunning themselves on the rocks. A bevy of crested quail made their home amid the hedges and fed on the crumbs the children flung them. Every afternoon she rode along the twining bridle paths that climbed the hills of the protected park.

A few miles beyond Carmel, she discovered an isolated spot on the cypress-clad promontory that jutted out into the sea. Here in the hollows of the rocks she spent long, dreamy hours, gazing out across the soft expanse of the languid Pacific or watching the lashing play of surge and eddy that flung (*Continued on page 147*)

*Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts*

The good doctor wants you to be healthy and hearty when you arrive, and will keep you in that condition if he can

# *Are You On* GOOD TERMS WITH *Your* DOCTOR? *Asks* Dr. Harvey W. Wiley

THERE are two reasons which lead me to propound this question to the readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

The first reason is, for several years I have endeavored to interest you in making examinations to determine if you are in good health. We have sent out for the League for Longer Life, 30,000 questionnaires. In round numbers only 1500 people have complied with all the requirements to become members of the League. One of these requirements is a thorough examination by your doctor. This leads me to believe that many of you are not on good terms with your doctor.

It is perfectly evident that physicians would not go to the trouble of making careful personal examinations unless they were asked. Those who are on proper terms with their doctors, it seems to me, would not hesitate to apply for the necessary physical examination to become members of the League.

I have a grave suspicion, which I hope may be unfounded, that the doctor's fee, which might average $5 or $10, was one of the things which stood in the way of having complete returns. In other words, the persons who have applied for the questionnaires were not sufficiently dependent on their doctors to go to the trouble and expense of a practical medical examination. Nevertheless, such examinations are recognized by all who have studied the problem to be of great importance in ascertaining the incidence of any serious disease.

The second reason which leads me to fear that people are not on good terms with their doctors is an inquiry which I lately had from the editor of *Eugenics*, a Journal of Race Betterment. In this letter the statement is made that there is some doubt as to whether the medical profession is in favor of eugenics, a science which means better babies. If doctors are not in favor of race betterment, that would be one good reason for our people not trusting them. There might be reason to believe they would prefer weaklings, deformed or infected children, so they might earn more money from a larger clientele. Therefore, if the readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING are not on good terms with their doctors, this might be the real cause.

In reply to the request of the editor of *Eugenics* for my opinion on the matter, I made the following comment:

"Physicians are like members of other professions, only perhaps a little more so. They are good, bad, and indifferent. They are interested in politics and religion. They are Republicans and Democrats. They are eugenists and they are dysgenists. The physician lives constantly in the presence of suffering. His great purpose is its alleviation. He becomes more and more sensitive to the purpose of his function as he grows older and more experienced. He has a more profound sympathy for humanity than those in other professions, simply because it is his business to relieve the sufferings of humanity. He would prefer to see all persons well born, but his chief service is to minister to the sufferings of those who are ill."

While it is true, as I have just said, that doctors are like other people—good, bad, and indifferent—nevertheless it is evident that upon the whole they are more nearly in touch with suffering humanity than any other of the learned professions.

In so far as their charges are concerned, what they get for a careful diagnosis or physical examination, which may expose the early beginnings of some dangerous disease, seems negligible when compared with those of another learned profession, namely, lawyers.

From the very first the medical profession has been the friend of suffering humanity. One of the most eminent of the early physicians was Hippocrates, who was born on the Island of Cos, 460 years before Christ. He was the first of the physicians who formed for himself a code of ethics on which all the codes of physicians since that time have been based. He rendered a great service in laying the very foundations of medicine, and because of his devotion to (*Continued on page 233*)

(*Dr. Wiley's Question-Box is on page 114*)

*Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts*

**In small amounts sugar behaves ideally; harmful effects are due to excesses in this useful foodstuff**

# *May We* EAT CANDY?

## *A Question Everybody Asks*

## *Answered By*

Dr. Walter H. Eddy

EVERYBODY does, or at least nearly everybody. Children begin to tease their parents for it as soon as they can talk. The bad effects that follow its abuse are as familiar as the effect of green apples, which in itself is evidence of pretty wide acquaintance with this article of diet or pastime. Why, then, ask the question?

Familiar things are often those about which we know least. Their very familiarity makes us accept certain viewpoints and attitudes as matters of course. We are not even curious as to whether such viewpoints are true or false, until something happens to stir the questioning attitude. Two such things have recently developed. One is that the American people have been found to be consuming sugar annually at so great a per capita rate as to occasion alarm in certain observers. The other is a somewhat amusing, somewhat absurd new development in recent advertising, and the rise of the candy people to retaliation by increased space devoted to the defense of sugar.

In reviewing some of this new advertising copy, and in glancing at various pieces of advice about sugar and candy, I came across statements like the following: A textbook on nutrition said in effect that sweet creates craving for more sweet, and that children's appetite habits may easily be ruined by indulgence in the matter of sugar. In a medical journal advertisement, on the other hand, I found the value of sugar cited because it "satiates." "Candy makes you fat, shun it," implied another piece of copy. "Candy is used in reducing diets," said another. "Athletes are using candy to increase efficiency in athletic contests," was still another piece of news, and "Candy causes tooth decay" shrieked another authority. Which way lies truth, or are all these statements true and only apparently contradictory?

What do we know positively about sugar and its behavior in the body? Farmer's Bulletin No. 535 issued by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture contains this statement among others:

"When any bad effects can be ascribed to sugar they are usually due to its use in larger quantities than the three or four ounces a day which seem to be digested by the healthy adult without difficulty. The conclusion to be drawn from such experimental work as that referred to is that overeating with sugar is to be avoided, not, as has been sometimes stated, that sugar is other than a useful foodstuff."

There would then appear to be limitations as to the amounts we can utilize, but also no warrant for considering sugar otherwise than a "pure food." Candy, of course, contains ingredients other than sugar, but thanks to Federal enforcement of the Pure Food Law and the sanitary inspection of candy factories by health authorities, danger from adulteration, toxic dyes, or contamination by handling is slight today, and in this discussion I am concerned with the fate and effect of "pure" candy and "pure" sugar. Suppose, then, I buy my pound of candy and start to eat it. What happens next? Will it ruin my teeth?

So far as I can learn, tooth decay follows the invasion of germs into a break or crack of the protecting tooth enamel. Sugar is a good germ food, but it is hard to see how much sugar could lodge in such crevices, since it is readily soluble in saliva and hence would tend to be steadily diluted. I think claims of tooth decay as caused by candy eating at least a debatable question.

Let us follow it into the stomach. It readily dissolves here and passes rapidly through the stomach into the intestines. In small amounts it is so quickly passed on as to leave no chance for untoward acts in this region. If, however, it is taken in too great amounts, it will linger in this region, and something happens. In the first place it ferments fairly rapidly, and, second, it does not stimulate any great flow of the acid that forms a part of the stomach digestive fluid, gastric juice. This acid would, if abundant, kill the germs, yeasts, and molds that are swallowed with our food. Low acid and abundance of sugar and fermentation agents, therefore, permit fermentation, and the

(*Continued on page 160*)

Jesus was free. He had absolute liberty. He could go anywhere because his virtue was unconquerable; he could not be poisoned, could not even be stained

# The Freedom of VIRTUE

## *A Lesson in Liberty*

*By* William Lyon Phelps

*Illustrated by F. R. Gruger*

JESUS loved men, women, and children; he seems to have taken a special interest in every individual; but he cared nothing for public opinion. You see, it is possible to love people and yet be indifferent to what "they say." I suppose that of all the persons who have walked the earth, there never was one less influenced by the two words, "*They say.*" Indeed, we have his own explicit declaration on this matter.

"For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, He hath a devil.

"The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners."

Like every powerful and original thinker, he knew that he would be attacked, that he would be hated, that he would be slandered, and worst of all, that he would be misrepresented. John the Baptist lived like an ascetic, and Jesus ate and drank what was set before him, and "they"—the public—attacked them both for precisely opposite reasons. Village gossip—and public opinion is often nothing more than village gossip magnified—is bound to see asquint, to criticize unfavorably, to suggest bad motives.

It is interesting to remember that we never say "public reason," "public judgment," but always "public opinion," "public sentiment"; the explanation is obvious.

If Abraham Lincoln had attempted to steer his course by public opinion instead of by his own intelligence and conscience, we might today be the Disunited States of America.

One of the most striking characteristics in the personality of Our Lord is his independence. He was a Free Man—free of conventions, free of fear, free of worry—because he was free of sin.

There are some common proverbs that embody the collected wisdom of humanity and some common proverbs that do not. For example, "A man is known by the company he keeps." This is certainly not always true, for Jesus kept the worst possible company. Some of his daily companions were dissipated and degraded vagabonds, and some were political crooks, embezzlers, and hypocrites. Why did Jesus associate with such riffraff?

Well, once upon a time we were playing golf; one of the party drove wildly, as is so often the case in this imperfect world, and the ball disappeared in a field tangled and overgrown. We started to help him find the ball, when a man spoke up and said,

"You must not go in there."

"Why not?"

"Because that is all covered with poison ivy."

Thus we came to a stand, until one of the caddies said:

"That's all right; (*Continued on page 166*)

BOTTLES FROM THE BATH SHOP — GÁBOR EDER, PHOTOGRAPHER

# HEALTH AND BEAUTY

## Choosing Perfume for Enchantment

### By Ruth Murrin

NOT long ago, to satisfy a curious reader, I set forth to find out what kind of perfumes men like. I called up perfume makers; I cross-examined dozens of amused saleswomen in perfume shops; and, of course, I asked men themselves. Smiling girls behind glittering perfume counters told me how the majority of men buy perfumes—how they come in bashfully and ask for something nice for wife, sister, or sweetheart; how they back away hastily if an atomizer is aimed at them; how some of them seem afraid even to smell a perfume. But I heard, too, of plenty of others who not only have definite preferences, but violent prejudices, about perfumes.

A large proportion of the other sex seem to prefer simple flower scents, but by no means do they agree on any one blossom. The shy violet, the dreaming jasmine, the guileless sweet pea—all have their advocates; and rose, lilac, lily, apple blossom, orange blossom, narcissus, and gardenia are called for again and again by men to whom they mean romance. Next in popularity are the rather heavy odors—exotic, luring Oriental perfumes that hint of far-away places. The smallest group, and the most fastidious and artistic in their tastes, like the piquant and spicy fragrances—the "I-have-a-secret-but-I-won't-tell" kind.

The surprisingly simple fact is that the perfume preferences of men are much like the preferences of women. Liking perfume is as natural as falling in love, and tastes differ as widely in one as in the other.

We are constantly learning more about the use of perfume. We know now that it is tiresome to stick to one perfume, and that if we do it, we are likely to use too much unconsciously because we have become so used to the scent that we no longer notice it. We prefer rather small bottles, because we would rather have a choice of several scents than a large quantity of just one. Besides, perfumes evaporate, and it is better to have a fresh supply often than to keep a large quantity so long that it gradually changes in character. Perfume nowadays is used on the skin much more than on the clothing, but if for some reason we want to put a little on a garment, we test it to make sure that it will not stain. One of my favorite fragrances makes a brownish stain, so I never use it on a handkerchief or clothing.

In hot weather we use lighter perfumes than we do in winter. A summer perfume should have something of the dreaminess and sweetness of a lovely garden, but the odor should not be too insistent. Clear, naive flower odors are usually pleasant. A perfume to be worn indoors where the atmosphere is likely to be warm and hot—in a theater, for example—should be sparingly used and should be fresh, rather than heavy. Perfumes should not, of course, be used for sports, either by the player or the spectator, but the use of cologne, or lavender or verbena water after the bath gives just the right hint of vague fragrance.

One of the things every woman would like to know before she buys a perfume is "Does it last?" It would be nice if the makers would tell us frankly: "This one is charming for an hour or two, and then it fades away. This one is lasting. This one smells slightly bitter at first, but wait and see; it's entrancing after a while." Information like that would be useful, but for some reason or other it is hard to get. All we can do is to try one scent after another.

The lasting quality of a scent depends on the ingredients. Some are much more volatile than others. In my leaflet for this month I mention a few that I have found are lasting, and I also try to help you with that baffling puzzle, "Will it suit my personality?"

### YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEMS

*"Perfumes for Enchantment" is the new leaflet which Miss Murrin has prepared to answer your questions about what scents to use and how to use them. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for it.*

*If you want a comprehensive booklet, dealing with all phases of beauty, ask for "A Primer of Personal Loveliness." Send 25c to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C.*

# For those who "should eat bran"

This new, delicious Pettijohn's contains but conceals the roughage you need

DULL headaches, irritability, intestinal auto intoxication. Are you one of the army who suffer from "the great, unnecessary handicap"?

Perhaps you've believed, as so many have, that bran, to be effective, must be crude. The bran of New Pettijohn's is *doubly* efficient because it is *not separated* from the rest of the wheat berry. For with it you get the vital part of the wheat which always increases the effectiveness of bran. You get deliciously softened bran with no sharp edges to irritate the tender-

est digestive tract. You get *whole* bran in *whole* wheat, just as nature intended you to have it.

Since Pettijohn's is the whole grain, you have, too, the vitamins "A," "B" and "E" to protect health. Rich, whole wheat proteins to build muscle and tissues. And the precious minerals, iron, lime and phosphorus.

And this is but half of the story. More important than all is the fact that Pettijohn's is so temptingly delicious that people everywhere love to eat it.

Here's the health breakfast for you, then, that you can't resist. A steaming, flavory, dish of golden whole wheat flakes. Here's a quick breakfast, too, for Pettijohn's is made to cook in "toast and coffee time."

Buy a box of Pettijohn's today for breakfast tomorrow. Prove to yourself how appetizing bran can be, if it's served as nature made it, whole bran in whole wheat. Try cooking half Pettijohn's and half Quaker Oats together. It's delicious and unusual. Or, if you like changes for breakfast, try Pettijohn's cooked in milk.

**Pettijohn's** ★

*For those who believe in "whole grain nutrition"*

There are many new Pettijohn recipes, waiting for you at the Quaker Oats Company in a booklet called "The Truth About Bran." Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, for your free copy.

# Stock Split-Ups

## By Ruth Boyle

SO many stock split-ups have taken place recently, and they have been given such wide publicity and been anticipated with such speculative fervor, that an increasing number of investors find themselves asking why corporations split their stock, and what benefit such a procedure is to the corporation and to the shareholders.

Among the many letters that have come to us asking for light on this subject is one from a Middle-Western wife. Her husband last year bought some stock which rose steadily until it is now fifty points above what he paid for it. He has been told that the corporation is planning to split the shares three for one, and wonders whether he should hold the stock as a permanent investment or sell and take his profit. Before he can decide, he wants to know something more about split-up stocks. Why does a corporation issue new shares, and give three of them for one old one? If the market price of the new shares drops to one-third of the present price of the stock, what good will such a split-up do the investor?

The chief reason why corporations split their shares into new ones of lesser par value or no par is that nowadays they like to have their stock widely owned by many investors. The cheaper shares fit the purses of more people than do high-priced "rich man's stocks," and not only is the market for widely held shares steadier, with less chance of sharp and unjustified slumps in the price, but the attitude of the public toward the corporation is friendlier. Stock-owning people are potentially good customers and, in the case of legislation affecting business, friendly voters. In addition, a wide market for its shares makes it easier for a corporation to sell new issues of securities.

Sometimes a corporation splits its stocks so that the dividend rate will not appear to be excessive. In "Capital Stock Without Par Value" by John R. Wildman and Weldon Powell these reasons are given for the increase in the shares of a company manufacturing electric equipment:

"The company in question, by reason of a long period of heavy advertising, none of which was capitalized, had developed valuable trademarks and built up a tremendous volume of sales resulting in huge profits. Generous dividends, while entirely agreeable to the stockholders, were at an unusually high rate based on the par value of shares. The officers and directors of the corporation, evidently fearing that excessive distribution might attract unfavorable attention, decided to change the form of stock and increase the number of shares sufficiently to permit future distribution in an amount per share more nearly in line with the general run of dividend-paying corporations."

After a split-up the investor in reality has no more equity than he had previously. His old shares gave him a pro-rata ownership in the net worth of the enterprise. When the shares are split, he will have precisely the same pro-rata share in the same net assets as he had formerly. It is like dividing an apple in halves. There is just the same amount of apple afterward as there was before it was cut—except for this fact: the small new shares, like the pieces of a peony tuber which the thrifty gardener cuts in two, have growing possibilities. Each piece tends to grow into a plant as fine as the original one. This explains the enthusiasm of investors for shares which have the habit of splitting up every few years.

The first evidence of the growing possibilities of the new stock is an increased aggregate cash dividend. Thus, when a well-known food company split its shares two for one last summer, the dividend on the new stock was placed at $3 yearly, a dollar raise over the $5 dividend on the old shares.

Later, as the business of the corporation thrives, and the directors tuck away into surplus and reserves a good percentage of the earnings, the market value of the new shares begins to rise, reflecting the prosperity of the growing business. For example, Consolidated Gas of New York split its shares two for one in December, 1922, when the price of the old stock was about 145. A year after the split the shares sold for less than half this figure, but by 1928 they had surpassed the price of the old stock and a hundred-percent stock dividend was declared.

A stock which splits up is justly popular with investors because it represents a thriving business with good earnings, a healthy surplus, and good prospects. To finance the expansion of the business the directors have been putting back into it a large part of the profits, and they feel confident that they can keep up the rate of dividends they declare on the larger amount of stock.

The investor naturally will not take this on faith. In order to answer to his own satisfaction the question of whether he should sell his stock at the high prices prevailing just before the split or should hold it as a permanent investment, he must know the financial strength, the earnings, and the future prospects of the corporation. He must take into consideration the industry as a whole. Has it still years of unusually rapid development ahead of it, or will growth from now on be largely the stable increase due to increase in population and in prosperity? Has this particular corporation an outstanding place in the industry so that it can hold its own if competition becomes unexpectedly keen? Is there every evidence that the high earnings of this year will be maintained and possibly improved in the future, so that dividends are certain?

In other words, the investor who wants to know whether or not to keep his split-up shares can make up his mind if he judges the stock from the point of view of a new purchaser instead of as a stockholder.

### A New Investor's Service

Do you want to know the rating of the stocks and bonds you own or are thinking of buying? We can give it to you. We have arranged to put at your disposal the services of a company that has been giving financial information for over half a century. We are prepared, therefore, to analyze your securities and tell you how they are rated. We can not under any circumstances advise you either to buy or to sell; we can, however, give you the information that you should have before buying or selling. Tell us what stocks and bonds you own, and we shall be glad to tell you what Wall Street thinks of them. In the case of stocks, state whether they are common or preferred; of bonds, give the date of issuance, interest rate, and date of maturity. Address, Financial Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City. Please enclose postage for reply. *Don't* send your securities.

# A LETTER to the town's best housekeeper

You've certainly done a lot for us. That's why we're writing to thank you.

We don't know your name. "But," we told ourselves proudly, "a letter to the town's best housekeeper will surely reach the woman who, probably without even realizing it, has helped us sell so much Fels-Naptha Soap."

Perhaps you think the only help you've given us is to buy Fels-Naptha yourself. It isn't. You've done lots more than that. One sight of your spic-and-span house—one glimpse of the snowy clothes on your line—these have meant more to the women who know you than anything you could write.

And when they say, "How *do* you do it?" how cheerfully you've said a good word for Fels-Naptha! How convincingly you've told them (far more convincingly than we can) that this golden bar with the clean naptha odor gives extra help that makes clothes look—well, just the lovely way *your* clothes look!—without hard rubbing.

Maybe—just maybe—you're the very one who coined the phrase we've had written and repeated to us so often we've taken to using it in our advertising—"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

In any case—thank you! Thank you because *your* good example, *your* good advice, have helped Fels-Naptha Soap to give its extra help to millions of women everywhere.

*Sincerely yours,*

Fels & Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

## P. S. *for brides only* . . . . .

Maybe you haven't used Fels-Naptha yet! You should—because it will give you *extra* help too. Fels-Naptha isn't "just soap"—it's good golden soap *and* plenty of naptha (the dirt-loosener dry cleaners use) combined in one golden bar. You can tell there's plenty of naptha—you can smell it. These two safe, active cleaners, working together, naturally give *extra* help that does your wash with less work and effort on your part. Fels-Naptha works excellently in machine or tub; in hot, cool, or lukewarm water. It's gentle on your hands. It's fine for general cleaning, too. So put Fels-Naptha Soap on today's grocery list—the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient.

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1929, Fels & Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

## Wash away fatigue with a Baking Soda Bath

IF you've never tried a Baking Soda Bath do it today and learn how healthfully invigorating a bath can be. Here's how:

Fill a tub with warm water—warm enough to make your muscles relax. Then dissolve a half-pound of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda) in the water and jump in. No need to rub and scrub. The Baking Soda is cleansing. Just relax. Lie back and let the soda bring relief to your tired nerves and muscles. It will wash away the oils that clog your pores and give your skin a chance to *breathe*.

Have the ingredients for this rest-bringing bath always at hand. Keep a package of Baking Soda in the bathroom. Buy it from your grocer. To be sure of the highest quality insist on either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. Both are the same. Both are Bicarbonate of Soda in its purest form.

**CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.**
**80 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.**

*Dentists recommend Arm & Hammer Baking Soda as an ideal dentifrice. It both cleans teeth and protects them from decay.*

Provides an effective cover —easily opened and closed.

68 uses

*FREE! Send the coupon for Booklet*

Church & Dwight Co., Inc. (C-13)
80 Maiden Lane, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet on Baking Soda as a household remedy—also send me a free set of thirty beautifully colored bird cards.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____


## HEALTH *and* HAPPINESS CLUB

*A Service for Mothers-To-Be and the Mothers of Wee Babies*

*Conducted by*

Josephine Hemenway Kenyon, M. D.

# Vitamin B

DEAR MOTHERS OF THE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS CLUB:

The pendulum swings back and forth with the emphasis first upon one thing, then another, in the feeding of children, so that it is hard for a mother to keep a sane point of view. It is undoubtedly true that no factor can be neglected, but will you assume with me that vitamins have at least one-fourth value of the total amount of food, the mineral salts and the proportion of fats, carbohydrates, and protein supplying the other three-fourths. Vitamins, "accessory food factors," are necessary to the health of an individual. Five are known at present.

Vitamin A is found in butter fat, yolk of egg, and certain vegetables, also in cod-liver oil. Diets deficient in this vitamin produce eye troubles, night blindness, failure to grow, and lowered resistance to infection, especially to diseases of the lungs.

Vitamin C is found in fresh milk, fruits, and vegetables, especially in orange and tomato juice. Scurvy results from its lack. Also the teeth have been found to be seriously affected by diets deficient in Vitamin C, even though actual scurvy symptoms were never at any time acute enough to be thus diagnosed.

Vitamin D is found chiefly in animal livers and is added to the diet through cod-liver oil, which is a specific cure for rickets.

E is called the fertility vitamin. It is found in the germ seeds and in green leaves. A lack of Vitamins A and E can cause a loss of reproductive faculty.

Each vitamin is important, and each plays its part in the body economy. I have chosen Vitamin B for special emphasis because of a new sidelight which has been discovered in connection with it and the feeding of infants. Vitamin B is composed of two parts, one which is destroyed by heat, antineuritic factor; and the other unharmed by heat, the pellagra-preventing factor. Various forms of neuritis, and a condition known as beri-beri, result from a serious deficiency of the first, while in adults pellagra occurs when the second factor is missing over long periods of time. In children lack of growth, failure of appetite, loss in weight, and digestive troubles are found long before the more serious manifestations.

Fresh cow's milk, green leafy vegetables, fruits, and yeast have been our chief sources of Vitamin B. We have thought before this that infants fed cow's milk (and especially those on breast milk) were amply supplied with Vitamin B, but several investigations have suggested that this is not so. The babies with a Vitamin B lack showed a slow rate of growth; they became fretful and manifested all degrees of poor appetite up to actual refusal of food. In many instances there was intestinal indigestion as well. An interesting report of such a research is published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for March 9, 1929 (Routine Use of the Vitamin B Factor in Infant Feeding, by Roger H. Dennett, M.D., New York).

Vitamin B was supplied in this series by adding a wheat-germ sugar called Vitavose, which has "approximately 90 to 100 times the antineuritic potency of milk and thirty times that of the pellagra-preventing potency of milk." It tastes slightly malty, is not especially sweet, and is slightly laxative. It can be used as the only sugar in the formula, or if too laxative, may be used with any of the other usual sugars. Three tablespoonfuls make an ounce by weight and supply 110 calories. The author used one tablespoonful daily and increased the dose up to three tablespoonfuls if the infant could take it. It was used with one group of well babies and with another group as a curative measure for the symptoms above mentioned.

The results seem exceptionally good. His conclusions (which bear out those of other investigators) are: "that some Vitamin B beside that contained in milk should be added as a routine to the food of all bottle babies; that wheat-germ sugar is more conveniently used, more palatable and more easily available than yeast, and that from one to three tablespoonfuls should be given daily to every bottle-fed baby throughout the first year of life."

While this is a new idea, and this special form of Vitamin B has been used only a short time, the results seem to warrant enthusiasm. It will undoubtedly be found that some babies can not take a sugar made from wheat; also that it will be too laxative for some children. But the underlying idea is sound.

Another new way in which Vitamin B can be given is through spinach juice, which comes now prepared in a liquid form with honey as a preservative, or for older children and adults is prepared in the form of granules which are not so sweet. It can be given to children who are too young to take spinach paste, and it is much more valuable than spinach water. It is actually green in color and contains the green substance which is found in plant life, and which when taken into the body is important to the blood-forming constituents, and therefore is also useful in anemias.

If your baby is not gaining in weight or is actually losing or has a loss of appetite without obvious cause, ask your doctor about the baby's vitamin balance.

*Josephine H. Kenyon*

SEND us fifty cents in stamps, your name and address, and the date when you expect your baby. Each month for eight months you will receive a letter from Dr. Kenyon, mailed in a plain envelope, so that no one will know the contents. Always ask for "Series I. For the Mother-to-be and the Baby-to-come." It will be sent promptly. Layette patterns included.

EQUALLY important is the second series of eight letters to cover "The Baby's First Year." Send us fifty cents in stamps, and your name and address, and this series will be sent complete, with a cardboard cover. Address all requests for both series to the Health and Happiness Club, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, 57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City, N. Y.

*Lovely* MISS JANET NEWBOLD *of Washington, D. C., was recently married to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan.*

*Beauty of ivory skin and amber eyes*

## MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN JR.

LOVELIEST DEBUTANTE in Washington last season, this spring she is its loveliest bride—Miss Janet Newbold, whose wedding to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan was a society event.

Young Mrs. Ryan is enchantingly beautiful, with wide set amber eyes, soft knotted amber hair and ivory skin kept satin smooth by simple care given faithfully each day.

"Ever since I was a girl at school in Paris," says Mrs. Ryan, "I've been devoted to Pond's Two Creams.

"Now Pond's two new products delight me—the snow-white Tissues and the Freshener. All four are wonderful to keep your skin its loveliest!"

*Her trousseau sports suit was brown with a chartreuse blouse, most charming with her amber eyes, fair hair and clear smooth ivory skin.*

This is Pond's famous Method:

*First* — for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure.

*Then*—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, remove cream and dirt.

*Next*—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin, to close pores, banish oiliness.

*Last*—smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

*Six evening gowns were in the young bride's trousseau. This is soft amber satin.*

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. T
109 Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright 1929, Pond's Extract Company

*Pond's four famous products—Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.*

In using advertisements see page 6

"Terribly scalded—

yet not a scar—
with Unguentine"

HEARTBREAKING sobs . . . How cruel, the pain of burns and scalds! How dreadful, the menace of infection, the threat of hideous life-long scars!

No true mother can take this risk. Let Unguentine, the famous *antiseptic* surgical dressing, protect your child.

Unguentine miraculously soothes the pain; promotes rapid, normal healing; safeguards against infection, wards off scars.

Keep Unguentine always in your bathroom medicine cabinet, and extra tubes in kitchen, office or workshop, automobile. Buy Unguentine today.

At your druggist's—50¢. Send for free household manual, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

"I WENT TO THE 'PHONE and my elder boy started to put little Harold in his bath before it had cooled. His tiny feet were so terribly scalded way up above the ankles . . . I covered them with Unguentine. They're healing nicely now and without a scar."

*Now the new Unguentine Soap for tender skins*

Norwich
MAKERS OF UNGUENTINE

# *Our* JUNE FORUM

## *Offers Notes of Interest From the Institute and Reader Discoveries*

### Institute Notes

*As the vacation season approaches, housekeepers once again face the problem of selecting and purchasing adequate foodstuffs for use in camps and cottages. Particularly in remote spots, fresh products are often at a premium, hence well-stocked shelves of canned and ready-to-serve foods are essential. Fortunately food manufacturers are constantly anticipating just such needs. Only recently the Institute tested an interesting and tasteful variety of dehydrated vegetables, described by the manufacturer as "water-controlled," which included not only a vegetable soup mixture, but spinach, yellow turnips, carrot slices, onions, cabbage, parsnips, potato slices, and cubed potatoes as well. The special feature of these dehydrated vegetables is the fact that they require no previous soaking. Started in cold water and cooked until tender, they taste just like freshly-cooked vegetables.*

*Chop Suey and other Chinese dishes introduce a new note in home or in camp menus, for imported Chinese food products are now being canned in this country. Sprouts, bamboo shoots, chow mein, noodles, water chestnuts, and several Chinese sauces are all procurable in this form, and Institute tests have shown them to be highly palatable.*

*In June, 1928, in an article entitled "How Shall We Open the Can?" Good Housekeeping Institute outlined what are considered the requirements of a satisfactory can-opener. At this time all the can-openers on our tested and approved list were being retested, for our investigations and tests over a period of many years led us to believe that the use of some can-openers was a hazardous procedure, resulting in a jagged edge on the opened can. In many cases it was necessary for the fingers to come in contact with the cutting blade, making the can-opener unsafe to use. As a result of the investigations and retests, our entire list of can-openers was revised. The can-openers which now have our seal of approval will open all types of cans with safety and will leave a clean, smooth cut—no jagged edges. If you will send directly to Good Housekeeping Institute, we shall be glad to send you one of these new lists. There is one point with regard to can-openers that we believe warrants repetition. There is a type of can—for example, the type used in the canning of evaporated or condensed milk—which has no rim or lip. These cans can not be opened by the type of can-opener which we have recently approved. A survey in the field of cans, however, shows that comparatively few food products are packed in this type of can, and we have taken this point into consideration in testing can-openers. In the case of milk cans, the top may be punctured and the milk poured out.*

*We have received several inquiries regarding the removal from textile materials of stains apparently caused by storing the materials for some time in dressers or chests of various kinds. If the fabrics are white, the colored stains usually may be bleached out with one of the commercial products made by some of the dye manufacturers for bleaching or stripping colored materials for redyeing. These are usually obtained wherever the dyes are sold. If boiling does not injure the fabric, this treatment may be used for white silk also.*

*If the stain is oily, it should first be treated with a grease solvent such as carbon tetrachloride to remove the oil, then washed in warm, soapy water. This may remove the stain completely, but if it does not, it may be bleached in the way described above, or in the case of white cotton or linen, javelle water may be used. In the case of small, scattered spots, this may be applied with a dropper. For general bleaching, the articles may be dipped into equal parts of javelle and boiling water for a short time. In either case the fabric should be thoroughly washed and rinsed after this treatment.*

### Reader Discoveries

#### A Suggestion for Window-Boxes

If you are annoyed by splashes of mud upon your house from window-boxes, try sprinkling pebbles over the soil after you have set out your plants. The heaviest summer rain will strike the covering of little stones and sink into the earth without a particle of damage to the whitest of walls. This also conserves the moisture and improves your tiny garden.

*Mrs. E. W. C., Grass Lake, Mich.*

#### A Hint for Mothers

I carry in my bag a slip of paper on which I have written the measurements of my small son and daughter, also the amount of material, including binding and trimming, necessary for their suits and dresses. Then, when I see a particularly attractive piece of material, I can purchase just the right amount. In this way I usually have material for several garments in my sewing box, and when a rainy day comes, or other things work together so I have extra time for sewing, my materials are right here.

*Mrs. R. W. C., Rutherford, N. J.*

#### When Time Counts

Skeins of colored marking linens, colored silks for mending, wool yarn, etc., are conveniently kept in window envelopes such as bills are sent in. They are easy to find, and nothing is mussed. I keep a needle threaded for each one, using the needle to fasten the flap shut, leaving the thread inside. This saves time and temper in an emergency.

*Mrs. G. S. E., Winnetka, Ill.*

#### My Magazine Book

Our magazine subscription list has been growing longer each year, and more complicated and confusing as "magazine clubs" and varying subscription periods enter in. Last year I started what I call my "Magazine Book," and many are the occasions on which I consult it. Here are entered the name of periodical, date of subscription, length of term subscribed for, and manner in which subscription was given—this last, as occasionally magazines are subscribed to through some outside source. I also put down number of check, amount, and any other information I think may be needed at any time. Now I no longer have to hunt through old stubs and checks to verify renewal dates or to call attention to any lapse. In the back of the book I place my gift subscriptions and the necessary information applying to them. This book is always accessible, and its convenience can not be realized until one has tried it.

*Mrs. W. L. C., Woonsocket, R. I.*

#### For the Children's Bathing Suits

When little sister and brother tried on their bathing suits, in preparing for the bathing season, I found them both too snug-fitting. As the suits were in good condition, I cut each of them straight across about one inch below the armhole, then inserted a piece of jersey cloth about four inches wide. Now their little suits can be worn another season.

*Mrs. W. L. B., Rochester, N. Y.*

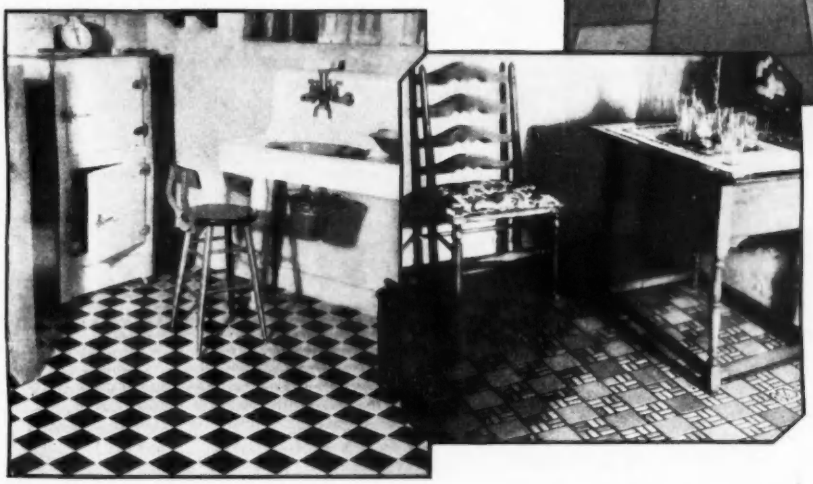
# Please come right in!

## (You may see our kitchen, too)

THERE are no doors closed to guests in homes that are so delightfully inviting, so tastefully decorated even to the floors.

Really, it is the unusual treatment of floors in this home created by L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J., and Charm Magazine, that makes you want to peep into every room. So different. So admirably suited to the spirit of entrance hall, of dining-room—why, even the spick-and-span effect every kitchen should have is reflected in the floor of Armstrong's Linoleum!

Yes, that's what the floors *are* — though the one has all the appearance of age-old flagstone, though one seems the work of a master ceramic tiler, one a floor that might have been lifted from a quaint Dutch kitchen beside the Zuider Zee.



*A bright introduction to every room in the house is this entrance hall floor of Armstrong's Embossed Linoleum. Each unit in this flagstone design (No. 6042) is framed by a mortar line actually pressed below the surface. All colors go through to the heavy burlap back.*

*Again in the dining-room the floor is Armstrong's Linoleum. This time, however, the effect is quite different—that of hand-set ceramic tiles, Embossed Inlaid design No. 6006.*

*Now come into the kitchen. That spick-and-span floor is the same foot-easy, quickly cleaned material used in all the other rooms. Only the design differs —a black and cream block, No. 411.*

All these floors, different as they may appear, are exactly alike in a number of ways. They're all quiet, cushioning to tired feet. They're warm, too—no drafty cracks or seams. And they're built-in for permanence—trimly cut to fit each room, then firmly cemented over a warm, cushioning lining of builders' deadening felt.

And each of these Armstrong Floors has the spot-proof, stain-proof Accolac-Processed surface. That means cleaning ease. Just a light waxing and polishing in the main rooms of the house. Just an occasional freshening up in the kitchen, where washing may be necessary, with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

If you would like to know more about the many decorative possibilities of modern Armstrong's Linoleum, and its equally appealing good-housekeeping features, stop in any good department, furniture, or linoleum store near you. You might also write direct to us for Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Shows model rooms in full color. Tells how to plan rooms in miniature. Just send 10¢ to cover mailing. (Canada, 20¢.) Address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 918 Nevin Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

## Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

*for every room in the house*

PLAIN · INLAID · EMBOSSED · JASPÉ · PRINTED · *AND* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

In using advertisements see page 6

**Weird and Spectacular**
**are the ceremonies of the Pueblo Indians on the**
**Indian-detour**
**and Harveycar Motor Cruises**

YOUR Courier-hostess and guide will give you entrée to medieval Spanish towns and ancient Indian pueblos, and interpret the strange ceremonials of a dozen tribes.

There are none of the petty worries of a motor trip. Hotel accommodations with private bath; meals, whether in town or at picturesque ranch—all these details are cared for by the expert Santa Fe-Harvey Company management and included in the all-expense rates of *$40.00 each person for the two-day Puyé Detour and of $57.50 each person for the three-day Taos-Puyé Detour.*

**On Your Way** - **mail this coupon** **TO and FROM California**

Santa Fe — Harveycars

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
949-A Railway Exchange, Chicago
Please send me picture folder about the "Indian-detour" and "Harveycar Motor Cruises."

_____


# DR. WILEY'S *Question-Box*

*Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City*

### Almost a Starvation Diet

I have read several times in our daily papers that a tomato and a hard-boiled egg eaten three times a day, and nothing else, will make you lose two pounds. Please tell me if this is safe to try.

*Mrs. W. H., Mo.*

A diet consisting of three boiled eggs and three tomatoes a day is not a large contribution to your metabolic activities. An egg has about 75 calories, and the contribution from this source would be 225 calories a day. A medium-sized tomato has about 25 calories, making the contribution from this source 75 calories a day. The total calories per day with this diet would be about 300. Inasmuch as the calories for a basic metabolism for an average individual are about 1400, and for the daily needs of an average individual about 2250, you can easily see you would be on a starvation diet. Whether you would lose two pounds a day depends altogether upon the degree of your physical activity.

**DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets: for children, "Artificial Foods for Infants," and "The Feeding of Older Children"; for adults, "Constipation," "Reducing Weight," "Increasing Weight," "Diet in Pregnancy and Lactation," "Diet in Diabetes" and "Hyperacidity and Fermentation." These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps each and a stamped, addressed envelope. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the questionnaire of The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and improvement made**

### Don't Be Alarmed By What You Read In The Cook-Book

In discussing coffee in one of her nationally-known cook-books, the author warns the reader not to add both sugar and milk or cream to coffee; that is, if you wish to drink coffee any length of time. In view of the ominous instructions, and in some alarm for my daily breakfast cup containing both cream and sugar, may I appeal to you for, if possible, a more comforting dictum.

*W. A. K., Calif.*

The real coffee experts, who by tasting freshly made coffee in the cup can tell the character of the coffee, always condemn the use of cream and sugar therein. They condemn this custom not because any injury to health is feared, but because cream and sugar conceal and obscure the real coffee flavor. I can not find any scientific statement which leads me to believe that the use of cream and sugar in coffee can add anything injurious to health. It does make it taste differently and usually it gives a more agreeable taste to those who are in the habit of using these substances in their coffee.

### An Undesirable Combination

Can you tell me if watermelon and buttermilk, or watermelon and sweet milk, is a bad combination to take into the stomach together? Would they cause indigestion?

*Mrs. R. E. L., N. C.*

I can not see how watermelon and buttermilk or sweet milk would do any damage if taken into the stomach together. Watermelon, however, is eaten because it is sweet, while buttermilk is sour. For this reason one or the other of them should be left out of the meal. Watermelon is nearly all water anyway, and milk is 87 percent water. For this reason it is not desirable to make a meal so predominately water. They are all three easily digested foods.

### A Common Delusion

A group of club women here the other day were discussing whether chicken or veal left covered to cool after cooking contained a poisonous substance. The general opinion was that such food is poisonous. I can't see why keeping the meat covered would make any difference.

*Miss A. E. W., Minn.*

I agree with you. If it is fresh, there is no poison in either the chicken or the veal. If they have no poison when they go in the stove, there is none developed in the cooking, so there is no poison to be retained. This idea is a mere tradition not based on a scientific fact of any kind.

### She Speaks Her Mind

I am thoroughly disgusted with your booklet, "The Feeding of Older Children." To feed a child on potato skins and all the other oddities and leaving out all tasty foods is preposterous. I'll bet you haven't any children, or you wouldn't hand out such impractical advice, for I don't believe any child yet has grown up under such a rigid diet as you have suggested. Why don't you come down to earth? Children are humans, you know.

*Mrs. R. S. K., Ga.*

I have no quarrel with you for not choosing those parts of the foods that are most valuable, both for vitamins and the minerals. The loss is yours and that of your children. I do not require my children to eat the potato skins. I advise them to do so.

My younger boy, the last time we had baked potatoes for dinner, not only ate all his own potato skins, but asked his older brother for some of his. My older boy will be 17 next May. He is 6 feet 1½ inches tall, muscular, athletic, and has passed his examination for Harvard. His brother is 21 months younger, 6 feet tall, and weighs 160 pounds. He is the boy that begs his brother's potato skins.

All skins of apples, pears, and fruits of that kind should be eaten, as bran should be eaten. The consumption of bran, by the way, is increasing by leaps and bounds. One firm that is selling whole-wheat flour has written to me that it sold 50,000 barrels last year. In a few years I look to see more whole-ground wheat flour consumed than fine white flour. You rob your children of valuable minerals and vitamins by feeding them refined foods.

### Always Need Looking After

Are slightly enlarged thyroid glands dangerous? My specialist recommends medicine, but I could not continue the treatmen because it was so expensive. Our family physician said otherwise I was in good physical condition.

*Mrs. C. C., Calif.*

When the thyroid gland becomes diseased, it is usually enlarged, and goiter results as a rule. Not only is goiter disfiguring by reason of enlargement of the gland, but it also affects the action of the heart and usually is attended with increased weight and other disorders. There is, however, another kind of goiter, in which the enlargement of the tissues back of the eyeballs occurs, known as exophthalmic. This is even more disfiguring. It is unfortunate that you are not able to continue the treatment. For simple goiter, the kind first referred to, the physician usually gives iodine in some form and also frequent doses of thyroid extract made of dried and powdered thyroid glands from lower animals. It ought not to be an expensive medicine in view of the importance of preventing further enlargement of the gland which would necessitate surgical treatment. In both kinds of goiter often permanent relief comes only through surgical interference.

*John Barrymore*

*Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*

*F. Scott Fitzgerald*

These three distinguished Americans are choosing, from photographs gathered throughout the United States, the twelve loveliest women using Woodbury's Facial Soap

# VOTED THE PRETTIEST OF *Co-eds*

**by John Barrymore**
**F. Scott Fitzgerald**
**Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.**

They are 19 years old—sophomores in the University of Chicago—twins!

Laughter seems to bubble up in them as if from some perfectly inextinguishable fountain of mirth. They look at each other—and break into dimples, into smiles, into silvery peals of laughter. They laugh for no visible reason; or as if being alive, and being twins, were enough reason; as if they found the world too absurd, delicious, and exciting to be true.

When they walk down the aisle of a theatre, or along the street, the dullest face turns to look at them. Perhaps it is their wonderful Northern fairness; their cheeks the color of roses and carnations, their starry grey eyes; or perhaps it is just that they seem to have a warmer, more effervescent sparkle of life in them than most people.

They were born in Chicago, and have lived all their life a few blocks from the shore of Lake Michigan. There they have swum, dived, canoed, sailed, sunned themselves in the sand, from the time they were babies.

Since going to the University of Chicago, they have begun to have moments of intense seriousness about such subjects as psychology, mathematics, biology and above all, examinations. Nothing in life, as yet, seems to them worse than examinations; "unless," as one twin remarked, "getting a C when you expect an A."

They both have dazzling pink and white skins, and they have been brought up on Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"It's terribly hard to keep your face clean in Chicago," they say. "Woodbury's is wonderful for cleansing, it leaves your skin so deliciously soft and smooth. We *love* it!"

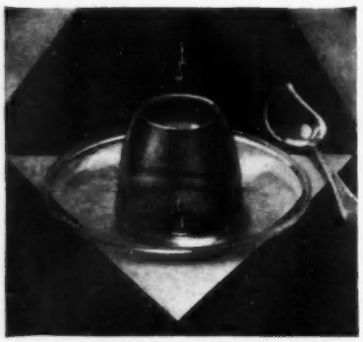
Out of hundreds of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

*Miss Helen and Miss Lois Dodd of Chicago, Illinois, chosen from Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the prettiest of co-eds*

A DELIGHTFUL Woodbury set, containing a large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, ★ treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial for 10 cents! Send name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2911 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2911 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A. J. Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

**4:30** *Home from golf, bridge, a swim or a motor trip*



**5:30** *Firm, delicious jelly ready to serve for dinner*

## *—because there's this quick way to make it*

NOW! dressed in your best you can make real spread-it-on-bread jelly without heating the kitchen. You use no fruit, for each bottle of Minute Jelly holds enough concentrated fruit juice and pectin "jell" to make two big glasses. Just add sugar and water and boil five minutes.

Ask your grocer for Minute Jelly to try right away or send us the coupon below with 25c for two generous bottles (each bottle makes two big glasses).

# Minute Jelly

*You make it . . . to spread on bread*

SPECIAL OFFER

Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health

**MINUTE JELLY, Inc., Dept. 19**
**420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.**

Enclosed find 25¢ (stamps or coin). Send me—postage paid—two bottles of Minute Jelly and recipe book.

*Mint* ..... *Raspberry* ..... *Strawberry* .....
*Grape* ..... *Currant* ..... *Blackberry* .....

Name .....

Address ..... City .....

Grocer's Name .....

# GIFTS FOR THE JUNE BRIDE

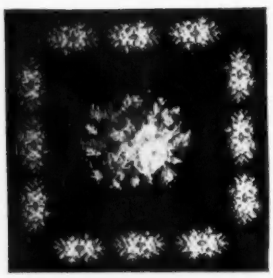
## By Anne Orr

*The charming, old-fashioned silhouettes at either side are of two English children. The one on the left is No. 21; the one on the right No. 22. They are printed on handsome white paper, 5 x 7 inches, and cost 25c each. Suitable oval frames, of black wood with an inside gold line, 4 x 5 inches, are $1.25 each. The pair complete as shown, including postage, $3*

**HOW TO ORDER**

**For any of the Printed Pamphlets, Hot-Iron Patterns, or silhouettes shown on this page, send the correct remittance in stamps, check, or money-order to Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York City**

*Bunches of old-fashioned flowers in pastel shades are cross-stitched on a black satin pillow. Full-color working patterns for this and other designs not shown are in Printed Pamphlet No. A-1001, 30c. Floss, $1; canvas, 30c; total with pattern, $1.60*

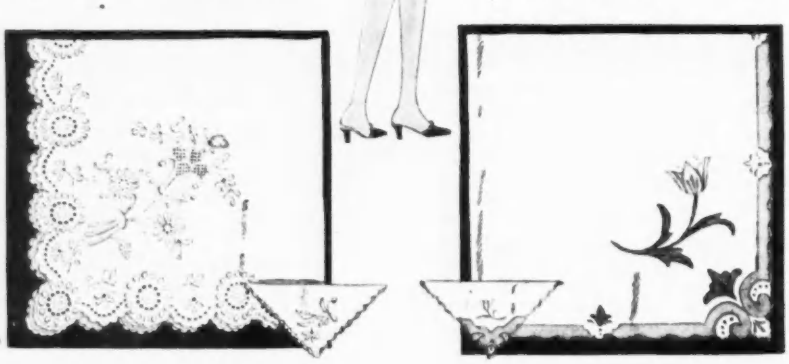


*Italian quilting in a formal design is used on the bag above. The mounting is of amber in a simple design, and the bag would be smart made of faille silk in a shade to harmonize with the going-away gown. It should be lined in a lighter shade. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-9702, 25c, carries designs and directions. Amber mounting, $4*

*A wearable kimono of orchid crêpe de Chine is quilted in a Japanese iris design and lined with pale green silk. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-9701, 25c, carries designs and complete directions for quilting. The kimono is easily made from Cutting Pattern J-34, 30c, which comes in three sizes: small, medium, and large*

*Spanish embroidery in white on natural color linen makes the attractive tea cloth below. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1003, 25c, carries designs and complete directions for the cloth, which is 44" square. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1004, 25c, carries designs and directions for six matching napkins like the one shown, 12" square. Both carry the scalloped edges. Together they are 45c*

*A useful bridge set carries patchwork tulips and designs in soft yellow and green. This pattern, which is repeated on the napkins, is effective and easily done. Hot-Iron Pattern No. A-1002, 45c, carries patterns and directions for the scalloped cloth and four napkins to match, including cutting patterns for the patchwork designs and also actual shape of cloth and napkins*



# *Let Us Buy These For You In New York*

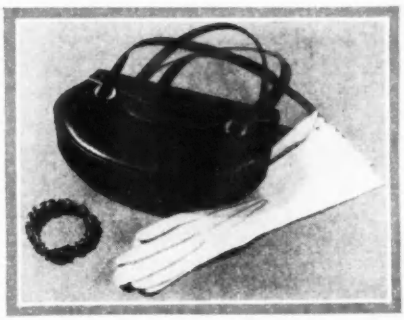
**HOW TO ORDER**

**All you have to do, to buy these charming new summer frocks and the accessories, is to send check or money-order, together with description of size and color wanted, to Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C., and they will be sent to you**

*Just the frock for morning shopping, or to wear at home, is this one-piece dress of fine, printed linen with white linen collar and cuffs and an all-around belt; in blue, green, or orchid print on a white background; 16 to 44; $9.75*

*Sleeveless frocks are new and smart, as is this one of French linen, with the skirt plaited in front, an all-around belt, and the vest fastened with pearl buttons; comes in white, blue, green, or orchid; sizes, 16 to 42; $10.75*

*Smart accessories complete the summer ensemble, and here is a practical and beautiful leather bag for $7.50. It comes in black, red, navy-blue or tan; is a good size for the shopper; has a change purse and mirror, and a two-strap handle to make it easy to carry; 6x9"; and the price is only $7.50*



*Gloves of the plain pull-on type, of a soft leather, are worn by the smartest women. This pair has a pinked edge, sizes 5½ to 7½ of washable suède in beige or tones of gray; $4.75. The sports bracelet is made of gray, red, rose, or of green leather, interwoven with metal-colored links; only $4.95*

*The charming sleeveless frock in the center below, is printed linen with pearl buttons and piping, and with plaits in front; in green, orchid, or blue background with tiny white flowers printed over it; 14 to 42; only $9.75*

*We have a beautifully illustrated Bride's Booklet, which you may purchase by sending 25c to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th St. at 8th Ave., N. Y. C. It tells of the trousseau, invitations, etiquette, decorations, with pictures*

*Striped silk broadcloth is always cool and smart for summer frocks for different occasions, as is this one-piece dress (right, 1st fig.), with long sleeves, turnback cuffs, two pockets, straight back, two box-plaits in front, white silk tie, and a stitched line across the front below the pockets. It may be had in blue, green, or lavender, striped with white; and in the sizes 16 to 44; for only $8.50*

*You will surely want a bow frock in your summer wardrobe, and here is a charmingly youthful one of flat crêpe with sunburst yoke neck. It is one-piece with long sleeves, plain back, and a center panel in front finished at sides with small knife-plaits, an all-around belt with metal buckle in front, and the stitched line in the front only; in white, maize, nile-green, or lucerne-blue, 14 to 20, 38 to 42; and the price is only $5.95*

# How long since you had curried chicken?

**The never-ending search for something new—a change from the everyday menu—is the housewife's big problem. Here's a timely solution.**

**Curry is the ideal hot-weather dish—it originated in India—a very hot country. It is easy and economical to make.**

**Wouldn't it be nice to surprise the family with a tasty Curry tonight? All you need is a tin of R & R Boned Chicken*—some Curry Powder—the other ingredients are in your kitchen.**

**The choice meat of carefully chosen R & R Chickens makes a perfect Curry. Try it tonight.**

## CHICKEN CURRY

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 tablespoonfuls Butter | 1 cupful Milk |
| 1 good-sized Onion (minced) | 1 large tin R & R Boned Chicken |
| 2 tablespoonfuls Flour | Salt and Pepper |
| 2 teaspoonfuls Curry Powder | to taste |

**Put the butter and onion in a pan and cook (without browning) until the onion is done. Add the flour and curry powder and cook two minutes longer. Then stir in the milk, the seasoning and the chicken (cut in small pieces), and cook for ten minutes. Serve with boiled rice.**

***Every chicken is certified and passed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics.***

# Richardson & Robbins

***Established since 1855 in Dover, Del.***


In using advertisements see page 6

# Ready for a Drink?

*"You're welcome. And it's the finest water in the world. I've been drinking it for 50 years."*

CLEAR, cold water from an old-fashioned well looks mighty tempting on a hot day. One might naturally think that if the owner of the well drinks the water it must be pure. But the fact that he has drunk the water without apparent harm does not prove that the water is pure.

Science has discovered that a few individuals have been able to drink water more or less polluted with typhoid germs without contracting typhoid fever. But it is never safe for anyone to take immunity for granted.

Last year in the United States, approximately 65,000 persons were stricken needlessly with typhoid fever and 6,500 died.

Those who recover from typhoid fever are left in such physical condition that for about three years after an attack the deathrate of such persons is twice the normal rate for the same ages.

***Why risk typhoid fever when it can be prevented?***

The story of inoculation which prevents typhoid fever is a brilliant page in the history of the many triumphs of science over disease.

During the Spanish-American War, 281,000 of our men went into service. *One out of every twelve contracted typhoid.* In the World War there were 4,000,000 American soldiers, nearly all inoculated against typhoid. Although many of them were sent to typhoid-infected areas, only *one out of every* 3,700 *had typhoid.*

While typhoid fever frequently comes from drinking polluted water, it also comes from infected milk and various other contaminated foods, and from unsuspected "typhoid-carriers"—a few individuals who have recovered from the disease but who continue to carry the germs. When typhoid-carriers are employed as helpers in households, hotels or restaurants there is great danger that they will cause infection among those they serve.

Inoculations against typhoid fever are extremely simple and leave no scar. They protect from two to five years. Why take chances? Be prepared for your motor, camping and hiking trips this year. Go to your doctor for the protection he can give.

* * * *

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify their water by chlorination the deathrate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected. But until this protection is general in cities, towns and villages and in country districts as well, typhoid inoculation is vitally necessary.

The Metropolitan will be glad to mail, without cost, its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever," to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department, 69-G, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

*Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year*


## The Missionary

*(Continued from page 31)*

"Then shake hands on it, Angus lad. Ye swear to me, by the Lord God ye worship and the Presbyterian Church, that ye will not stop nor rest until ye ha' kept this promise to the best of your ability?"

"I swear it."

"Then I can die content."

"But tell me first what the sin was, so I may know how to begin. And be quick, father."

"Then hark ye. Something is slipping awa' inside of me, and I ha' not long to dally. Ye know I ha' traveled up and down the seas. Ye know I ha' been a violent, impetuous man and walked not in the ways of the Lord."

"That I know."

"Perhaps ye ha' forgotten how I was once a whaler, in the days when whalebone brought a dollar a pound . . . a dollar a pound . . . We chased the bowhead whale in the Arctic Sea. And one year—'95 it was—the ice closed in before its time, and crushed our ship. We had to get out on the floe and strike for land, and some o' us, the strongest o' us, made it through, and some died on the ice. I reached at last an Eskimo village, Narwhal Cape, on the north coast o' Alaska. Ye know where Point Barrow is?"

"Ye ha' pointed it out to me on the map."

"It is the northernmost point o' Alaska, near four hundred miles beyond the Arctic Circle. East o' Point Barrow, three hundred miles or more, lies Narwhal Cape, where I spent the winter. It was there that the sin was committed, and it is there ye must go to atone."

The old man's words died away. A faint shudder ran down his body. Breathless and sweating, Angus leaned over him.

"Quick, father. What is it?"

He waited what seemed an endless time. His tortured imagination told him there was a rushing sound, as of wings, in the room. At last the blue lips began to move again. Angus strained to hear.

"I—I ha' forgotten."

"But the sin? What was the sin?"

"I dinna know . . . It ha' slipped awa' . . . I am slipping awa' too, Angus, lad . . . I go in peace."

This was no doubt true. Red Mackenzie had walked wide of the road, but he had come back into it at last. He had shifted a grievous burden to younger, stronger shoulders. No need for him to confess the nature and details of his sin. Angus could learn these easily enough in a lost, lonely village beside the eternal ice. It was enough that he had acknowledged the debt and arranged for its payment. Again the lips moved . . .

"Postoffice Point, letters from home at Postoffice Point . . . I didna love her, Ellen—I never loved any lass but you . . . The long dark, and the God-Fire flickerin' in the sky . . . The God-Fire and the big white stars . . ."

Angus stared in awe. He knew well that this was the end: the curtain was ringing down. The hand he held grew chill in his. He started to pull free, with the idea of summoning his two brothers to the death-bed, but a light tug of the cold fingers arrested him.

"Dinna leave me, Angus, lad, even for a second . . . I'm sailing now . . . The ice is going out, and the ships are coming in, and soon I'll be sailing."

The whisper strengthened and became a voice. "I hear the rumble of the breaking floes . . . I see the sun peeping over the Endicott Range . . . *Ah de gah, ah de gah!*"

With this last incomprehensible cry, Red Mackenzie put out to sea. Angus was alone in the room.

### CHAPTER II

THERE were many obstacles in the way of Angus's mission. The first of these was particularly disheartening—a lack of money. The young minister had but scant funds of his own: he had just started in a profession not

**BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH**

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

An English doctor's scientific curiosity in 1785 gave the world an important new medicine—till then locked in the leaves of a common purple flower.

# Golden sovereigns for the secret of a wayside flower

Old Mother Hutton, the Shropshire herb-woman, guarded her secret jealously. Had not her herb tea relieved an Oxford dean of his dropsy, when all other remedies had failed?

To solve this mystery, a certain Dr. William Withering sought out the old woman, nearly 150 years ago. There was the clink of golden sovereigns in Mother Hutton's palm, and the cherished recipe was his to examine.

Withering saw that the crudely written scrawl called for twelve common herbs and plants. He found eleven of them medicinally worthless. But from the twelfth, the purple foxglove, he obtained one of the most valuable remedies at the command of the medical profession—digitalis.

### How a baffling problem was solved

But physicians soon found that the use of digitalis was attended by a serious difficulty. Some extracts from the drug were too weak; others much too strong for safety.

For over a century, physicians and pharmacists grappled with this problem of making uniform extracts of digitalis. Only in 1898, the first *standardized* tincture of digitalis made its appearance. Working in the Parke-Davis laboratories, Dr. E. M. Houghton, the research pioneer in this field and for many years director of our medical research division, finally achieved this far-reaching triumph.

Digitalis, however, was not the first drug to be standardized. In 1879—just half a century ago—after long years of preliminary research and experiment Parke, Davis & Company gave to Medical Science the first medicinal preparations of fixed, unvarying strength. Then the principle of standardization was applied by Parke-Davis scientists to a long list of important drugs, thus making it possible for physicians to prescribe medicines, and for druggists to compound them, with the assurance of absolute accuracy.

* * *

Your druggist today looks to us for many of the drugs, chemicals, and other medicinal preparations essential in compounding prescriptions. He puts unquestioning faith in the standardized products bearing the Parke-Davis label.

## PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

**The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products**

**Parke-Davis ★ quality in Milk of Magnesia**

Creamy smooth, free from grittiness and earthy taste, Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia is pleasant and easy to take. It mixes readily with water, milk and other liquids, and is especially acceptable to children. Only a product of *exceptional purity* could meet all these requirements. The high-quality ideals of a great research and manufacturing laboratory are reflected even in the simplest home remedy. When Milk of Magnesia is needed ask for Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia.

In using advertisements see page 6

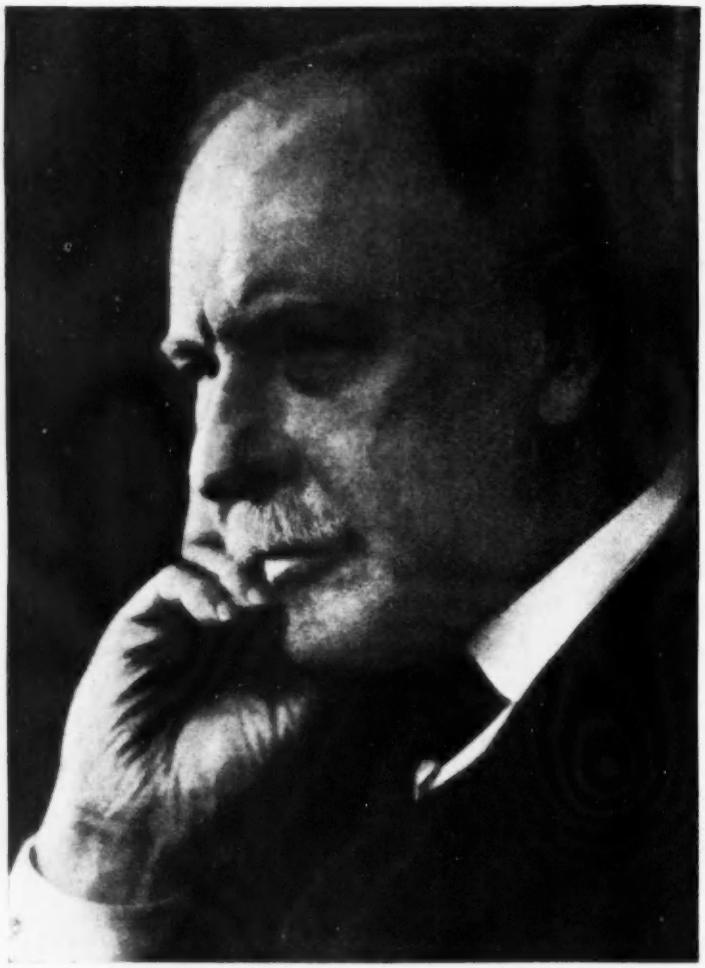
# *"I have recommended Yeast for 40 years"—*

## *Dean* H. H. RUSBY, *M.D.*

### *Professor of Physiology in America's largest university*

PROFESSOR of Physiology and Materia Medica and Dean of the Faculty in the College of Pharmacy, Columbia University. Formerly Professor of Materia Medica, University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, and expert on medicines for U. S. government.

***"The laxative action of yeast is mild but reliable . . . Yeast cleanses the system. In continued small doses it is often of service in overcoming habitual constipation. Its effect is to promote both appetite and digestion . . . For 40 years I have lectured to students on the value of yeast."***—Abstract from text book on "Materia Medica" by Dr. H. H. Rusby.



DEAN HENRY HURD RUSBY, M. D.

DR. HENRY HURD RUSBY stands with the leaders of the American medical world. His contributions to the practical literature of medicine are monumental. Today he is a distinguished dean and professor of physiology at Columbia University.

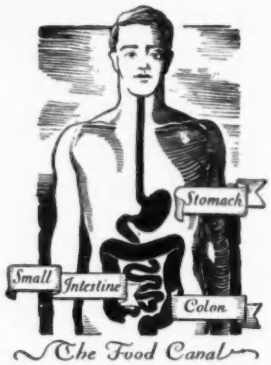
For 40 years, as Dean Rusby points out, he has been teaching and expounding the value of yeast as a natural food-corrective for constipation. And in corroboration, a recent survey in the United States showed that half the doctors reporting prescribed fresh yeast as the great corrective food for clogged intestines and related ills.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass through your system daily, they combat the harmful poisons of stagnation and purify the whole body.

Headaches, colds, sore throats, indigestion, nervousness, bad skin and bad breath are sure signs of constipation and run down vitality.

For renewed health and happiness eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or hot (not scalding). To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply, as it will keep in a cool, dry place. Start now and know what real health can be!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. H-65, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.




FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Here 90% of ills start, as intestinal poisons flood the system! But here yeast works, keeping this entire tract clean, active and healthy.

# FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

Copyright 1929, The Fleischmann Company

# The Missionary

too well paid at best. Yet a substantial sum of money was necessary to his success. Steamship rates are high in the North, and the distance from Seattle to Point Barrow—beyond which he must go to find Narwhal Cape—was over three thousand miles.

His first hope lay in his brother James, the most prosperous of the family. But James heard the story coldly. "I reckon that the old man was wanderin' in delirium, and the whole thing never happened," he answered in his dour way. "At the best it would be a wild-goose chase. Besides, why not let sleeping dogs lie? Why bring to light an old scandal—a murder, mayhap—that would ruin the reputation of the family and keep you from ever getting another pulpit? Angus, lad, ye ha' better put this out of your mind."

But James knew he was wasting breath. What use to argue with a block of granite hewn from the Scotch hills? His brother's soul he did not know, but he could remember certain significant incidents of their childhood.

Angus did not press the matter. Instead he looked for—and found—another way out. It was a simple problem, after all—easy for a man of simple heart. He would work his way to Point Barrow! He went to the Board of Missions of his own church and applied for the position of missionary at Narwhal Cape.

The president of the board was delighted—not often would young ministers of Angus's promise work in the Arctic. There was no missionary at Narwhal Cape at present—indeed, this had been one of the hardest posts to keep filled. Why this was so the official could not explain. Of course, Eskimo missions are always discouraging, but in this case there seemed to be certain unusual difficulties. The appointment was easily arranged. Angus would be given a meager salary, with certain travel and expense money, in exchange for a year's work at Narwhal Cape.

"I think it only fair to explain to you that I ha' some work of my own to attend to, while up there," Angus said at the bidding of his queer Scotch conscience. "However, I willna permit it to interfere wi' the faithful performance of my duties as missionary. If it does so interfere, I shall resign at once."

"Whatever you do, don't resign," the official replied wearily. "Stick it out, no matter what happens. The Church has had too many resignations in that part of the globe, and not nearly enough applications."

It was fitting and proper that Angus should try to save money out of his travel allowances. So he called at the Seattle office of the Lomen Brothers. Holding still to their faith in Alaska's future, these three brothers operate small ships on the Arctic coast—a coast so lonely and bleak that the bigger steamship companies have forsaken it long ago. Carl Lomen received the young minister cordially.

"Our little vessels are merely reindeer carriers, but they're at your disposal if you want to ride on them," Lomen told him. "Fortunately you won't have to depend on them. If you can arrive in Nome by the middle of July, you can no doubt get permission to go to Barrow on the U. S. Cutter *Northland*. But if you want to save a little money and don't demand luxurious accommodations, you can go as far as Nome on our freighter, the *Sierra*."

ANGUS accepted this offer and sailed from Seattle in the last week of June. Certainly his accommodations aboard the *Sierra* were in no way luxurious, but they were entirely comfortable, and he appreciated the courage and enterprise of the Lomens in operating such a considerable ship into such a thinly settled territory. He proved a good sailor and enjoyed the cruise from the first.

He loved the long days, the unimaginable fiery sunsets, the starry, brief nights. He found religious inspiration in the vastness of these seas, in the solemn sweep of their currents, and in the eternal winds that cried over their depths. These seemed to bear witness to his conception of the vast, solemn, and eternal God.

It was a long journey even to Nome. He had not realized the expanse of Alaska. To encircle the long, outstretching Alaskan Peninsula, the ship had to go farther west than the Hawaiian Islands. Then she headed straight north into the fog-curtained mystery of Bering Sea.

She steamed past the Pribilofs, the home of the great American fur seal herd. These were green and lovely islands, but the low, gray coasts beyond were bleak and lonely beyond all belief, all hope. Not one tree cast shade upon their wind-swept beaches. To Angus, it seemed a God-forsaken land. Surely He had created it in an angry mood—or else it was a reflection of some aspect of His mind which was beyond mortal imagination. And surely only a God-forsaken people would here be exiled.

ANGUS did not trouble himself about the white men who came there. They were but visitors. Even their gold camps and villages were but abodes of rest after a day's toil, and in time they would return to their own place under more genial skies. But what of the Eskimo? He had been given no choice. Apparently he was exiled here by the hand of God. He was not a visitor: he must live and die, and raise his darkened brood, at the edge of the polar ice.

Was this predestination? As a Presbyterian, Angus could not believe otherwise. But for what high purpose were these people sacrificed? In what way did their hopeless lives declare, as all things must declare, the glory of the Lord? Angus knew that he must seek the answer to this question. Otherwise he would not know how to approach his year's work as a missionary.

The ship anchored off Nome, the northernmost white settlement of any considerable size on the American continent. Perhaps five hundred people lived in its long rows of dilapidated buildings. At anchor near by lay the *Northland*, the United States Government's splendid emissary to its most remote peoples.

Graceful as a gull, yet she was sheathed in steel, and she could batter her way through ice-filled seas where a naval dreadnought would flounder. Now she was making ready for her annual dash to Point Barrow, the northernmost cape of the American continent. She was biding her time until the heavy pack-ice should break away from the shore, then she would slip in, transact her business, and depart before the remorseless floes came crowding in again.

Captain Hottel received Angus cordially.

"Surely you can go to Barrow with us. With any luck at all we'll take you clear to your destination. Narwhal Cape is pretty well out of the world and not included in our regular cruise, but if ice permits we intend to go to Demarcation Point this year—four hundred miles east of Barrow—and if so, we'll go right by your village."

To his considerable surprise Angus learned that he was to have a number of distinguished fellow passengers. Nor was this mere chance: the captain's cabin of the *Northland* is naturally the center and the rallying place of all the leaders of Arctic activities. Seated next to him at luncheon was a red-faced, burly man whom the host introduced as Captain Bartlett. Angus learned presently that this was no other than "Bob" Bartlett, the famous Arctic explorer who had been Peary's chief aide in the conquest of the Pole.

Across from Angus sat a fellow churchman, Archdeacon Frederic Goodman, a missionary at the Eskimo village of Point Hope, nearly a hundred and fifty miles on the cold side of the Arctic Circle.

Later he was to meet, in the ward room of the officers, one of the foremost living authorities on all things Alaskan. This was a tall, blond youth, plainly of the Viking breed, Jack Robertson by name, the head of an expedition bent on photographing walrus and other wild


This sensationally advanced tooth paste

**Surprisingly brings new combined results in care of teeth**

THIS offers a test that will bring surprising new results in care of your teeth. A remarkable modern tooth paste—made by the makers of the famous DR. WEST'S Toothbrush.

It provides *double* polishing—not scouring—that restores natural brilliant brightness to enamel. Combines all the good results you desire. Refreshes the entire mouth.

And gives these complete results with unusual speed—each time you use it. Make the test and compare results!

**Get a tube today! TEST IT!**

At any retail store you can get DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste *today*. For 25c the *largest* tube of any standard dentifrice, similarly priced. *Double* quantity tube, 40c. Get some test it, and see the difference in results. *(A free test of 20 brushings will be sent, if you write to* The Western Co., 402 *W. Randolph St., Chicago, U. S. A.)*

© W. B. M. Co., 1929

In using advertisements see page 6

*It doesn't seem possible that this simple array of food and utensils can make the delicious Strawberry Bavarian Cream pictured below. But they do!*

# Rare Indeed

## *is a summer dessert that can be made as easily and economically as this*

JUNE brings strawberries—also hot kitchens. But torrid hours of cooking can be avoided. Make your fresh fruit desserts with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. In addition to these desserts, are countless other dishes—salads, jellied soups, meat or fish loaves, which you can quickly make and put in your refrigerator for serving hours later.

The recipes for these inviting dishes are presented in Mrs. Knox's recently published recipe book. There are new and unusual ideas for every course of your summer menus. Surprising ways to use leftovers. Special recipes for children's dishes which are light and nourishing for summer meals. And the economy of these recipes will certainly please you—one package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes four different salads or desserts of six generous servings each.

Since Knox Gelatine is a pure protein, it is a perfect food. Ask your grocer for it. Recipes in every package. If you send us your grocer's name, Mrs. Knox's newly-printed recipe book will be sent you free. Address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 140 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

**STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM**
(*6 Servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup strawberry juice and pulp
1 tablespoonful lemon juice
½ cup sugar
1½ cups heavy cream beaten until stiff
Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into fruit juice mixed with lemon juice. Add sugar, and when sugar is dissolved set bowl containing mixture on ice and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in cream. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Use canned pineapple, fresh or canned strawberries, raspberries, peaches or any preferred fruit. This may also be molded in the trays of an electric refrigerator.

*One package of Knox Gelatine makes four different salads or desserts of six generous helpings each*

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE ★

# The Missionary

life to be found in the vicinity of Point Barrow.

Captain Hottel himself completed the group. Long associated with the Coast Guard's Arctic activities, his was a name to conjure with at any Eskimo village for a thousand miles up the bleak coast. He directed the talk at the luncheon table—talk as rich and good as the food itself.

THE ship headed around Seward Peninsula into Bering Straits. This was the meeting place of the East and West—where Siberia and Alaska all but touched hands. Beyond were the blue, mystic waters of the Arctic Ocean.

The *Northland* made a brief stop at Little Diomede, a bird-island midway in the strait, and here Angus got his first glimpse of typical Eskimos. Beating out from the village came a strange craft—a light frame covered with split walrus skins—propelled by a gas engine. Packed like kegged herring in the boat were a score of islanders—men, women, and children.

These people came aboard, offering fossil and walrus ivory for sale to the crew. When Angus studied them, his spirits fell. They were not enlightened folk, neither were they clean, respectable heathen. They seemed to be in a shadowy half-way stage, somehow disheartening and ominous. They were wretchedly unhealthy; some were lame and deformed. There was no physical beauty apparent in the women. Only those with a mixture of white blood were even passably good-looking: mostly they were squat, swart, heavy-featured, coarse-haired, oily-skinned. It was significant that they wore, outside their beautiful and effective parkas of deerskin and fur, a sack-like garment of cheapest calico. This was stained with grease and dirt, yet they wore it with pride. Plainly it was a tribute to their white masters—the flattery of imitation.

Angus eyed them darkly. He wondered if they would improve on acquaintance. So far, he saw but one quality that he might admire—their obvious good-nature. Of sober disposition himself, he found pleasure in their constant grins, their loud laughter. Between their grinning lips gleamed big, strong teeth.

A number of them gathered about him, holding out open palms. "*Kow-kow*," they begged in their flat, guttural voices. The word was repeated over and over again. One of them, a starved-looking specimen, whined, "*Kow-kow pechuck*."

"What do these people want?" Angus asked Jack Robertson.

The big adventurer chuckled. "'*Kow-kow*' means grub. It's a word you'll hear plenty, if you stay in the friendly Arctic! The scrawny old fellow has just informed you that the grub is all gone."

"What do they take me for, a trader?"

"Not much. If they thought you were a trader, they wouldn't be begging. They'd be offering you at least half-price for your grub, with the intention of going up the other half if necessary. They take you for what you are, a *chechaquo* (newcomer). Besides, you are a white man, the source of all wealth, an unfailing supply of grub, and fair pickings at all times."

The ship whistled for departure, but still the visitors lingered. At last they had to be herded over the rail into their own boat. The ship's electric-driven motors began to throb, and the *Northland* sped on.

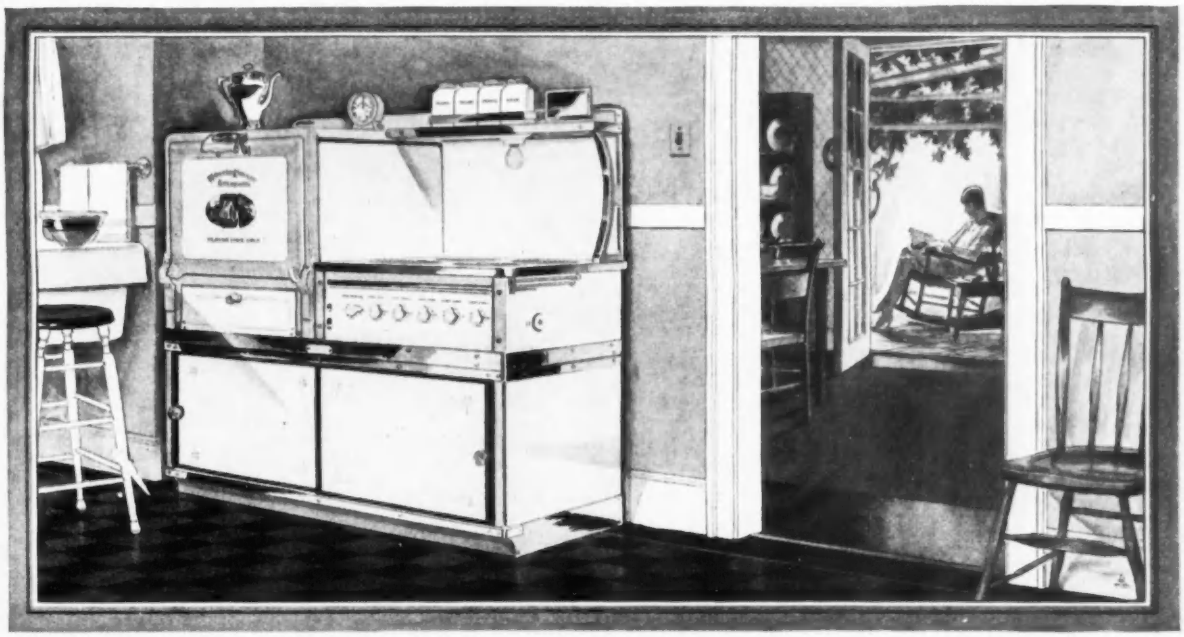
After dinner Angus lingered with the other passengers in the Captain's cabin. The talk flowed back and forth, a revelation and a delight to the young minister.

Presently eight bells sounded through the ship. By the time reckonings of man, it was midnight. Yet when Angus looked up, startled, he saw that no artificial light had been turned on in the room. Indeed, a thin golden line of radiance was still pouring through the porthole. He got up and looked out. Low on the horizon hung the Midnight Sun.

Angus had been told he would see this thing. He had anticipated it through the lengthening

# "Flavor Zone" *cooking*

## *gives every dinner that good* DUTCH OVEN *taste*



IN the days when Dutch ovens were used, a woman's life stayed close to her broad stone hearth. She had time to tend an oven, to build a fire and rake the coals, to let her food cook thoroughly in the old Dutch way. Every dinner she served was a crowning achievement in taste . . a savory offering to zestful appetites.

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# The Missionary

days of his northern cruise. Yet he was deeply awed by it. It was baffling to think that he had come to a land where, for a period of months, there was actually no night. The daily alternation of light and dark is one of man's verities. He counts on it and reckons by it, one changeless fact in a world of change. But here, on this strange, bleak coast, it did not hold.

It seemed to knock out the props of man's security. Nor was there any comfort in the accepted physical explanation—the tilt of the globe on its axis in relation to its orbital revolution. Angus felt that this was merely flying from one mystery to another. He felt as if he had passed the borders of his familiar earth and had entered the frontier of some strange, occult world midway between here and hereafter.

The scene opening before his eyes seemed to enhance this impression. The ocean was deathly calm. It trembled no more than a glacier lake, set like a sapphire in a ring of silver mountains. Above it and imaged in it were strange-shaped violet and lavender clouds. Beyond lay the low coast—gray, desolate, unpeopled, dreary beyond description. Still farther off the pale bergs glittered in the water, beyond which a green radiance overlay the horizon, the ice-blink from the floes. Over it all hung an uncanny silence. On land and sea there was no sound or suggestion of sound. The ship cruised on like a shadow in a dream.

Wide-eyed, the Scotch minister turned to his companions. "Ye know, this makes me think of Keats," he said simply.

"Keats?" Goodman echoed with intense interest.

"It's a pity he never saw this. But maybe he did see it in his wondrous fancy. I refer to those three lines which ye ha' all heard quoted—which I think are as beautiful as many of the lines in the Scriptures. Aye, just as beautiful—pure magic, I may call them, such as the Scotch believe in."

" 'Charmed magic casements,' " Goodman began quietly.

" " . . . . Opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn!' "

Angus finished solemnly. "Yonder are the 'faery lands forlorn,' just as he imagined them. And surely these are the perilous seas, for body and soul alike."

Yet he did not know why he had said this last—"for body and soul alike." He would have to think it over in solitude. Goodman stared at him, wondering what might be waiting for this young minister at the edge of the ice.

"I understand what you mean," Captain Hottel said. "I've been coming up here for years, and I'll never get over wondering at the Arctic. But, Reverend, your quotation doesn't quite fit about the 'foam.' There's no foam on that sea tonight. It's still as a mill-pond."

"Aye, and that adds to the wonder o' it. Why is it so still, Captain?"

"That's the way of the Arctic Ocean. It can kick up a frightful uproar any time it likes, but as soon as the wind dies down, the waves smooth out. You see, there's no swell. The great ice pack prevents one from forming."

Angus looked a long time out to sea. Was he predestined to pierce the veil of the Arctic, or to fail? Would he even solve the mystery of his father's sin, the evil fruit of which might be waiting for him, bitter to his lips, on some ice-locked coast under the polar star? Time alone would tell.

## CHAPTER III

THE *Northland* ventured on. At Kotsebue she dropped Captain Bartlett; Archdeacon Goodman left her at Point Hope. At Barrow, the metropolis of the Arctic where no less than eight white people had spent the long dark of winter, Jack Robertson took his cameras and departed. Still there was no night. When Angus tried to sleep, the unflagging day poured through the ports against his eyelids. This was the real Arctic.

Far beyond Barrow, in the mysterious East, and between the yawning mouths of two unmapped rivers, the *Northland* dropped anchor. On the bleak coast beyond were half a dozen frame buildings—of lumber shipped all the way from Puget Sound—and a cluster of green mounds. This was Narwhal Cape, Angus's destination.

IT SEEMED unwise to attempt an immediate landing. A white line against the gray beach indicated a surf too strong for the *Northland's* dories. But as Angus stood by the rail, he saw a boat put out from the village. It rose and fell in the breakers, then came beating like a winged thing toward the ship.

It was a fragile-looking craft no larger than a canoe. To all appearances the first fair-sized wave would topple it over. That it still lived, free and unafraid in the heavy chop of the sea, made Angus feel like cheering. It seemed to ride the very crest of the waves.

As it drew nearer, his wonder grew. The boat was shaped like a fish, long and narrow, and decked over. Its single occupant sat in a hole cut in the deck, filling it so snugly that the craft was practically water-tight. Since only the upper part of the paddler's body was visible, the effect was that of some queer sea-creature, half-human, half-keel.

"What is it?" he asked an officer who stood beside him.

"A kayak—the native sealing boat. It's a mighty strong little rig, but that Eskimo is trusting it a bit too far. I wouldn't be surprised to see him keel over at any minute."

"I pray to the Lord he doesn't." Angus spoke simply and sincerely. "He's such a brave feller, that Eskimo. No doubt he wants to be the first on the ship, wi' some ivory to sell."

"I don't know about that. I do know he can sure handle that kayak. I think he's the best I ever saw."

Still the little cruise progressed. The white-capped waves, hissing with anger that such a flimsy craft should defy their might, flung it about in vain. Angus watched beside the rail, thrilled by the conflict, and eager for the first close view of such a skilled and intrepid voyageur. The parka-clad figure was quite plain now, but the parka hood was raised, so that the face was in shadow.

The sea-light was growing upon the face, and Angus was about to see it plainly, when the paddler changed course. The boat swung around the stern of the ship and came up on the opposite side. Angus at once crossed the deck and leaned over the rail.

He would remember forever the sight that met his eyes. Just below him was the kayak, its paddler standing up, preparatory to climbing the ladder to the deck. This was not an Eskimo brave. It was a girl, but not the broad-cheeked, dusky type that the old whalers knew so well. Her skin was as white as the fawn fur of her parka, or the foam-flakes trembling on the deck of her little ship.

She had thrown back her parka hood. The indescribable yellow gold of the Arctic sunlight was on her face. And this face was one that he would not have forgotten even on the streets of Seattle, a city of lovely women, much less on the cold side of the Arctic Circle.

She had unusual coloring. Her hair was a lustrous blue-black, parted and done in a knot at the back of her neck. But her eyes, under the jet-black arches of her brows, had not the soft darkness that usually goes with such hair, but were an extraordinary deep blue. This fact, and her startling whiteness of skin untinted by the wind's rough kiss, and her red, sober mouth gave her an exotic look that was altogether foreign to this bleak, cold North. Her beauty went with flower-beds, with the shaded walks of some lovely campus, with lantern-hung lawns where youth is fair, not with the foam of perilous seas. Her type

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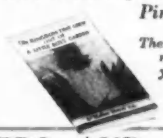

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G. H. 6-29

# The Missionary

might have been expected in New Orleans, whose slim, soft-voiced daughters still show the Gallic darkness, or even in San Francisco, where there abides a brunette heritage from the Conquistadors, but here, in the white Arctic, it was incredible.

Physically she was fit. He ceased to wonder at her skill with the kayak. On one side of her family, at least, there was Nordic stature and stamina. She was rather tall for her sex—only an inch or two less than Angus, who was of middle height—and athletically proportioned. In another environment she would play a savage set of tennis, a deadly round of golf. No doubt she could have ridden a horse as ably as this sea-steed that had borne her through the surf.

She swung up the ladder on to the deck. Apparently she did not see Angus, but she paused and spoke to the officer standing near by.

"Where's Captain Hottel?"

"In his cabin."

"Would you please tell him that my father wants him to come to dinner at our house tonight?"

The officer sent the message, and presently Captain Hottel came out to greet the girl. He explained that he could not accept the invitation. He was pressed for time and meant to cruise on to Demarcation Point. He would call in on his way back, when landing in an open boat would be easier and more pleasant.

HE TURNED, caught sight of Angus, and beckoned him to his side.

"Gretchen, I want you to meet Reverend Mackenzie, the new missionary for your village. Reverend, this is Miss Gretchen Konrad, the daughter of the trader here. You'll get well acquainted with her and her family before the ice goes out again."

"I am vera pleased to meet you," Angus told her. And he was—she was the loveliest being that had ever touched his life.

"So you are the new missionary." She eyed him with frank curiosity. But at once her interest seemed to flag. A grim look stole across her red mouth. "I suppose you'll be going ashore when the ship returns from Demarcation Point."

"Aye—unless I can go ashore now."

Something that looked like mischief—perhaps a reckless, dangerous mischief—suddenly sparkled in the startling azure of the girl's eyes. "If you're really in a hurry to see your new congregation, I think I can manage it. I could take you in in my kayak."

He glanced overside at the frail craft. She expected him to offer some glib excuse for refusing. Yet it might be that she had judged him too soon. She was startled by the quiet humor in his face.

"I dinna see but one hole," he objected mildly.

"Don't let that trouble you. I can stow you below deck."

"It wouldna be very digneefied, I fear, but perhaps my parishioners wouldna hold it against me. Do ye think it is safe?"

"I know it isn't. But if you're in a hurry—"

"Ye mean, my weight in the boat would make the danger greater for you?"

She was astonished by the question. "I don't mean that at all. The boat might even be steadier, with a little extra weight. But it's pretty rough out there for a kayak."

"But ye are going back in it whether I go or not?"

"Certainly. I've got to go home and help cook dinner."

"Then I shall go wi' you. But if ye ha' not been baptized, I ha' best perform the ceremony before we start."

He spoke quietly and simply. Yet she seemed too astonished to answer.

"I was baptized long ago in my mother's faith," she told him at last. "However, I'll say right now I don't think it will help in the least my chances of getting to shore."

"No, but it might help your chances of getting to the Other Shore, in case ye are drowned. I am ready when you are. My main baggage can be sent in when the ship comes back on her way south."

Angus shook hands with his host, collected a small bundle of clothes, and climbed down into the unstable kayak. At the girl's direction, he crawled into the deck-hold and lay prone. Gretchen took her seat and without another word headed toward shore.

It was a wild ride for a clergyman. The little craft bounced about like a cork. Often the waves broke over the light deck, splashing the girl and shooting cold jets down upon her passenger. This part of the trip was rough enough, but it was even worse when they tried to beat in through the surf. They rose and fell, struck the sand with a jar, and all but capsized. Still Gretchen plied her paddle with sure, powerful strokes. Still Angus huddled in the darkened, cramped space, without one word of protest or cry of alarm.

At last a big wave caught them and hurled them on to the beach. Half a dozen Eskimos seized the craft and drew it up on high ground. They gazed stolidly while their new missionary crawled out into the light.

He had suffered no loss of dignity. The joke Gretchen had thought to play had fallen flat. She eyed him a moment in intense curiosity, then impulsively extended her hand.

"We'll shake on that, Parson," she told him. "I really didn't think you'd come through it so well. I—I'm a little ashamed of myself."

"You needn't be." He smiled at her dripping cheeks and hair, and took her hand. "Ye gave me a threeling ride, and got all the worst of it. But ye should learn not to judge a man before ye make his acquaintance."

"I won't again. You see, we haven't much faith in missionaries, up to the present time, but perhaps we've been mistaken. Now come with me and meet my folks."

SHE led him to the big trading building, the back of which was her living quarters, and introduced him to her parents. Now he could understand where she got her exquisite coloring. Her father was an immense, blond Prussian with light blue eyes and tawny beard. Her mother, a gentle-faced woman of American birth, had a quiet, dark beauty that twenty years in the Arctic had but lightly marred.

As Angus shook hands with Konrad, he was instantly on guard. Beneath the trader's easy greeting there was unmistakable antagonism. Angus studied the man carefully. Physically he was a marvel—sixty years old if a day, yet robust, muscular, and full-blooded. He had a typically Prussian countenance and, if Angus was not mistaken, a Prussian outlook on life. The blue of his eyes was hard and cold as the deep-water ice of the Arctic. His hand-clasp was so strong that it seemed deliberately cruel.

"Welcome to Narwhal Cape," he said in his deep, rumbling voice. "I hope we shall be friends—there are only a few white people here, and it will be a pity if you can not see eye to eye with me."

Gretchen, listening at one side, thought she could anticipate the reply. Angus might be secretly indignant, but he would not risk antagonizing the chief figure of the settlement. But again the Scotchman surprised her.

"I canna promise to see eye to eye wi' you," he said simply. "I ha' my own way of looking upon things, and it may not agree wi' your way. But I hope, wi' you, that we can be good friends."

Konrad opened his eyes. His daughter saw angry blood mounting to his cheek.

"I do not like the sound of that, altogether. It could be interpreted that you feel free to come into my village and interfere with any of my projects which you do not like. I speak of it because other missionaries have so interfered, and made trouble for me and themselves too. If this is the case, I would advise you not to stay here. I would advise that you

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June 1929 Good Housekeeping


## The Missionary

board the *Northland* on her return trip from Demarcation Point and find some other field for your mission work."

Angus reddened, too; his hazel eyes had an odd shine. "I didna know it was your village," he said simply. "I thought it was an Eskimo village, and it is they I came to work for, not you. I mean you no ill-will, Meester Konrad. But perhaps we should understand each other from the first."

"Yes, and we shall understand each other. You say it is not my village. You may find out later that you are mistaken. I have directed its affairs for twenty years, and I do not propose to stop now. Let us put it this way, Reverend Mackenzie. You are the Church. I am the State—the only State that exists in this Arctic village. It is well that Church and State should be separate and not interfere with each other. If you remember that, you will no doubt get along well."

At this point Mrs. Konrad came up and laid her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"You and the Parson discuss this matter later," she suggested. "Now we must make him welcome—Heaven knows we don't have many visitors here! Reverend Mackenzie, can you come to dinner with us tonight?"

Angus relaxed, smiling. Like most Scotch, he was a peace-loving man, and he appreciated the woman's quick tact.

"I accept wi' pleasure."

THIS point agreed, Gretchen took the young minister for a first inspection of the native village. As she walked at his side, her brow was troubled, her strange eyes cloudy with thought. She was puzzled by her own reactions to the scene just past. For once in her life she had failed to champion her father. Instead of admiring his Prussian ruthlessness, for once she had felt a little sorry for him. True, she held no brief for missionaries. Her father had turned her against them long ago. Moreover, she believed devoutly in her father's Nietzschean philosophy: she could see it upheld and vindicated everywhere in this ruthless North. But somehow it had fallen flat today. For one fleet moment she wondered if the old Czar of Narwhal Cape had met his match. Yet when she glanced up at the lean figure beside her, so mild of speech, she decided that her imagination was running away with her. How could Angus Mackenzie prevail against Emil Konrad?

As they passed a frame building half-way to the native village, a tall, blond, mustached young man waved knowingly at her from the doorway. Gaily she returned the gesture. She knew what would be on his lips—a sardonic, clever jest at the new missionary's expense.

"I didna know that Narwhal Cape had such a large white population," Angus ventured.

"You've seen almost all of it. In addition there are two old miners who have a hut at the other side of the village, but they are out prospecting most of the time. The man in the doorway is Frank Jannison, the government doctor. We feel mighty lucky to have such a brilliant man here. You'll get well acquainted with him later. There is no outside school teacher—only an Eskimo woman who has been outside to school."

Before them, on the green tundra, straggled the native village—a group of turf huts, low-roofed and half underground. Angus could hardly believe that this was the permanent abode of a human tribe. The igloos seemed more like lairs than homes. Staked out in long lines were the dog-teams—yellow, narrow-eyed, savage wolf-brutes that menaced him as he passed. Stretching overhead were walrus skins drying in the warm August sun.

The people seemed friendly and cheerful. They smiled, holding out open palms.

"They don't know you are Scotch," Gretchen told him slyly.

Later he noticed a group of them talking

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When brushed, Colgate's breaks into an active, sparkling foam. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get deep down into every minute pit and fissure. There it softens and dislodges the impurities, sweeping them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder . . . a polishing material prescribed by dentists . . . which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

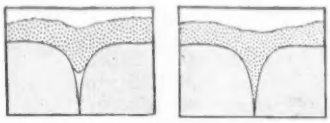
Think what this means to you . . . By using Colgate's you can clean your teeth thoroughly, scientifically, exactly as your dentist would have you clean them . . . restoring the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's you will be surprised and delighted with its wonderful cleansing action. Mail the coupon below for a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

## *The amazing story of Penetrating Foam . . . that cleans where the toothbrush cannot reach*

▼

***How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start**



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1702, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy." FREE

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

In using advertisements see page 6

# The Famous Beauty Treatment for Clothes

WASHING with a Maytag is a beauty treatment for clothes.

Dainty clothes of today need careful washing. With the cast-aluminum tub and Gyrafoam washing action originated by Maytag, dainty clothes can now be safely entrusted to a washer. The Maytag washes garments with hand carefulness, yet so thoroughly that everything is washed clean without hand-rubbing.

Over a million and a half homes, eight million people, enjoy this new beauty treatment for clothes. Telephone the nearest dealer for a trial Maytag washing. *If it doesn't sell itself, don't keep it.*

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, *Newton, Iowa*

Founded 1893

*A postcard request brings an interesting booklet—"Better Methods of Home Laundering."*

Maytag Aluminum Washer

## The Missionary

with great animation and eagerness outside one of the igloos.

"I wonder what those people can be talking about, so lively," Angus observed. "There is so little happens here outside their regular life, and surely they don't hear much o' things that happen in the outside world. Do many o' them know how to read?"

"Quite a few, considering the short time the school has been established here. But they might as well read Greek. They pronounce the words without the slightest idea of what they mean. You see, the people have never seen the things that are so common to us—the thousands of objects and actions that fill our books. The natives here talk and chatter all the time, but not about the outside world. They have no interest in the outside world—it is beyond their imagination. If you want to know what those people by the igloo are talking about, I can tell you."

"How can you? You're out of hearing."

"I know from experience. They are talking about one thing—grub."

"Grub?" Angus echoed in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Food. *Kow-kow.* Beans and flour, not to mention blubber and blood and pemmican. They are discussing with great relish and infinite detail, some tremendous meal that they recently had, or some equally great meal they hope to have in the future. Or perhaps one of them is describing, in the most minute degree, a big stock of food he saw in some distant trading-post or ship. So many sacks of beans. So many hams, and how they were stacked. And particularly how he was permitted to go right in and eat his fill. The rest ask questions, while their mouths water. It is an inexhaustible topic."

Angus sighed, and looked out on wild, cold seas. "I suppose it's natural. They have nothing else to live for."

"They haven't time and strength to live for anything else." The girl's eyes were bright with compassion. "If they can get enough to eat, that's the most they can hope for. They are wretchedly poor, you know. They are only one jump ahead of famine. In the old days, when communication was more difficult than now, whole villages were wiped out. It's no wonder they worship food—even such food as theirs. Now we'll go in one of their houses."

SHE entered what appeared to be the black maw of a cave, and led her companion through a long, dark, turf-walled passage hung with all manner of hunting equipment. There were bird-darts and seal-spears, whale-bone fishlines for catching tom-cod, pokes of miscellaneous small articles, bladders for buoying up a speared seal, snow-dusters, nets, and snow-shoes. The tunnel was not only a storehouse, but the outer barricade against the winter's cold.

The daylight faded; the air grew foul and damp. The pungent, wild smell which hung over the entire village thickened at the passage end and almost overpowered the visitors. What was its source Angus did not know: it suggested the rank den of some carnivorous animal.

"Not so good," Gretchen whispered. "But you'll get used to it, in time."

At the end of the passage was a wooden wall with a round hole cut in it. Covering this hole was a curtain of some animal fur.

"Can we come in?" the girl called.

Voices clamored within. At once Gretchen drew aside the curtain and crawled through the aperture. Angus followed on his hands and knees.

He found himself in the living quarters of an Eskimo family. In a breathless room not much larger than an ordinary bathroom, seven people ate their food, lived, and slept. They had been stripped to the waist a moment before, but now they were hastily drawing on their parkas. There were two old people, both as wrinkled as the ribbed sands on the beach, a

# If Germs were Huge as Dragons

If germs as huge as dragons roamed your rugs, with what awe you would regard the instrument which devoured them! But germs are none the less terrifying because they are infinitely small. Nor is the marvel less because The Hoover removes them so easily.

Rather it is greater, for the ability of The Hoover to gather up, in its cleaning, millions of these germs—so small you cannot see them—only shows how thoroughly, how amazingly, it removes *all* types of dirt from your floor coverings.

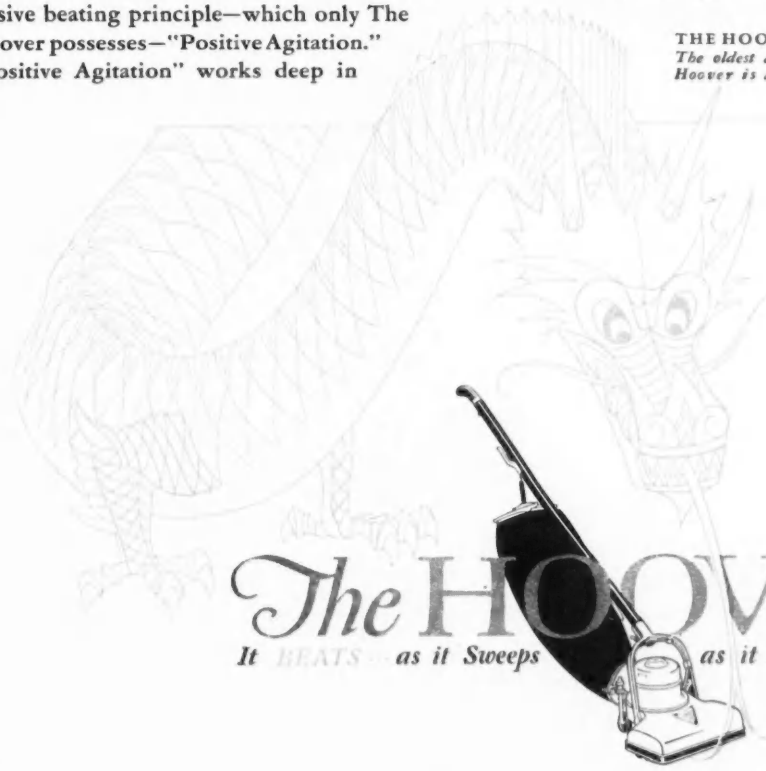
This it does through a combination of three separate cleaning principles, beating and sweeping and suction. The most remarkable of the three is the exclusive beating principle—which only The Hoover possesses—"Positive Agitation." "Positive Agitation" works deep in the rug, opening wide the pile, vibrating the fabric on a cushion of air, and shaking out of the spread-open tufts and the myriads of tiny pockets the heavy sharp grit and the caked masses of dirt.

It is because of this deep-cleaning of "Positive Agitation" that The Hoover is able to remove more *dirt per minute* than other cleaning methods.

Ask your local Hoover dealer to give you a demonstration of "Positive Agitation" in your own home.

Three Hoover models, $59.50, $75 and $135. With dusting tools, $72, $87.50 and $150. Floor polisher, $7.50. Only $6.25 down. Allowance for old cleaners.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, O.
*The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners . . . The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*



more d.p.m.
—DIRT PER MINUTE

The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is dirt per minute



The HOOVER ★
Reg. Trade Mark

*It BEATS as it Sweeps as it Cleans*

© 1929, The Hoover Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

**100 YEARS**
***in the making***

*Grasp the slicer!* So light and easy to handle... well balanced...so sharp... lastingly sharp. ¶It's a Russell Royal Blue Arrow knife with a right-royal ancestry of five-score years. *Examine it!* Correct in dimensions . . lacquered over wood of handsome grain with generous brass rivets and a charming little ornament in blue. ¶ *Send for it!* Just mail us a single dollar bill and we will send the slicer. ¶ *And then!* You will want your dealer to sell you the entire Royal Blue Arrow assortment. ¶ *Today!* Send for the slicer and know what Russell Cutlery is like.

★ RUSSELL
GREEN RIVER
CUTLERY
Manufactured by
JOHN RUSSELL CUTLERY CO.
*of* Turners Falls, Massachusetts
June 1929 Good Housekeeping

# The Missionary

young woman with a baby in her arms, and two small children. The young woman's husband, the bread-winner of the family, was at present out hunting.

A seal-oil lamp was ablaze, so that the room was unbearably hot. On the floor were skins, showing how the family slept. In one corner were a few dishes, apparently bought at Konrad's trading store, and several pots full of what seemed to be raw meat and portions of the viscera of wild animals. Poisoning the air was a smell of blood, fish, decayed meat, and human dirt that Angus would never forget.

Still the people smiled and held out their hands for him to shake. Plainly they were good-natured, hospitable, kindly folk.

"How old are you?" Angus asked the old crone. Gretchen at once repeated the question in the Eskimo tongue.

But the old squaw shook her head.

"She means she does not know?" Angus asked in amazement.

"Of course, she does not know. These people have a vague sense of numbers over ten. But she's old for an Eskimo. She's almost ready to go to Sednah—the Eskimo underworld that she believed in before the missionaries came."

"She must be ninety."

"Nothing like it. She's no more than fifty. If she were a white woman, she'd be in her prime. Her husband may be five years older. These people live a hard life, you know, and die young."

MOVED to pity, Angus tried to be pleasant to the old man. He pointed to the young mother.

"Is she your daughter?"

Again Gretchen translated the question and the old man's answer. "He says—literally—'I do not know, but she was caught in my trap.' He acts as if he were rather pleased about it, too—as if he were one daughter ahead of the game."

"What does he mean by 'caught in his trap'?"

"He means his wife is the mother of the girl. He is not sure he is the father. You see, these people often trade their wives around in winter time when things get dull. We don't think anything of it. But we do oppose some of their other customs, as you'll see later."

Gretchen now led the way back through the passage, and Angus was quick to follow. When they gained the open air, she turned to him with intense curiosity. She smiled faintly at the shocked look on his face.

"Are you going to resign?"

"Resign? I wish I had ten years to gi' 'em, instead of one. That there should still be such darkness on this planet, on this continent! Miss Konrad, how can your father bring himself to oppose the coming of missionaries here?"

"He's never opposed their coming. Sometimes he has opposed their teachings—when the teachings interfered with his enterprises. But if you think any church can help this situation, you've more faith in it than I have."

"How do they live at all? How do any of them manage to survive?"

"They don't live in any sense that we understand the word. They barely exist. You don't know the half of it yet. But it isn't just dirt that kills them. It's the white man and the white man's ills."

Now the cynical smile had left her red mouth, and her eyes were wide and bright. "There is only one remedy, as far as we are concerned. It is to quit thinking about them as human beings, and regard them as animals. If you can do that, you'll be able to live beside them without pitying them too much—without worrying yourself half-crazy. It's logical, too. You can see how cheerful they are."

"Of course, that's the easiest way," Angus answered somberly. "But I doubt if the good Lord meant us to take the easiest way."

"I don't know what He means. I'm all at sea. I only know that I'm going to get out of this hell up here and go back where there is a little light, a little hope . . . Now let's talk of something else. There's a man standing over by the next hut I want you to meet. He's the strongest character in the village—the only Eskimo that father hasn't got under his thumb."

This was a powerful and rather ominous figure. His skin was dark as any of his tribe, yet it was apparent that, as is common in the North, he was not a full-blooded Eskimo. In the first place, the pure Innuit rarely attains such physical proportions. This man was as large as Emil Konrad. Besides, there was a slightly red tinge to his scanty mustache. Last, in his face was a look foreign to the happy-natured, easy-going Eskimo. It was a queer intensity, almost a sensitiveness, an undefined but poignant sadness. His eyes, sunken in typical Eskimo slits, were vivid and commanding. His head was nobly shaped.

"This is Ugruk (Spotted Seal), the best hunter in the village," Gretchen said. "Ugruk, this is Reverend Mackenzie, the new missionary."

"Ugruk, him glad see you," the man said in painstaking English.

He smiled wide, and offered his hand. But there was no real warmth in the greeting: he was indifferent to the white man. Instead he was gazing with a peculiar, rapt intensity into the girl's face.

"Why does he look at you that way?" Angus asked after they had moved on.

"I don't just know. I'm some way mixed up with his illusions . . . Now we'd better go to dinner."

The Konrads and their guest dined pleasantly in a warm, well-furnished room overlooking the sea. The meal was excellent—reindeer roast, tom-cod, vegetables out of tins, and as a special treat a few fresh radishes grown carefully under glass during the present summer. Apparently the Konrads lived in the greatest possible comfort. An Eskimo boy waited on the table; the silver and glass of the board compared favorably with any home Angus had ever visited. As a host, Emil Konrad was affability itself.

The talk soon got around to Eskimo customs and character. Gretchen told her parents of Angus's first visit to an igloo, and his distress.

"He thinks their lot is hard now," the girl added. "Wait till he sees them in winter."

"When will winter come?" Angus asked.

"It's on the way now. It frosted last night—when the sun was low on the horizon. It spares us for only a few weeks. I don't mind the cold so much—it doesn't often get to forty—and fifty—and sixty below—but I do hate the long dark. And there are so many native funerals."

THE devil of arrogance that lived in Emil Konrad's ego now saw fit to arise. "Let us not waste too many tears on the natives," he said coldly. "It is true that they have a high death-rate. It is always such with inferior peoples. After all, what does it matter? When they are all gone, they will be gone, and the world will not be so much worse off. But they do not suffer much. They are like animals. They have no—what may I say—super-consciousness, to feel and know. What does life mean to them? Not this." He snapped his finger. "It is only we, the conquerors, who can really live."

Angus looked thoughtfully at his plate. "Isn't it strange, then, that the Lord God ever let 'em be born!"

"Oh, they serve their purpose. They bring in furs, beautiful furs, for our white women to adorn themselves. They bring them out of the great cold, the long dark, which is not too pleasant to face. Still they do not suffer much. They have not the brain to suffer. You see yourself how they always laugh, always chatter, always talk about eating! They have never known anything better, and they never

# The Missionary

will know anything better. Why should we be sorry for them? Tush! They are animals!"

"They have no ideals?" Angus asked.

"None. That is the truth."

"Yes, that is the truth," Mrs. Konrad echoed sadly. "Life is too hard for them to be anything but absolute materialists. You will find that out later."

"But that fact doesna make their condition hardly less sad," Angus replied slowly. "When a man ha' an ideal, he usually ha' hope for its fulfillment. It is death to be wi'out hope."

"But it's living hell to have no hope and still hold an ideal—an ideal that one knows can never come true." Mrs. Konrad's voice held a hushed fervor. "And there is at least one man in the village who bears that cross."

"The half-breed Ugruk?"

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"I saw it in his eyes when I met him today. How does he differ from the rest?"

"He differs because of his mind. Many half-breeds do not feel their white blood—perhaps because it is usually inferior white blood to start with. But Ugruk is an Eskimo with the white man's power to dream."

TO LIGHTEN the talk Konrad began to tell tales of old days in the Arctic. Angus welcomed the topic, because of what it might reveal. Not for one moment had he forgotten his main purpose at Narwhal Cape. As he had trod the village paths, Red Mackenzie's ghost had stalked before him. His heart leaped as he realized that here, tonight, he might learn the full truth regarding his heritage—that heritage of sin which Red Mackenzie had laid upon his soul. The stories Konrad told were of violence and sudden death: any one of them might give the clew to the truth.

Revelation was in store. In the course of his tales Konrad mentioned Postoffice Point. Angus's eyes lit. His father had spoken of this place, almost with his last breath.

"Where *is* Postoffice Point?" he asked. "I've heard of it before."

"It has no set location," Konrad explained. "Every summer it comes close to Point Barrow. It is the southernmost point of the polar ice pack, where the whaling ships used to gather to exchange news and mail."

Angus smiled with a singular tenderness. He wondered if his father's spirit, wandering world-wide just before he died, had seen again the whaling ships at anchor beside the floes, while the hushed seas dreamed in the midnight sun. "*Letters from home at Postoffice Point!*" Well, he was home now and had no more need for letters!

Gretchen had been watching her guest's face and saw his lips curl. At that moment she liked him greatly. Plainly he was not the cold and heartless bigot she had anticipated. But her father paused in his recital and eyed him suspiciously. Like most domineering and high-handed men, he objected to secret smiles.

"What is it?" he demanded. "Whom did you hear mention Postoffice Point?"

"A man named Wallace Mackenzie, who died a few months ago."

A deep silence fell over the board. The Konrads grew rigid in their chairs. "Was he called 'Red' Mackenzie?" the host asked.

"He was."

"You favor him a little. Was he any relation to you?"

"He was my father."

Emil Konrad's big mouth slowly opened. Then it closed with a snap, and a look indescribably grim stole into his hard, Prussian eyes. Angus was amazed. He looked up to find both Gretchen and Mrs. Konrad regarding him with a breathless intensity. Gretchen's face showed a conflict of emotions. Her mother's expression was of surprise and simple compassion.

"So he was your father, eh?" Emil Konrad repeated in a metallic tone. "In that case, I've got a surprise for you."

HE TURNED and spoke in an inaudible tone to his Eskimo servant. His wife, guessing his intention, leaped from her seat, hastened around the table, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Not now!" she protested in a low voice. "Emil, it's a breach of hospitality. Wait till some other time."

But her ruthless mate would not heed. At his gesture the servant hurried out of the room.

"Don't worry about it, mother," came Gretchen's cool tones. "It's just life, that's all. Of course, it's not the right time, but it doesn't really matter, and you know you can't stay father when he sees a chance to trample some one down. He thinks he's going to see a show—but I bet he doesn't."

Angus heard her as in a dream. His heart was thumping and hammering against his ribs. That this was the dawn of revelation he did not doubt, but what form it would take he dared not question. There followed long minutes of waiting. All of them watched the door through which Konrad's servant would return.

Presently they heard him in the hall. The door opened, and he came in. Following him, dull-faced as an idol, was Ugruk the Eskimo.

Konrad's big body heaved up out of his chair. The grim triumph on his face was almost malice. He seized Ugruk by the arm and led him to Angus's chair. Slowly the young minister got to his feet. "When you two gentlemen met today, you didn't make your last names clear to each other," Konrad began grimly.

He paused for the sake of suspense, and the room was silent as a windless Arctic night.

"Ugruk, this is Reverend Angus Mackenzie, of Seattle. Parson, this is Ugruk Mackenzie, of Narwhal Cape. Brothers—shake hands."

(*To be continued*)

# A Cracker for Every Course

(*Continued from page 97*)

With their shape and texture they also make good sandwiches.

Butter thins, shown in figure 12, are best described by their name. They are round, thin crackers baked to a deep brown with a butter flavor. They are dainty for any occasion and may appear in the fish cocktail, soup, salad, or dessert course.

Whole-wheat crackers are marketed in several different forms, as those shown in figures 13, 14, 15 and 16 suggest. Salted or unsalted, their toasted crunchiness and nut-like flavor provide a refreshing contrast when served with fish cocktails, soups, or salads.

Figures 17, 18, and 19 are typical of those tasty, nourishing cheese morsels, which are sold in the form of tiny squares, fingers, and oyster crackers. They are crisp and flaky, golden in color, and rich with a fine tang of cheese. Cheese sandwiches and peanut butter cheese sandwiches, shown in figures 20, 21 and 22, are unsurpassed for the kiddies' or the grown-ups' lunch box, to serve with almost any salad or soup, for afternoon tea, picnics, and camp-fire suppers.

Figures 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28 illustrate the varieties of oyster crackers that can be served to add interest to the soup course. Pretzels, with their piquant and characteristic crunchiness, are unexcelled when served with soups, salads, and fruit drinks. The shapes are most interesting, as figures 30, 31 and 32 will show.

In the plain sweet cracker family the manufacturers have endeavored to satisfy every taste, hence the almost limitless selection of such crackers or cookies sold in package and in bulk. In the illustration of this group, we have included only a few of the most popular varieties. Figure 1 shows fig bars, which in the form of puffy, little bolsters of flavorsome,

"I Want!"

*says the Milk Rebel to the glass of*

"DOUBLE MALTED!"

**To the palates of many children plain milk is like bread without any butter. While "DOUBLE MALTED" is like buttered bread heaped and spread with jelly. Of course, it's this difference in taste that makes "milk rebels" love milk when it's mixed with "DOUBLE MALTED." But it's the even greater difference in nourishment that makes this creamy drink so much better for them.**

**When you mix two spoonfuls of it with the glass of plain milk you give to your child, you immediately *double* the food value of his glassful of plain milk. In other words, those two spoonfuls of "DOUBLE MALTED" not only make his milk irresistibly delicious but also make it twice as nourishing.**

***Builds Weight and Health***

**Don't confuse Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk with ordinary Malted Milk. Thompson's alone is "DOUBLE MALTED"—and that makes a world of difference. When children start drinking Thompson's their weight begins to swing upward to normal, almost immediately. Gains of 2½ to 5 pounds the first month are common. Old handicaps of underweight such as nervousness and disturbed sleep quickly disappear.**

***Make It at Home***
***30 Servings to Pound***

**Your grocer or your druggist has Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk—Chocolate Flavor or Plain. Easily and quickly made. 30 servings to every pound.**

***Special Shaker Offer***

Thompson's Malted Milk Co., Inc.
Dept. 49B-2, Waukesha, Wis.

**Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker, and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.**

*Name*.....

*Street*.....

*City*.....*State*.....


In using advertisements see page 6

# "To serve good coffee," says MRS. KENNETH MONTEAGLE, "is one of the arts of successful entertaining"

"Entertaining is like dancing. It is most enchanting when it appears gay and unstudied, but on what practiced skill its success depends! It is one of the arts of successful entertaining to serve good coffee. Hundreds of different coffee flavors ripen in the tropics, but the finest, richest flavor of all is achieved by blending many coffees. The flavor of Maxwell House Coffee is created in this way."

Estelle Houston Monteagle

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of the warm friendliness of Mrs. Monteagle's hospitality that she likes to draw her guests cosily about the fireplace and pour the after-dinner coffee herself. The clear, golden brown color of Maxwell House Coffee, its fragrance and flavor, induce the mood of genial enjoyment in which the whole evening moves to success.

WITH the simplicity of those born to prominence Mrs. Kenneth Monteagle entertains without formality, but with an instinct for important details which gives her hospitality great chic.

It is not surprising that she should prefer Maxwell House Coffee. The flavor of Maxwell House has an individuality, which appeals instantly to the discriminating palate.

A Southern gentleman years ago toiled with the blending of many different coffees together, until he achieved a blend of unusually rich and mellow harmony.

This fine blend was Maxwell House. It took its name from the hotel where it first became famous,—the old Maxwell House in Nashville, celebrated throughout the South for its hospitality, its old-time Southern dishes and particularly for its wonderful coffee. Here distinguished travelers were entertained. Here the belles and beaux of the Old South first enjoyed the coffee which is served today by America's leading hostesses and preferred in America's foremost homes from coast to coast.

*A Southern gentleman, determined to find the perfect coffee flavor, achieved the inimitable mellow blend of Maxwell House Coffee.*

No single coffee flavor can match the sparkling depth and mellow richness gained in Maxwell House through the blending of selected coffees from many lands. Your own family and guests will appreciate Maxwell House Coffee—it is pleasing more people today than any other coffee ever offered for sale. You will find it at your grocer's in nicely sealed tins which preserve its rare fragrance and flavor.

**RADIO PROGRAM OF MUSIC EVERY THURSDAY**

Famous weekly radio programs are broadcast by the talented Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSTP, KSD, WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC, WRVA. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Coffee Program.

# MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE ★

*"Good to the Last Drop"*

*You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea*

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

## A Cracker for Every Course

golden-brown cake filled with rich fig jam are not only wholesomely sweet, but a dessert in themselves. Wine biscuits in number 2 are delicate, flavorsome biscuits slightly sweetened, and delightful when served with milk, iced drinks, tea, fruit salad, or in sandwich form. Figures 3, 9, and 10 are the vanilla wafers both large and small. These wholesome cookies somewhat resemble pound cake in their delicate texture and are most satisfying. Brown-edged cookies in figure 4 are thin, wafer-like tea-biscuits suitable for any occasion. In figures 5 and 6 we have the long familiar coconut bars plain and in two flavors. We all enjoy raisins, and the fruit biscuits shown in 7 and 8 are chock full of them. Grooved so that they may be separated into two neat strips, these crackers are not only suitable as a dessert, but are exceptionally tasty served plain or spread with cheese for the salad course. The thin, crisp chocolate, sugar, ginger, and molasses snaps which Grandmother used to make are just as inviting made by our cracker manufacturers today. In figures 12, 13, 14 and 19 are typical varieties. In figures 15 and 16 are two kinds of shortbread. These cookies are most satisfying with hot or cold beverages and make unrivaled shortcakes when fresh crushed fruits are heaped between and on top of them. The kiddies are not forgotten, and alphabets, numerals, animals, and other figures interesting to children are now made into crackers suitable for them to eat. Who does not enjoy a gingersnap? Not only gingersnaps but lemon, chocolate, coconut, and peanut snaps can be purchased.

### Graham and Whole-Wheat Crackers

A tribute is due the cracker manufacturers for the high quality of the graham and whole-wheat crackers now on the market, as shown in figures 18, 23, 24 and 25. Made of the finest quality of whole-wheat flour, carefully ground and blended with other ingredients, these crackers are one of the best for children and adults alike. Figure 26 shows a tasty bran cooky. Figure 27 shows a crisp, crunchy, and nourishing cooky only recently on the market and made of whole-wheat flour and oatmeal blended with a mixture of vegetables which have been dehydrated and reduced to a flour. Figure 28 shows an old-fashioned type of cooky rich in coconut and molasses. Figure 20 is a sample of a flavorsome oatmeal raisin cooky, while figure 30 shows a peanut cooky which is both wholesome and flavorsome. In figures 29 and 30 we have the large and small macaroons with their fresh coconut flavor.

It seems almost unnecessary to introduce the group of crackers known as "tea wafers," for their delicate texture and flavor as well as dainty appearance suggest their use by every household. In general, these crackers are sold either plain or in sandwich form. Figures 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 19, 22, 24, 26 and 27 are typical plain tea wafers, while all others are of the sandwich variety with lemon, chocolate, orange, vanilla, and coconut fondant fillings.

In the iced group of crackers or cakes, we have a sweet which in most varieties may be served as cake and candy combined. A sweet cake or flavored wafer is used as the basis. As in figures 1, 4, 6 and 16 these are sometimes spread with jam or jelly, covered with fluffy marshmallow, and then dipped in rich chocolate, or milk chocolate, with perhaps a nutmeat as a garnish. Others as in figures 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, after being heaped with marshmallow, are generously coated with coconut. Still others, like graham crackers and fig bars as in 12, 13 and 14, are well coated with chocolate. Figures 2, 3 and 15 have been dipped in a flavorsome fruit paste or fondant.

The fragile, crisp dainties known as sugar wafers are known to every hostess. Exquisite in taste, they are the last word in dessert delights. In the form of chocolate and vanilla bars, squares, almonds, and sticks, these sugar wafers have a variety of flavored fillings including orange, lemon, mint, chocolate, almond, vanilla, and malted milk.

# It's berry time again...

*these bright berry desserts delight adults... and they're so wholesome for children!*

*Send for new $20,000 cook-book — FREE*

BERRIES—ripe, rich, colorful berries! How welcome they are . . . and how doubly welcome these ingenious berry desserts! For berries and Minute Tapioca have a perfect genius for combining into the most luscious, sparkling dishes.

And the beauty of it is that these new Minute Tapioca desserts are so easily digested, so quickly nutritious that they are as perfect for children as for adults. Never need you bother with the tiresome business of making separate desserts for the youngsters.

Minute Tapioca desserts are so easy to make. No soaking—just brief cooking—and Minute Tapioca is ready for use. That's because, unlike other kinds, Minute Tapioca comes partially cooked in small granules. That's why it is easier to digest, too.

*Send for 78 tested Recipes — FREE*

The new cook-book has all sorts of delightful dessert recipes—as well as many remarkable recipes for an amazing new use of Minute Tapioca—as a *"precision ingredient"* to achieve perfect results throughout the rest of the meal. These 78 recipes were selected from 121,961 original recipes submitted by women the world over. It cost $20,000 to select, test and publish them—yet the cook-book is Free. Send coupon now.

BERRY MINUTE TAPIOCA

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 cups fresh berries | 1 teaspoon butter |
| ½ cup Minute Tapioca | 1½ cups berry juice |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | ½ cup sugar |
| 1½ cups hot water | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |

*All measurements are level.*

Crush berries, sweeten to taste, and let stand 1 hour. Add Minute Tapioca and salt to water, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add butter, berry juice, and sugar. Remove from fire; add berries and lemon juice. Chill until firm. Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish with sweetened, whipped cream and a few whole berries. Serves 8.

If canned berries are used, they should be drained and sugar omitted.

FREE! MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY
46 Filmore Street, Orange, Massachusetts
Please send me FREE copy of Minute Tapioca Cook-Book.

NAME _____

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In Canada: 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

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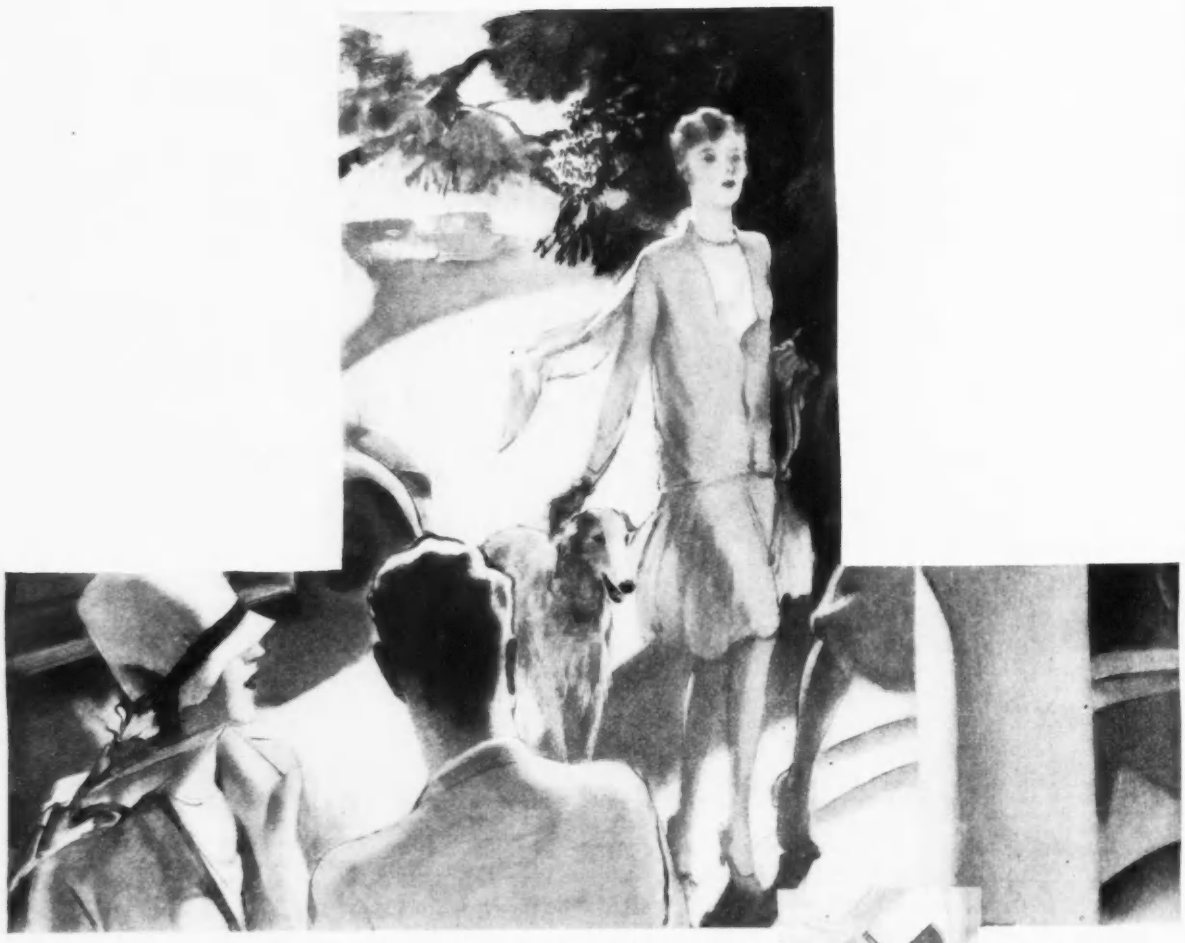
# MINUTE TAPIOCA*

THE DESSERT AND "PRECISION INGREDIENT"


In using advertisements see page 6

# "she simply *flows* along" - - -

## *said the woman by my side*



*. . . stepped from her gleaming roadster and walked to the club*

She spoke, I think, more to herself than to me, but there was no need to ask to whom she was referring.

It was the girl in the lavender sweater.

From the moment she stepped from her gleaming roadster and walked toward the club, I had been fascinated by the fluent grace of her. The greyhound at her side seemed awkward by comparison.

And, watching her, I wondered why all women couldn't walk like that—with a light, firm step, a free, swinging stride—beautifully *natural*.

It was a foot specialist who finally told me *why*.

"Shoes," he explained. "'Show-window shoes,' I call them. They fit well enough when the feet are inactive, but how they do hamper and bind and nag the minute one walks.

"You know that the *walking* foot changes its shape at every step as it flexes and the weight of the body is shifted from heel to toe—not many shoes are made to support the arch and fit snugly at *all* times.

"Probably the girl you speak of was wearing Red Cross Shoes—they are the only ones I know of that fit the foot in action as well as repose, that permit *natural* walking."

* * *

And he was right. For women who wear Red Cross Shoes can forget their feet . . . they walk along buoyantly, unhampered—gloriously graceful.

These remarkable shoes are shaped over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts, derived from averaging the measurements of thousands of feminine feet. Scientifically correct at every fitting point—tread, vamp, instep, heel—The Red Cross Shoe *must* fit every normal foot perfectly. Then, too, the exclusive Arch-Tone support gives just the right uplift to the active arch. While the Natural-shaped heel—comfortably roomy at the bottom, snugly narrow at the top—cannot slip, will not rub.

CHOLET (*top*)
SAN (*lower*)

At the smartest shoe shop in town you will find on display Red Cross Shoes for street, sport and formal wear—perfect blendings of Parisian design and American shoemaking. Beautiful, modish, correct—at prices ranging from $10 to $16.50. Also Sub-deb models, from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models, from $3.50 to $6.00.

SEND FOR YOUR COPY *of this very interesting booklet, "Walk in Beauty." It gives the views of prominent educators on the importance of correct posture—also tells how many beautiful women have acquired the charm of a graceful carriage. Just send your request to Dept. G-18.*

The **RED CROSS SHOE**

© 1929, U. S. Shoe Co. PRODUCT OF THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY, CINCINNATI

# Sacrifice

(*Continued from page 101*)

itself into rocky grottoes below. Here she brought Lavery's letters to read over; here she wrote to him, and in this shared solitude she felt a liberation of all the hungry forces within her.

She had not seen him again before leaving. He had been away, and she had seized the occasion to avoid a parting that would have been difficult for each. She had written him her reasons. He had understood. Their letters were a journal not only of every action but of their most intimate thoughts. As always, when a passion springs from sympathies that are innate, absence brought only a more intimate knowledge. They conversed as they could not have conversed in the presence of each other, for they had been both too inflammable not to have found the strain of their passion like a drug across their minds. His letters were alive with the activity of the stirring world; hers were like meditations from a retreat.

When she thought of the incompleteness of the future before them, she had at times a hazy revolt at the little solicitudes she would be denied, being denied his home. At other times she found compensation in the thought that he would see only the radiant and eager side of her, that no habit or familiarity would ever dull their romance. She wished always to keep about her that precious illusion.

The image of Carl was slipping into a hazy perspective. He was almost as unreal as the children had seemed in Paris, existing somewhere, an integral part of her but invisible, remote—like a shadow that disappears under the noonday sun. She was glad that she had told him of her feeling for Lavery. There had been no deception. But his anger and intolerance had amazed her. She wondered by what process of reasoning a man who took his liberty resented his wife's right to love. There were masculine inconsistencies, of course, but that had been a paradox beyond belief! The terms which she had agreed upon had been the outcome of his own adventuring; that she was willing to keep to them now in the face of her own aroused nature and her longing for completion should appeal to his generosity.

Carl would adjust himself to the situation. There was nothing else for him to do. She owed him nothing. He had no claim over what he had himself deliberately renounced. She would, of course, try to spare as much as possible his pride, for that was all that was involved.

AS A matter of fact, since the day of their explanation, Carl had not again referred to the situation. He had been courteous and deferential in many solicitous little ways. He had borne himself toward her as though a long intimacy had passed and he were in contact with a charming stranger. She could rely on the justice of his second thoughts. Her respect and liking increased. She wrote him constantly of the children and insisted on his spending the Christmas holidays with them.

She had never wavered in her determination to hold her home for her children. It became an obsession, dominating if confusing all her reasoning, for when she believed she was reasoning, it was always to disguise from herself the difficulties which beset her. In the submerging flood of her emotional nature which Lavery had evoked, she had, of course, moments of weakness when she visualized some providential intervention—a sudden generosity of Carl's perhaps—that would set her free. But her imagination could go only a certain distance without a recurring lassitude. For she was too honest with herself not to acknowledge that whatever Lavery's acquiescence now in the full rush of his passion, he would never be satisfied with anything but completed existence. He expected her divorce in the end. He would be patient to a certain point. But he would never relent. The issue would lie between the strength of their convictions.

The future was full of mystery. What portion of happiness would be her meed? When she contemplated it in the long hours when she lay between sea and sky, she experienced sometimes a feeling of terror. The forces that shaped her reasoning were so imperious, so utterly beyond her control, that her destiny also appeared to depend on events she could not foresee. She pictured long years of delightful companionship, and when the children had grown up a final union before the world. At other times, when her emotions were too keen, it seemed to her that such happiness were impossible; that life itself must intervene with its inscrutable angels of death and change. No matter! Whether for years or for a day she would advance with courage.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

FIVE months later, in the first days of April, Carl Baring drove to the station to meet Sabina and the children, who were returning from California. A winter as a bachelor had so completely transformed the routine of his life that it was with a certain incredulity that he tried to visualize his return again into his family.

He had grown in worldly knowledge which is more or less the knowledge of women. His romance with Eileen Daikes had long since flickered out. When he recalled it, it was to wonder at his innocence. Now that she could be discussed, his friends had obligingly dissected her for his enlightenment. The classic affair with the Serbian prince was rehashed in all its sensational details. She was in Europe, leading Tarney a dance. That gave him great satisfaction. What an ass he had been to believe in her heroics! She had broken away, either on account of Sabina or more probably because she had exhausted her curiosity. That was all. Lucky escape!

The car arrived. He jumped out and went down into the waiting-room. The train was due in fifteen minutes. He passed the gate and went out on to the platform. The old life was returning with Sabina and the children. When he thought of his wife, his brow clouded, and he began to swing his cane viciously.

He could not reconcile himself to Daniel Lavery's intrusion into her life. By a strange paradox, when he had been resolved on clearing the way for his marriage to Eileen, he had prided himself on being of the liberated new generation; but the more he indulged himself in the latitude of a man of the world, the more conservative he became. It was all very well to theorize, but in the final analysis there was a difference between the sexes! There was one law for the man and another for the woman, and there was no getting away from it. What he really would have liked would be to retain his liberty and at the same time to reserve Sabina for his home and his children. He did not attempt to defend this position. To argue it with Sabina would, of course, expose him to ridicule. But all the same, these were his true feelings. He could not adjust himself to Lavery, but he was helpless.

With Sabina, however, he had entered into no further discussions, even on the flying trip he had taken west for the holidays. But he knew that Lavery had been out to California to see her. She had announced it frankly in her letters.

A flood of polyglot New York swarmed about him from an incoming local. Porters began to run up the platform.

Well, you had to make the best of things. He had said it to himself a hundred times. This might be a platonic attachment lasting for years. Such things did happen.

"But what can I do?" he thought gloomily. "If I start to discuss it, she will tell me it is only my vanity that is suffering. And I

BELMONT—$33

BRIDES of 1929

Telechron

The SPRINGLESS ELECTRIC CLOCK

ACCURATELY REGULATED FROM THE POWER STATION

*Here is an outstanding aid to better house-keeping. By simply plugging into an electric outlet, Telechron will guide your household according to Observatory Time.*

*Telechron always tells the truth! You do no winding, oiling, or regulating—here is a clock you know you can depend on.*

*Little wonder that thousands of well-regulated homes are now guided by these new marvels of timekeeping accuracy—so smart, so decorative, so immensely practical.*

*As a modern housekeeper, you should see that a Telechron graces your home—you need it! Your authorized Telechron dealer will gladly show you a score of new models, available in attractive designs, from unique kitchen wall clocks to stately triplechime hall models. Priced from $14 to $1100.*

CATHEDRAL $14

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WARREN TELECHRON CO.,
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*Send me your fascinating booklet explaining how Telechron Electric Clocks give Observatory Time*

Name .....

Address .....


In using advertisements see page 6

# Three Lovely and Distinguished

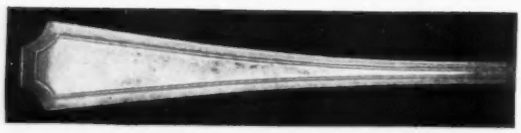
Mrs. EDWARD CORTLANDT PARKER *of Washington*

Mrs. CORNELIUS *de* RONDE DOSKER *of Louisville*

Mrs. WILLIAM H. KINGSLEY JR. *of Philadelphia*

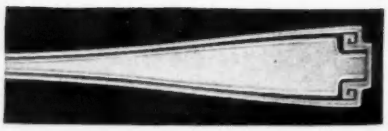
## Chose these superbly beautiful designs in silver

*Mrs. Edward Cortlandt Parker, of Washington, the former Miss Charlotte Riggs, in her exquisite wedding veil of rose point lace.*



*" I selected the Fairfax pattern," Mrs. Parker tells us, "because I admire its exquisite simplicity. What a magic touch this Gorham artist had to create such perfect things as are these Fairfax pieces!"*

*Mrs. Cornelius de Ronde Dosker, the former Miss Elizabeth Sanders, one of Louisville's loveliest brides.*



*Mrs. Dosker says, "The grace and rich finish of the Etruscan pattern are irresistible. I think it extremely smart, too! It takes a truly great artist to achieve such a combination."*

IN WASHINGTON, Mrs. Edward Cortlandt Parker, a bride lovely as a storied princess and by birth a member of one of Baltimore's oldest families . . .

IN LOUISVILLE, demure, dark-eyed Mrs. Cornelius de Ronde Dosker, who has all the beauty and enchantment that the world would wish for a bride of her aristocratic Southern heritage . . .

IN PHILADELPHIA, charming and beautiful Mrs. William H. Kingsley Jr., whose brilliant marriage united two of that city's most distinguished families, the Montgomerys and the Kingsleys . . .

# BRIDES *of a brilliant* SEASON

*Mrs. William H. Kingsley Jr., whose recent marriage was one of Philadelphia's smartest occasions.*

*" I decided on this new Dolly Madison pattern of Gorham Sterling because I love the graceful sweep of its delicate lines," says Mrs. Kingsley.*

North, South, East, and West, America's most prominent brides—her most entrancing, patrician brides—are choosing Gorham Sterling!

These brides, having in common that exquisite taste of women of inherited position and culture, all find in Gorham Sterling the most distinguished of all silver.

Each of these charming but distinctly different women selected for her own the pattern that most appealed to her individual taste, the pattern which perfectly expressed her particular personality. Mrs. Kingsley chose the suave, graceful Dolly Madison; Mrs. Parker, the dignified but delicate Fairfax; Mrs. Dosker the Etruscan, mystic with age and tradition.

For generations, distinguished women have considered their Gorham Sterling—as do these lovely brides—"a most admired, most treasured possession."

The Gorham designers are a group of rarely gifted artists-in-silver whose delicately precise hands bring into being all the subtle beauty of this most elegant of metals,—all its sweeping grace, its fluid loveliness!

That is why those of discriminating taste prefer Gorham Sterling to all others, recognizing upon each perfect piece the indefinable touch of genius.

## *So Small an Investment*

The surprising thing to learn is how small an investment purchases this most beautifully designed of all silver.

*Hollow ware in the new Dolly Madison pattern! A lovely water pitcher, $125. An entrée dish, $95. A small bowl, $45.*

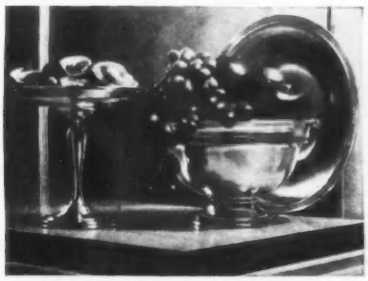
There are many sets of flat ware, with hollow ware to match, to be had at amazingly low cost.

Six teaspoons in the smart Etruscan pattern of Mrs. Dosker's choice are but $9.50. Six dessert knives, $21; six dessert forks, $20.

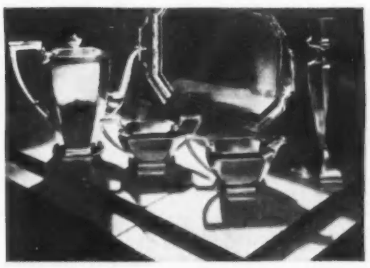
Six lovely Dolly Madison teaspoons cost only $9. Six dessert knives, $21.50; six dessert forks, $21.

In the Fairfax pattern, teaspoons for six cost only $12; six dessert knives, $20; six dessert forks, $21.50.

Your jeweler will be proud to show you the Dolly Madison, the Fairfax and Etruscan patterns as well as many other designs by the unparalleled Gorham artists. The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I. and New York City.



*These beautiful Etruscan pieces suggest many uses. A bowl for fruit or flowers, with a handsome pierced flower holder, $65. A plateau, $45. A compote, $35.*



*This handsome sterling coffee set in the Fairfax pattern, with tray, costs but $250. Fairfax candlesticks, $60 a pair*

# GORHAM

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

In using advertisements see page 6

# "Cooking is My Business"

*Bertha M. Becker, food specialist, tells some summer menu secrets*

"'WHAT can we serve in warm weather that is refreshing, nourishing, and easy to prepare?' I know exactly why so many women ask me that question, for cooking is my business. Here's one hot weather hint I discovered when preparing and testing recipes for '101 New Dishes,' the new 'STEERO' cook book:

"VEGETABLE SALAD IN ASPIC

"3 'STEERO' bouillon cubes; 3 cups boiling water; 3 tablespoons gelatine dissolved in ¾ cup cold water; ½ cup cooked string beans; 1 tablespoon vinegar; ¼ pimento; ½ cup celery cut in cubes; 5 tablespoons cabbage (shredded); lettuce. Dissolve cubes in boiling water, add to dissolved gelatine and vinegar. When cold, pour some of the mixture in a mold or cup moistened with cold water. Chill. Combine vegetables. When jelly has set, add alternate layers of vegetables and aspic until all is used up. Chill thoroughly. Unmold, serve on a bed of lettuce with your favorite salad dressing.

"The 'STEERO' bouillon cubes banish bending over a hot stove to make soup stock. They're easy to use as well as quick. And they give a delightfully new tang to all kinds of recipes."

FREE—Miss Becker's complete series of 101 "STEERO" recipes—from appetizers to sandwich spreads. Just send the coupon below for—

# "101 new dishes"

**And free samples of the cubes**

*"STEERO" bouillon cubes were introduced in 1909. They are now known to millions. Look for the name "STEERO" on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores.*

American Kitchen Products Co.
278-F Water Street, New York, N. Y.

*Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____




# Sacrifice

suppose she would be right. Only that doesn't help!"

The more he considered, the more irritated he became at the tangle in which he found himself, of his own creating—

At last a great mass grew out of the dusk and bore down upon him. The children saw him and rushed forward, smothering him in their arms.

"Heavens, Bobo, how you've grown! And Tam without crutches. Marvelous!"

He felt a sudden moral metamorphosis at the touch of his children. He looked up and saw Sabina coming. What a thoroughbred she was! There was no one like her! The sensation that went through him was so extraordinary that he was almost ashamed of it. Well, no matter what had happened or might happen, he was devoutly glad that she would never go out of his life. She was a part of himself, a part of the edifice he had constructed. To lose her would be to demolish everything and to begin anew.

"Hello, Carl!" she said and gave him her cheek. "Isn't Tam wonderful? He's been without crutches for a month."

"It's good to have you back," he said involuntarily. "Never saw you look better."

Her eyes were so radiant with the excitement of homecoming that it hurt him a little. Lavery, of course.

"It's good to be back," she said, meeting his eyes with her candid look. She smiled and gave his arm a pat, aware that Tam's look was upon them.

The children seized upon him.

"So you've missed me?" he said joyfully.

He felt Bobo's cheek against his hand. People were turning, smiling back at the lively group they made.

"These are the real things in life," he thought, forgetting his previous mood.

"We are going to the hotel," he said, when Marston, grinning from ear to ear, had stowed the baggage in the car. "You can decide later when you want to go to the country. I'll breakfast with you, but I'll have to be down at the office until late."

He averted his eyes as he said it.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

SABINA was in a fever to see Lavery. To spare Carl she resisted the impulse to call him up the moment they reached their rooms. He would be at his apartment, waiting for her call. Hours must elapse before she could hear his voice. Fortunately the children in their exuberance occupied her husband during the meal.

She perceived a change in Carl and puzzled over it. He was thinner in the face and about the eyes; the boyish look had vanished. She was aware of a new virility, but also there were new lines that she did not like. Caroline had written her an alarming letter. She would have to take hold of him and straighten him out. He was really delightful with the children, and his pride in Tam was affecting. Her glance softened so that, surprising it, he wondered. Well, she had done the right thing by him in preserving his home. He had behaved uncommonly well. She was proud of him and profoundly touched by his tactfulness. It would be ungenerous now to go out to the telephone as every instinct urged her.

What agonies of impatience Dan must be suffering! He would be waiting, pacing up and down the library in his feline way, counting the moments. Breakfast was full of unaccountable delays. She could not ask him to the hotel on account of the children. She must get out early, or she would be caught up with friends, Caroline and Jackie.

At length the breakfast ended. Carl departed. The children went off for much-needed naps. She hesitated a moment, was tempted by a sudden inspiration, longing to make up to Lavery for all that he was enduring, yielded and hurried into her coat. At the door she stopped, laughed, and coming back, seized a parcel that was on the table. A brilliant idea. If she met any one, she would simply leave the parcel at his door. Nothing more natural.

She hurried up the avenue, trying to keep a seemly pace, seeing nothing about her, tremulously filled with the joy of return. She turned down a side street, hurrying a little, and on to Park Avenue. There, if anywhere, was the danger of a chance meeting. She glanced up and down. No one. She entered the elevator and gave his floor. When the maid, a strange figure, came, she stepped into the anteroom and, raising her voice, said,

"May I leave this package for Mr. Lavery, or does he happen to be in?"

She heard a hurried step from the library, and Daniel came out.

"I brought the photographs," she said with her eyes down.

"Very kind of you," he said, startled. "Won't you come into the library?"

She followed him. He drew the sliding doors. The package fell to the floor, and she was breathless, laughing and crying, in his arms.

"I KNEW it was you," he said later, when an interval of calm had come. "I knew the moment you rang. But you shouldn't have done it, dear."

"But you knew I would come," she cried triumphantly.

"Yes, but—"

"Ah, don't scold me," she cried, flinging herself into his arms again. "I couldn't have lived out the day without seeing you."

He was alarmed at her recklessness and at the same time elated. A love like that, which was capable of such a wild, foolish thing, was the only love that could satisfy the hunger in him.

"But think how clever I was!" she said, delighted at her success. "If I'd met any one I'd have simply left my package for you and gone around the block and telephoned you. How mystified you would have been—they are Bobo's pajamas!"

He reflected that it would look strange to the servants to have the doors closed and, rising, opened them again. A new phase was beginning, when every action must be considered. New York was not California and carefree, impulsive weeks.

He came back and sat down on the sofa, taking her hands. "You are not going to the country just yet?"

She shook her head. "Not for weeks."

"Thank heaven for that!"

"Oh, I've planned out lots of things," she began, her eyes sparkling with the surprise she had prepared. "I am going to take up my music at once—oh, but seriously! You don't guess? That means I shall have to come in town three, four times a week."

His face lighted. "Wonderful idea!"

"Of course, I've still my studio. I shall make it charming and fill it with lovely things. You must bring interesting people there and have them play for us in the afternoons."

A shadow, slight and unperceived by her, passed over his eyes at the thought of how deftly she was preparing the way. She thought of everything, even to the excuse of a package. Had there been another experience in her life? The thought was involuntary. He dismissed it, thoroughly angry at himself for his suspicions. A young girl or an old maid, if she loved, would act the same. The genius of woman is to deceive for the man she loves. The studio was providential. To win her from her obsession against divorce, he needed every opportunity for intimacy. The more they saw each other, the more they grew together, the sooner she would come to his way of thinking.

"What are you thinking?" she asked, reading his mood.

"I was considering your plans," he said thoughtfully.

## Sacrifice

She was so impetuous that he must keep her in hand. Every move must be made only after careful deliberation.

"Well?"

"We must avoid the appearance of anything hidden."

"Exactly. That's why I'll be at home at the studio one day a week."

He nodded. "That will disarm criticism. Yes."

"And occasionally two or three persons, our real friends, with us for lunch. You are right. The more open we are, the better."

She was so delighted with having solved the problem of their meetings that she was surprised at his thoughtfulness. He would come as others would come, only of course she would be able to guard against intruders and spare him the embarrassment of having to call at her home. What was he thinking?

"You are hiding something," she said, drawing a finger across his forehead. "Worried about anything?"

He hesitated.

"Out with it."

"It is natural, dear, for me to wonder," he began with a touch of constraint. "Well—about everything that touches you. There has been nothing unpleasant?"

She drew back. "Carl? You thought because I didn't telephone—?"

"Yes."

He had been worried over her delay. Probably imagined all sorts of things. That was natural. She could not tell him of the moment of generosity toward her husband which had made her spare his feelings. She leaned forward, taking his hands.

"Listen, Dan, there will be nothing to worry about. Believe me."

There were a dozen questions he wanted to ask her, for the figure of the husband obsessed and mystified him.

"You have told him about your plans."

"I shall, of course."

"Because under the circumstances we must do everything we can to protect him." He said with an effort. "You understand what is due him."

"Yes, I understand," she said, looking away.

They were each silent, oppressed by the same thought. They were back now in the complicated net of their responsible lives. Between them, behind every decision, determining every action, would now be the shadow of the third person, who could never be ignored.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE little fibs which she found herself constantly forced to tell were an unpleasant surprise to Sabina. She had invented the excuse of shopping for Carrie and Jackie when she returned to the hotel, and pretended to Adeline that she had stupidly mistaken the wrong parcel for gloves she had intended to take to the cleaner's. She had concealed from Daniel the real reason why she had not telephoned. There would be many things to be withheld in the future. Much as it went against her candid nature, it could not be avoided. When disagreeable things happened she must at all costs conceal them from his keen eyes.

For the weeks that she remained in New York, everything moved as she had planned. After all, there was nothing surprising in her decision to take up her music seriously, nor in her keeping her studio as a *pied-à-terre* for the easier accomplishment of her purpose. Her friends dropped in on appointed afternoons, admired the art with which she had transformed the studio into a place of charm, and were politely interested in an occasional informal hour of music. If Sabina wanted to become serious, it was simply a new phase, like Eileen Daikes going in for sculpture. Sabina was playing with an idea, that was all. Lavery's devotion and their frequent appearances together were put down as another scalp to her belt. Any number of men had been devoted

Flavor-Sealed
HAM
an Indispensable
Vacation Companion
Now—you can always enjoy a perfect ham dinner no matter how far from a source of supply—for Flavor-Sealed Ham keeps fresh, flavorful, tender in its vacuum sealed container. Convenient and quick to serve. ¶Thoroughly cooked, it is ready to serve cold. Grill in 3 minutes—bake in one-fourth the usual time. A favorite reserve food for vacationists—and a flavor favorite among increasing thousands of homes and hotels. ¶By the exclusive Hormel process all those natural flavors and savory juices lost by usual cooking methods are saved —for Flavor-Sealed Ham is *first* vacuum sealed in its individual container and *then* vacuum cooked. Economical—no bone, no skin, no waste. At leading stores, or write Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.
HALF SIZE PACKAGE
HORMEL
Flavor-Sealed
HAM
WHOLE HAM 7 to 12 lbs. BAKES IN 60 MINUTES
HALF HAM 3 to 5 lbs. BAKES IN 30 MINUTES
ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

In using advertisements see page 6

# WHERE WOMEN OF SOCIETY BUY LOVELY CLOTHES—

*A Mannequin at Bergdorf-Goodman's*

*—exclusive Fifth Avenue fashion salon—modeling a smart gown, while society women make their selections. New York's great couturiers insist upon Lux, for their experience has proved that "Lux keeps delicate fabrics and colors new looking twice as long!"*

*in New York's exclusive fashion salons—"Lux actually re-news the original loveliness of mannequins' lingerie and stockings—keeps them like new twice as long!"*

HOW to keep that lovely fresh *new* look in sheer things, in spite of everyday wear . . . haven't you sighed over this problem?

Now in the exclusive fashion salons of New York, this very problem of yours has been solved—with the beautifully sheer lingerie and stockings worn in modeling costly gowns!

Through actual experience, New York's famous dressmakers — Hickson, Hattie Carnegie, Tappé, Bergdorf-Goodman, Jay-Thorpe, Stein and Blaine, Kurzman, Milgrim, Frances Clyne, Bruck-Weiss—have found that—

"With Lux, underthings and hosiery can be kept exquisitely new *twice as long!*"

Their experience is confirmed by other world-famous fashion authorities! All Hollywood's great movie studios, every musical show in New York, clever women buyers for 132 leading stores—92% of all interviewed—agree that—

"Lux *doubles* the life of fabrics, whether of sheer or of sturdier weave!"

*Great Movie Studios All Use Lux*

*to keep lovely clothes new looking—whether of silk, wool, or shimmering rayon—such as the pajama suit worn by Betty Compson (above). They find that Lux actually* re-news *the first beauty of fabrics.*

# Sacrifice

to Sabina. It was part of her social success. Carl was amusing himself; why not Sabina? Beyond a good deal of good-natured banter there was little of the indiscreet gossip which she had set herself to meet.

There was only one person she feared. Caroline knew her too well not to realize the profound change in her, and Caroline was the one person who would dare to open up the subject. Because she feared what had always seemed to her the virgin rigidity in her sister's character, she determined to meet the situation at once. She arranged a luncheon at the studio, where Mrs. de Worden, Lavery's daughter, would be present. She added Zimbaroff, a famous pianist, and his wife, an English diplomat, and an American author.

The luncheon, with the informality that arises when intelligent people are happily grouped, was delightful. The studio, hung in subdued tones, with a few old Ming porcelains, made a charming background to the mellow luster of the candles. There was a great deal of animated discussion and a great deal of laughter.

Afterward, Zimbaroff seated himself at the piano and kept them spellbound for an hour, privileged to enjoy one of those impulsive moods of an artist that transcend the public appearances.

It was well after four when Lavery and his daughter departed. Sabina had been careful to take only stolen glances at him, but the radiance in his eyes told her that he was tremendously proud of the way she had carried it off. Mrs. de Worden embraced her impulsively and went off arm in arm with her father. This gracious acceptance brought her such a thrill of triumph that for a moment she did not trust herself to speak.

She was left alone with Caroline.

"Well, don't you like him?" she said, knowing that subterfuges would be useless.

"Of course!"

Caroline shrugged her shoulders at the absurdity of the question. She flung into her coat and stood looking at her sister solemnly.

"Well, Bina, you've found your *milieu*."

"Yes. I feel as though I'd just begun to breathe," she said without evasion.

"Are you going to marry him?"

She shook her head. "Not for a long while."

"Do you mean you won't get a divorce?"

"Not while the children need me."

Her sister stood staring at her with a look that suddenly comprehended all that had been hidden from her in the months of indecision and struggle. Then she did a surprising thing. She opened her arms suddenly and took Sabina into them. Then she kissed her twice with more emotion than she had ever been known to show, and went out hurriedly.

WHEN they moved to the country Sabina felt instantly a change in the larger curiosity of her friends. The absence of Lavery from their week-end parties was glaringly noticeable, particularly as they continued to be seen together in New York. It put a more serious aspect to their intimacy. Evidently Carl disapproved. Had there been a quarrel? Did this portend a break-up in the Baring family? There must be a divorce in the offing, or why this banishment from the Baring home?

It was a commonplace of this society that attractive wives continued to inspire sudden and continuing devotion among the friends of their husbands. These attachments were openly advertised and rather a source of pride, if not of convenience, to a hard-working husband. His acceptance of the situation was evidence that it remained within certain limitations. Carl, being approached, attempted to laugh down the rumors of a divorce, but his denial was not believed. That gossip should expect his wife to separate and marry Lavery was in some measure a relief.

Since Sabina's return from California and the reopening of his home, he had been astonished at the emotions awakened in him. Like many men, order was instinctive in him, when surrounded by contacts that made for order. It was only when left to himself that disorganization set in. The home he had created, which was his achievement in the struggle for existence, was the visualization of his success. It gave him the feeling of being established, a different feeling from the migratory quality of a New York apartment. He was profoundly thankful now that he had not made the mistake of marrying Eileen. Sabina had understood him. The biggest thing in his life was his home, his background—and Tam. The boy had reached the age when he felt the beginnings of a real companionship. It was astonishing how quickly he picked up the store of navigation he had to impart to him. He bought him a 22 rifle and superintended his target practise. He spent long afternoons teaching him how to cast with a trout rod. Next summer they would run off together for a trip. In a few years, when he had outgrown his infirmity, they could go off shooting together in the fall.

HIS feelings toward his wife were curiously mixed. Of intimate contact there was little left. Each instinctively avoided a *tête-à-tête*. Caroline had arrived for a long stay—a relief to both. They went out a great deal, entertained a great deal. During the winter he had been thrown with many women, brilliant, dramatic types, a little hard, with a touch of rank audacity which had amused him then. He acknowledged now that none could compare to Sabina in distinction and charm. He was immensely proud that she was his wife, that her entrance was an event of the evening wherever they went. She was the best of comrades, quick to second any wish he might express. He had no reproaches to make—except, of course, one.

He wondered many things. She was living on her nerves, no longer the calm and poised Sabina he had known, but a vibrant, sensitive, electric nature that affected him with a strange charm. He acknowledged to himself that she had never been more desirable. Something was awake in her that had slumbered before, and though another man had aroused these strong, sensitive emotions, nevertheless it was the Sabina he had always despaired of. He wondered how long he would have to possess his soul in patience. He wondered many things that had the power to hurt him acutely. He was jealous. At times it afflicted him so strongly that he wondered if he were not really in love again. Of one thing he was certain, that the shadow of Lavery was intolerable; that it roused fierce, primitive instincts in him.

Though rather obtuse in social perceptions, he realized the mistake Sabina was committing in not inviting Lavery to their home. He shrank from opening the subject with his wife, and so resorted to Caroline.

"Carrie," he said suddenly one evening as they were returning in the dark from a ride, "I'm rather up a stump. Mind if I talk to you?"

"For a long time I've hoped you would," she answered gravely.

"I think Sabina ought to have Lavery down."

"So do I."

"I'm glad you see it," he said, drawing a long breath. "Will you talk to her?"

"No."

He looked at her in surprise.

"You should do it yourself, Carl."

He rode on in silence, his head down. "You don't know how hard that would be," he said finally.

"Oh, yes, I do."

"I'm going through hell just at present."

"Do you want me to tell you frankly what I think, Carl?" she said suddenly. "Do you? I can shut up and see nothing if you prefer. I'm rather good at that."

"For heaven's sake, let's talk it out," he said moodily.


# UTILIVAR

**belongs in your cupboard, too**

***Reach for Utilivar for every Varnishing Need***

KEEP a can of Utilivar where it will tempt you to do varnishing jobs that so frequently arise in every home. It is so easy to apply you will get a real thrill in using it to give new beauty to old surfaces.

Utilivar dries over night with a durable gloss finish that is waterproof and will not turn white. In addition to the clear, spar varnish Utilivar is made in colors to produce light oak, dark oak, mahogany, walnut and cherry effects—staining and varnishing in one operation. It is also made in clear dull varnish that dries with a rubbed effect.

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This CHECK LIST will suggest many ways you can use Utilivar to economize and to add beauty to your home.
Use Utilivar on your:
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Gallons, $5.50
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*1 gallon covers approximately 300 sq. ft. 2 coats*

**70c. VALUE FOR 35c.**

Ask your dealer for Utilivar, or use our special trial offer coupon which makes it easy for you to get acquainted with this fine all-purpose varnish.

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| *Half-pint Utilivar* - - | 50c. |
| *Varnish Brush* - - - | 20c. |
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*Established 1887*
*Makers of* Varnishes, Enamels, Paints
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Here is 35c. for the 70c. value. Also send me your free Guide to Household Finishing.

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In using advertisements see page 6

# WE'RE JUST A YOUNG COUPLE

*"What pieces in Sterling are the very least we can get along with, at the start?"*

*"Just what would they cost us?"*

*"If I give a little informal dinner, and have neither bouillon spoons nor soup spoons, how had I best serve soup?"*

*"Can my menu include a canape or other hors d'oeuvres or a salad before I've added salad forks to my set?"*

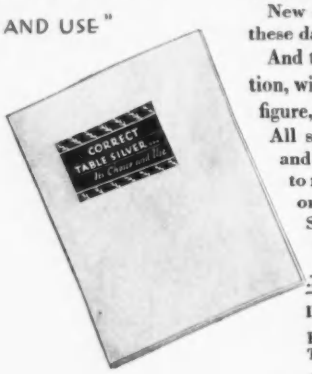
*"If Uncle Andrew should like the dinner I serve him, and say, 'Bless you, my children, and what pieces in this lovely silver would you like next?' just what pieces ought I mention, to help me on my way to formal entertaining?"*

*"As my silver set grows, how can I be sure to avoid a mistake so many women make—'lazy' pieces, forever tucked away in their flannel wrappings, while some other pieces have to be rushed out and washed between courses?"*

*"And then, about table settings . . . is it the most approved thing nowadays to . . . . . "*

DON'T... DON'T DECIDE UNTIL YOU'VE READ...

"Correct Table Silver ITS CHOICE AND USE"




**THERE** never was such a booklet for answering silver questions!

Page after page, to help you determine what sterling selections are best suited to your needs. In all, ten lists are discussed in terms of how many people they will serve, and what sort of menus each will permit. You'll find your own requirements among them—and so avoid the error of too many of this, and not enough of that.

Then there are beautiful and correct table settings—described and pictured so that having this booklet at your elbow is almost the same as having a social secretary to consult.

New silver usage is told about, too—and that's important in these days of changing modes . . .

And then there's a glorious array of patterns for your admiration, with a full list of pieces and prices on each, so that you can figure, to the penny, just what the silver of your choice will cost.

All supervised by Elsie de Wolfe, famous interior decorator and hostess. All fascinatingly told. All beautifully illustrated, to make this a gem among books for your permanent library on entertaining.

Send 25c, to cover mailing and wrapping costs. Write for fascinating booklet today.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Meriden, Conn. G. H., 6-29

Enclosed is 25c. (coin or stamps), for which please send at once my copy of "Correct Table Silver."

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INT
FINE A

**PINE TREE** . . . *the much-discussed new pattern with American background.*

**MINUET** . . . *as charming as the Colonial life that inspired it.*

**TRIANON** . . . *French . . . with classic ancestry . . . delightfully restrained in feeling.*

**FONTAINE** . . . *luxurious, in the manner of the French Renaissance.*

**WEDGWOOD** . . . *as delicately lovely as the famous pottery of that name.*

*Prices are decidedly modest, six teaspoons costing from $11.00 to $12.50, according to pattern, while a twenty-six piece starting set varies from $73.35 to $90.00.*

# Sacrifice

"You may not like what I have to say—"

"Go ahead. I know. I've dug my own grave, if that's what you mean, only that doesn't help."

"Carl, let the storm blow over," she said with a sudden vehemence.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Why do you think it will blow over?" he said presently.

"It will. Believe me. It can not go on indefinitely. Something has to burn out! And Sabina will never give up her home and children. She told me so."

"That is not the worst," he said in a low voice. All at once the doubt that had obsessed him for months overwhelmed his pride. He blurted out, "How far has it gone?"

"Not too far, Carl." She said it quietly, checking her horse and turning to confront him.

"You'd say that anyway," he said, fastening his gaze on her.

"No, I know."

"How can any one know?"

"But *I* know," she repeated solemnly. "I know my sister, Carl!"

He drew a breath of relief. He was weakly, quietly thankful. Above all things, he wanted to be convinced.

"She is in love, as she has never been in her life," Caroline continued. "Yes, for the first time. That is the truth. But it is hopeless, and she will come to see it. She is going to suffer terribly, Carl."

"Yes, I'm afraid that is so," he said, his voice softening.

Caroline looked at him curiously.

"Carl, are you in love with her?"

"What?" he said startled. "Well, I don't know. I think I am."

"Then be very gentle with her, very understanding. Everything may depend on what you do just now and later."

"I wish I thought so," he said moodily.

"She has a tremendous respect for you. Hold her by your generosity. She'll remember later."

He nodded. "All right, I'll speak to her about Lavery."

"Do. She'll respond to it from you. If I spoke to her, she'd resent it."

"Righto. Thanks, old dear."

THAT night, after dinner, Caroline retired early to her room. Sabina was instantly aware that something was on her husband's mind. She knew his ways of old. Whenever he was seeking an opening, he had a funny little custom of rummaging among his pipes. Tonight she watched him apprehensively, as he brought out his pipes and started to polish them by the fireside.

"Anything upsetting you at the office, Carl?" she said finally.

He looked up, guessed that she had read his preoccupation, and was the more embarrassed.

"The office? Oh, no. Everything's going well there. I've made one or two investments for you."

He began to talk business, as he moved about restlessly.

"By the way," he said suddenly, sitting down by the fireplace, "week after next is the horse show. We ought to plan a house-party."

She nodded, watching him.

"Yes, of course. Whom would you like?"

"I'd like you to make your own party," he said hesitating. "Why don't you ask your friend, Mr. Lavery?"

She was taken quite unprepared. She sat up stiffly. "Oh, that is what you wanted to say to me?"

"Yes, Sabina," he said gravely. "I've wanted to say that to you for a long time."

SHE rose and went to the table, where she stood turning over the leaves of a magazine. He noticed how thin she had become, and the new, strained lines about her eyes.

"I think you're making a mistake," he said gently.

"A mistake?" she said.

"You're seeing him all the time in New York, you know. People are beginning to wonder why he never appears here. If you think I should object—" He stopped, drew a long breath. It was more difficult than he expected. "Well, I want you to know that I should prefer to have him here."

"Why?"

"It—it is a protection for all of us."

"It isn't fair to you," she said, groping for an excuse.

"But I should prefer it," he repeated quietly.

"You are sure, Carl, that you wish it," she said earnestly.

"It isn't a question of my feelings," he said, flushing. "I do not know what is in your mind. Perhaps I don't want to know," he added nervously.

He took a step away from her, controlling his voice with difficulty. "But I have still this feeling for you, Sabina. No matter what happens, I am going to protect you."

"It will be hard," she said desperately. "Hard on every one."

"Yes, there is no question about that."

She dreaded the test, warned by all her intuitions. "It is asking a great deal of you."

"You did as much for Eileen."

Yes, she remembered, and she remembered, too, the consequences of that visit. She felt a sudden cold in the small of her back. "If you wish it, it is your right"—she began, and stopped, hoping that he would deny any such authority.

But he remained silent.

"Yes, it is your right," she said in heavy conviction. "Very well, I will make up a house-party and have him down."

"Yes, he has the right," she repeated to herself dully as she went to her room. "Rights that must be respected."

She sat down and stared blankly at the wall. She knew Lavery's sensitive nature too well not to realize the danger that she was now powerless to avoid.

*(To be concluded)*

# Good Refrigeration

*(Continued from page 95)*

burner accidentally become extinguished.

For those who are using ice in the refrigerator it is important to keep in mind that to obtain the best results the ice chamber should be kept at least half full all the time. If the ice gets too low, circulation will be decreased, and higher temperatures will prevail throughout the food compartment. The ice meltage per day will increase with a rise in the room temperature, but with a well insulated refrigerator less ice will be used than with a poorly insulated one. It is not economical, therefore, when purchasing, to save on first cost at the expense of insulation, for a poor refrigerator will be costly to operate and, therefore, the most expensive in the long run. When making your selection, be sure to get one that has been indorsed by some recognized laboratory. Good Housekeeping Institute can furnish you with a list of tested and approved refrigerators, which is a reliable buying guide. All the ice refrigerators we approve have been carefully tested in a way that can not be duplicated in the home.

Frequently we hear about a refrigerator proving satisfactory until the summer months, when sweating is noticed on the front of it.

# This is Mary Jane

Gropingly, hesitatingly, her chubby fingers seek the keys. Often she wonders what it's all about; plots ways of cutting short the practice hour; skips away to games of make-believe. Scales and chords may seem dull at first. Perhaps learning to spell does, too. Yet some day those diligent hours spent in childhood will bring rich reward. Throughout later life, Mary Jane will find cheer and pleasure and comfort in her piano music; will be grateful for the foresight of her parents.

*Your child can easily learn to play*

The great melodies have always been simple ones. Any tune you can hum lies well within the range of amateur technique. To acquire at the piano sufficient skill to entertain oneself and one's friends calls for no special musical gift; the only requirements are a good teacher and a fine piano.

Before creating the new Chickering models we studied hundreds of American interiors, conferred with leading architects, decorators, furniture designers. In their opinion, as in ours, these handsome new grands mark a decided step ahead in piano beauty.

*New designs for present-day homes*

Slender and graceful, their lines are typical of the best present-day American furniture; furniture in which there is being created a period style as definite and as appealing as that of Chippendale or Adam. If you like to live in a beautiful room, if you are sensitive to your surroundings, the Chickering is your piano. See and play it at your local dealer or write for catalogue to Chickering & Sons, 584 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. $1095, up.

To listen, in the intimacy of one's own living room, to the eloquent music of a fine piano is to find complete relaxation, deep enjoyment, relief from cares of the day. Piano music is at its mellowest when

*the gorgeous richness of Chickering tone is fully brought out by the Ampico*

With the Ampico you can hear your favorite music played upon your own Chickering by the world's great pianists. The Ampico, and only the Ampico, exactly reproduces upon the piano itself the magnificent playing of such artists as Rachmaninoff, Orloff, Lhévinne, Brailowsky, Grofé, Carroll, Lopez and hundreds of others. Nocturnes, rhapsodies, folk songs, dance music—all these are yours to enjoy and offer your guests—what royal entertainment! $1995, up. Convenient terms may be arranged.

## CHICKERING

AMERICA'S OLDEST PIANO

In using advertisements see page 6

Experienced interior decorators first discovered this—first disclosed what could be done with inexpensive Lloyd loom furniture in glorifying the appearance of a room. And now, by the thousands, women with no professional decorating training whatsoever, are following the same method—producing entrancing transformations all through their homes. A suite or a piece or two of the richly-hued Lloyd furniture and the whole feeling of a room changes. Familiar furnishings take on new interest and charm. Your furniture store will be glad to co-operate—eager to aid you in selecting a desirable color harmony from the virtually endless combinations of tones and shades in which the Lloyd furniture is finished. It is smartly designed, becomingly upholstered; and the smoothly woven fibre, because invisibly steel-wire-reinforced, assures it an unusually long lease of life.

Entire suites scarcely ever cost anything near what you expect to pay.

PATENT PROCESS
**Lloyd LOOM Products**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BABY CARRIAGES AND FURNITURE

MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN
ORILLIA, CANADA


## Good Refrigeration

To the careful housekeeper sweating is annoying, and it may even prove troublesome by destroying the finish or causing the doors to swell and fit poorly. However, sweating is a condition which must be expected even with a well-made refrigerator on hot, humid days when the air is heavily laden with moisture. A good refrigerator will maintain low temperatures in the ice chamber and food compartment, and due to these low temperatures the front frame of the refrigerator is somewhat cooler than the air in the room. When the moist air of the room comes into contact with the cooler front frame, it gives up some of its moisture, and sweating results. Unfortunately it is not possible to insulate the front frame of the refrigerator or the edges of the doors as effectively as the other walls, so sweating may readily occur at those places. Naturally cold air which flows out of the refrigerator when the doors are opened, and cold air, which leaks out because of poorly fitting or partly closed doors, will increase the amount of sweating. It is important, therefore, that the lever latches be pulled down firmly each time the doors are closed, so as to prevent excessive leakage of cold air, and you should wipe off the moisture as it accumulates, to keep it from running down on the lower door; if it is allowed to lodge there, the water may soak into the wooden door frame, causing it to swell and fit poorly. It is desirable also to varnish or paint these wood parts occasionally, so as to maintain a good protective surface that will resist moisture. Refinish not only the outside of the wood case, but also around the edges of the door frames and door openings. The all-porcelain and the so-called all-steel refrigerators are a good selection. Even these should be wiped off when moisture forms on them, so as to keep water from collecting on the frames of the doors, which usually are made of wood.

## May We Eat Candy?

(*Continued from page 103*)

fermentation products irritate the stomach lining. Absorbed into the blood, they may be actually poisonous. Cane sugar is more readily fermentable in this way than certain other types, hence the use of other forms of sugar in infant milk formulæ by certain pediatricians. In brief, then, harmful effects of sugar in the stomach are traceable to excesses rather than to any harm in the sugar *per se*. In small amounts it behaves ideally; in excess, violations of the Volstead Act occur which are not amenable to any police control.

Aside from possible fermentation effects, however, excess of sugar has another effect. Meats require abundance of acid gastric juice for digestion. Suppose we dump a lot of sugar into the stomach just before dinner. In the first place it tends to destroy our appetite for less strongly flavored food. We're not hungry. If we sit down to dinner and consume our beefsteak, nevertheless, the steak finds no gastric juice to digest it. It has to remain there until the sugar effect wears off and the acid begins to flow, or it is sent on very little digested. You see, then, why the question has developed of making sweets desserts or end-of-meal foods. You also see why it is not wisdom to curl up on a sofa and munch chocolates all afternoon, if you wish to enjoy and expect to digest a good dinner. Candy is "satiating" here in a most undesirable fashion. You will also see why ripe fruits are often employed to satisfy craving for sweets instead of concentrated sugar or candy. The sugar in the fruit is greatly diluted. You satisfy your liking for sugar with much less danger of excess.

Let's now follow our candy into the intestine. Here it is actually digested and absorbed. Digestion consists in splitting it into two simple sugars, known to chemists as glucose and fructose (sometimes called dextrose and levulose respectively). Quickly split, these two simple sugars are with similar rapidity taken

## May We Eat Candy?

up by the blood and rushed to the muscles and other parts of the body. In these regions they are either burned to produce energy, or stored either as starch or fat to await future energy demands. This speed is sugar's value and menace. There is no quicker food energy known. You see, then, why a soldier on the march, or an athlete just before a race, may resort to candy as a quick and sure means of supplying the fuel for his sudden effort.

But sugar is not the only source of body fuel. Starch digests much more slowly, and the sugars that are formed reach the fire regions more slowly in consequence. Fats are still slower sources, but equally sure. My entire morning's energy need may be better delivered by a cereal or bacon breakfast than by cane sugar, simply because its slower digestion permits distribution over a longer period of time. That is one of the reasons why we give our children cereals instead of a box of candy for breakfast. The facts just related also explain why John may safely eat considerable candy just before he goes out to play football, while the same indulgence is denied to his sister, who wants to sit still with a book all the afternoon. If sister is indulged, she will probably wax fat by storing up the unburned fuel, while John will stay lean because he burns it up by his play energy. Athletic daughters may demand greater candy indulgence than sedentary ones, and that holds for adults also.

### Does Sugar Reduce?

You may recall now that one of the advertising claims for sugar was that it is used in reducing diets. The story back of this is as follows: A certain physician who specialized in obesity reductions used a time-honored method. He knew that if he cut down his patients' calories they would burn up their own fat to get the necessary energy. But he also knew that fat is not readily kindled. Patients who had been eating large quantities of food became distressed between meals when their food supply was cut, because their fat did not burn quickly or completely. He found that this distress could be quickly relieved by a few pieces of candy taken between the *reduced* meals. It supplied the kindling necessary to avoid trouble. Don't let this story, then, lead you to the belief that those excess pounds of fat will disappear by the munching of a box of candy.

There are other facts about sugar and its behavior that are of interest. During the late war we found it necessary to pay especial attention to desserts, for without a sweet to top a meal most males will leave the table dissatisfied. It may be custom, habit, that has created this reaction. Certainly such reaction is no proof of the necessity of desserts. But avoidance of dissatisfaction is sometimes a means to avoiding worse effects, and we did not want our soldiers grouchy; it was bad for morale. Sweets "satiated" in a good sense in this case.

But turn to another problem: Suppose we want to teach a child to chew, for the sake of teeth exercise, or to avoid overeating, or to engender habits of liking for valuable foods. Deluging his oatmeal with sugar may ruin all these aims, and he begins to eat the cereal for the sake of the sugar, not for the needs described. Here is a satiation quite undesired.

Perhaps the human race would have been better today if nature had not been so generous with types of food. It probably would not have been so happy. The fact remains, however, that types of foods are abundant, and hence choice as to amounts, when to eat, and other problems are forced upon us, with disaster if we choose unwisely. Sugar, then, is simply a splendid foodstuff which we must learn how to use. With increased use of "soft drinks" the "soda fountain habit," cheap and plentiful ices, candies, and other forms of sugared concoctions, indulgence must be curbed if we wish health, but not because sugar properly used is other than a useful foodstuff.

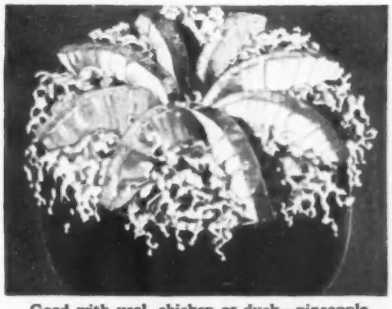
***Depending on the knowing skill with which you "DRESS IT"***

**Rules for making a successful salad are simple—yet how often disregarded!**

**The practiced hostess expends her energy less in thinking up new kinds of salad than in choosing the right salad to fit her menu and having it flavored with a brilliant, sparkling dressing.**

**The soul of the salad is the flavor in the dressing—so important that often the hostess entrusts it to no hand but her own. She knows that the racy, lively tang that Colman's Mustard gives may make all the difference between a disappointingly dull salad and one that glows with life.**

**For generations Colman's has been the choice of connoisseurs, who love it for the peppy little seed of Lincolnshire from which it is milled. Add Colman's to all your salad dressings—the ready prepared as well as the homemade—and to cooked foods as well. Our new free book of recipes contains many useful hints. Mail the coupon.**



Good with veal, chicken or duck—pineapple wedges in shredded lettuce with *Clove Dressing*— ½ cup oil; 2 tablespoons vinegar; 1 teaspoon paprika; 1 teaspoon powdered sugar; ½ teaspoon Colman's Mustard; 2 teaspoons salt; dash cayenne; ⅛ teaspoon French's Ground Cloves. Place all ingredients in a bottle or cruet, chill, shake vigorously just before serving.

Dessert Salad of pineapple, marshmallows and pecans with *Golden Dressing:* To 1 cup hot canned pineapple juice add ¼ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour and 2 level teaspoons Colman's Mustard mixed together. Cook in double boiler until thick. Stir into the beaten yolks of 2 eggs and add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Return to double boiler and cook 3 minutes. When cool add 1 cup of whipped cream.

By appointment to His Majesty The King

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

**FREE!** *Recipes for more savory salads and cooked foods*

J. & J. Colman (U. S. A.) Ltd., Dept. C-6-29, Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me new free book of recipes for salad dressings, savory foods and relishes.

Name_____

Address_____


In using advertisements see page 6

# *Cleanliness plus* PROTECTION

THOUSANDS of women keep their homes immaculately clean, but fail to realize that germs lurk in millions even on the most carefully scrubbed surfaces—surfaces that hands are constantly touching.

These germs are the deadliest enemies of the home. They spread the common diseases relentlessly. They must be killed if a home is to be truly protected.

It is easy to kill them. When you clean, each day, just drop one tablespoonful of "Lysol" Disinfectant into each quart of your cleaning water. No matter whether you are using a broom, or a mop, or a cloth—just go right ahead as if you were using only soap and water. "Lysol" Disinfectant will do its work. It will protect your home while you are cleaning it.

It is an easy habit to form. Start today. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant. Get the large size and save money. Complete directions will tell you exactly how to use it.

Send for our free booklet, "Preventing the Spread of Common Diseases." It has kept sickness out of thousands of homes. And you will want to keep it conveniently near for constant reference. Simply clip the coupon below.

★ Lysol Disinfectant

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

*Sole Distributors:* Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 7 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 6 p. m., Central Standard time.

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1929

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors,*
Department 310, Bloomfield, New Jersey

*Please send me, free, your booklet,* "Preventing the Spread of Common Diseases."

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....


# How to Care for the New Fabrics

(*Continued from page 99*)

not responsible for this complication, but it has multiplied the conditions whereby simple laundering as a method of cleaning should not be used. Many attractive sports costumes made of fabrics as easily washed as linen handkerchiefs must be sent to a cleaner because of plaits that can not be pressed satisfactorily at home. A little attention to style when purchasing a "washable" dress will save many a cleaner's bill.

Many of the most beautiful fabrics are composed of combinations of fibers which react differently under the same conditions of moisture and temperature. This is especially true of the lovely decorative materials used for draperies, hangings, and covers of various kinds. The very qualities that make them so desirable often prohibit cleansing them with soap and water. A recent test made upon an attractive cotton and rayon drapery fabric showed that it could not be washed, for the red cotton was not fast in color. Some fibers shrink and others stretch when wet, therefore when they are woven in combination, it is a hazardous operation to launder this material successfully. It is difficult to iron the fabric evenly, and pulling or stretching on frames is apt to break the threads. No general rule for laundering these combined fibers can be given. The best way is to test a sample of the material for behavior as to color fastness, shrinkage, or stretch when wet.

### Fabrics of Two Fibers

Fabrics composed of the same fiber, or different fibers combined, may be so woven that laundering is not practicable. A loose weave may either stretch or shrink, according to the kind of fiber, its twist and its thickness. Floats, or long threads passing over several threads to form a design, are a hindrance to successful washing, as they may be caught and pulled or broken. Here again the safest way is to test a sample of the goods before washing.

When it is found that the beauty or usefulness of an article will be marred or destroyed by cleaning with soap and water, dry cleaning methods may be used. Many materials, if not extremely soiled, may be cleaned by covering them thickly with fuller's earth, powdered magnesia, or French chalk. They should then be covered with paper to prevent scattering the powder, left for several hours, and then brushed well to remove the soiled cleaner. This may be repeated if necessary. Sheer fabrics, like glass curtains, may be cleaned successfully in this way if they have not become too soiled.

Non-inflammable, dry-cleaning fluids like carbon tetrachloride may be used safely on all materials where washing is not desirable or possible. Success in this method of cleaning depends, first, upon using enough of the liquid to dissolve the greasy deposit and float out the soil; and second, upon thorough rinsing in fresh cleanser till the article is bright and clear.

As has been stated, the peculiar structure of the synthetic fibers renders them resistant to stains, but when necessary, they may be "spotted" (have the spots removed) by the methods suitable for that stain. In the case of the cellulose-acetate fabrics, however, acetone, ether, or chloroform should not be used in removing stains, as they may dissolve the fiber.

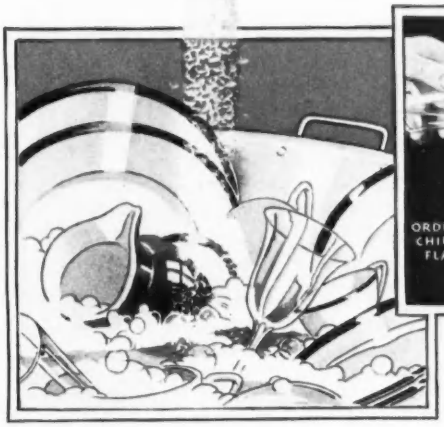
As improvements in the synthetic fibers are constantly being made, it is not improbable that some of the precautions mentioned in this article with regard to cleaning fabrics made from them will be unnecessary advice by this time.

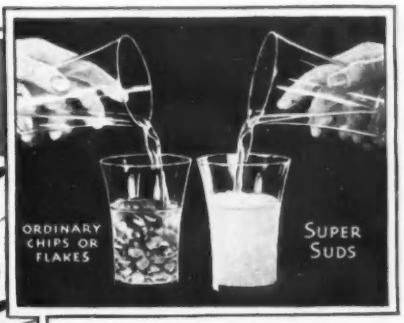
"When as in silk my Julia goes
To trip her dancing way on
Deliriously red-hot toes,
Who knows she's not in rayon."
—*Carroll Carroll in "The Lantern."*

# Bead Soap Wins over chips and flakes

## ⅓ of America now uses this kind of soap*

***Because this soap in bead form dissolves instantly. Gives suds all through the water. Washes faster . . . rinses easier . . . than bars, chips or flakes.***






HERE'S a new form of soap that has won an amazing victory over chips and flakes. On the market scarcely more than a year, one woman out of every three* now uses it!

Many women find this new soap cuts dishwashing time in half. It gives cleaner, whiter clothes *with less labor.*

It is called Super Suds. It is not chips, nor powder. But soap in the form of tiny thin-walled *beads.* Beads four times thinner than chips or flakes.

*Instant suds all through the water—not just on top*

Because of its tissue-like thinness Super Suds always dissolves instantly and completely. It gives you not only instant *top* suds, but rich soapy *under*-water suds as well. Just as the photographic test above shows you. Please make this test and see.

These active below-the-surface suds wash dishes faster . . . clothes whiter . . . because they go to work instantly all through the water. Thus with Super Suds you get super cleansing power.

Since Super Suds dissolves so completely, it is the easiest rinsing soap on the market today. It leaves clothes clear and white and soap-free with actually one less rinsing. It rinses completely away from dishes in one hot rinse, leaving them so free from soap film that they will *drain* sparkling dry—*without wiping.*

Get Super Suds today for dishwashing tonight. Use it to save time and work in your next laundry. Use it to protect your hands when you clean woodwork, or bath tubs or linoleum. You'll say these speedy beads of soap are truly a wonderful discovery. The big box of Super Suds is only 10 cents.

***Demonstrate to yourself how rapidly and completely Super Suds dissolves***

Instant suds . . . not only on top . . . but all through the water. Only Super Suds can give you this.

Prove this for yourself by making this simple two-second test. Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water of dishwashing temperature.

Instantly every bit of Super Suds rushes into suds all through the water, not just on top. Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float on top or sink to the bottom, leaving the water in between clear and soapless.

This is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds gets to work faster . . . cleans with such amazing swiftness.

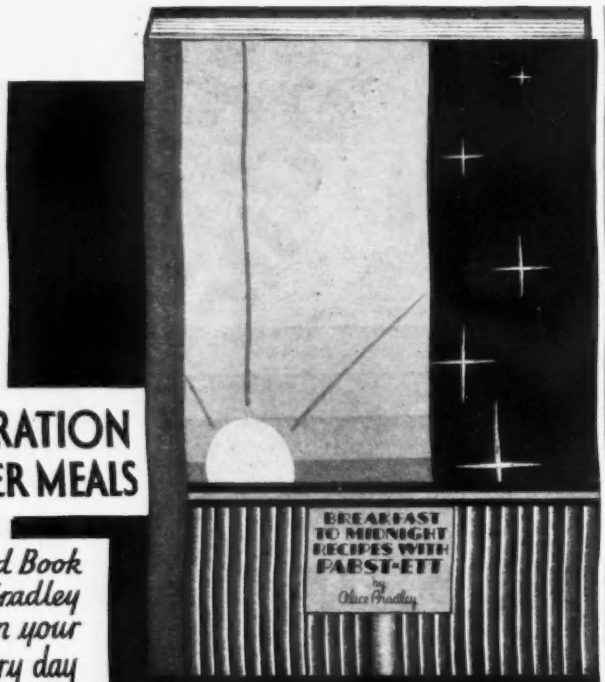
* * *

*These figures are based on 212,960 answers given us by housewives when called upon in their homes.

4574

**Super Suds** ***The Big Box of Soap for 10¢***

In using advertisements see page 6




AN INSPIRATION FOR BETTER MEALS

*Newly Created Book by Alice Bradley to brighten your menu every day*

**One trial of Pabst-ett suggests so many fascinating possibilities that women say, "Tell us more ways to use it."**

**Here they are! Workable recipes by Alice Bradley. Dishes for every occasion, from breakfast to box lunches, from formal afternoon tea to midnight suppers—with typical menus for correctly planned meals.**

**Pabst-ett contains all the elements of whole milk, and digests just as easily. It has a zippy, aged-in tang that everyone likes. And there are so many things you can do with it! This book suggests countless opportunities for more interesting meals—soups, sauces, salads, desserts, main dishes. Sent with a full-size package of Pabst-ett for 25 cents (the book alone for 10 cents). Mail the coupon below.**

Pabst-ett comes in a round box, packed two ways — in the regular family package, and in individual triangular portions.

★ Pabst Cheese, deliciously aged and easily digested, is made in these varieties: American, Pimento, Swiss, and Brick, packed in quarter and half pound packages and in five pound loaves; and Limburger in quarter pounds only.

Pabst-ett

PABST CORPORATION
Dept. B-6, Milwaukee, Wis.
*Enclosed is*
☐ 25 cents for your booklet, "Breakfast to Midnight Recipes," and a full-size package of Pabst-ett.
☐ 10 cents for the recipe book alone.

Name _____

Address _____


# The Freedom of Virtue

(*Continued from page 104*)

I can go in, because I am never poisoned. It doesn't *take*."

We watched him as he pawed around in the brush. We watched him with some envy because he was immune. We could not touch poison ivy, and he could. What poisoned us could not poison him. He was therefore free to enter that field, and we were not.

Jesus was free. He had absolute liberty. He could go anywhere, into any locality or with any company, because his virtue was unconquerable; he could not be poisoned, could not even be stained.

". . . Here the blot is blanched
By God's gift of a purity of soul
That will not take pollution, ermine-like
Armed from dishonor by its own soft snow.
Such was this gift of God who showed for once
How He would have the world go white."

### True Freedom

It is often said by thoughtless people that religious and virtuous persons are bound by their principles, by their rules and regulations, so that their lives are narrow and circumscribed; whereas those who are unhampered by religious belief and untrammeled by conscience are free to go whithersoever they please and do whatsoever they choose. But the facts are exactly the opposite.

True freedom is found only in virtue; the vicious are slaves. The important thing to remember is that they are slaves not only to their own inclinations and bodily desires, but they are slaves to Time and Place. There are some boys and girls, young men and women, whose parents or guardians or teachers or friends can not trust them unless they are under supervision. If they are out late at night, or with questionable companions, or in a distant city, they are a source of anxiety and worry. Every night many fathers and mothers are lying awake because they do not know where their children are; and if they did know, perhaps they would feel not better, but worse. They suspect that these particular children can not safely be exposed to temptation. These parents have peace of mind only when the children are in the house or are accompanied by trustworthy companions. That is, there are persons who are good only when they are watched or when they are with good people.

Some men are "good" in their home town and bad in Europe; some are good in the daytime and bad at night; some are good professionally and bad outside of office hours; some are good only when there is no opportunity to be anything else. Now, if character is dependent on geography or climate or the clock or the company, of what value is it? Clyde Fitch wrote a play called "The City," in which it appeared that certain persons moved from the country into the city and went to the devil, and the city was blamed for this. If they had only remained in the pure and virtuous village! Thus some parents believe, when their sons behave badly in a large university, that they might have been good boys if only they had gone to a small college. But the truth is that neither the city nor the university is to blame. Virtue that is dependent on circumstances is not virtue at all.

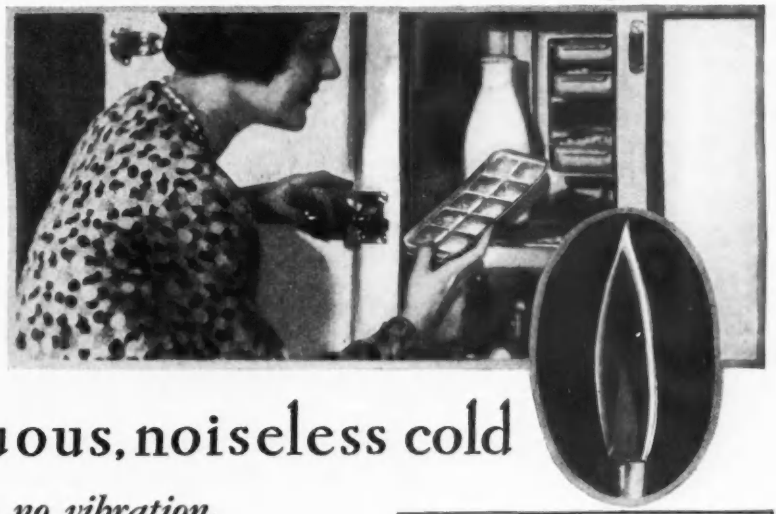
When Nathaniel Hawthorne was an undergraduate at Bowdoin, he was caught playing cards and was fined by the president. He wrote to his sister:

"I perceive that he thinks I have been led away by the wicked ones, in which, however, he is greatly mistaken. I was full as willing to play as the person he suspects of having enticed me, and would have been influenced by no one. I have a great mind to commence playing again, merely to show him that I scorn to be seduced by another into anything wrong."

A letter like that, read aloud in the family circle, must have made them proud of their young representative; he enjoyed the freedom

# Freeze with Heat . . . The Electrolux Refrigerator

# *One* Simple Flame



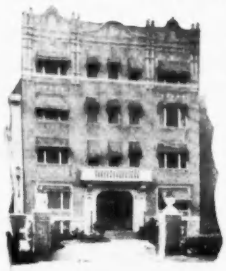
## makes continuous, noiseless cold

***No machinery, no vibration, no sound or wear to the gas refrigerator***

WITH the advent of Electrolux, the gas refrigerator, noiseless non-mechanical refrigeration is not only a simple, practical thing, an established everyday fact in tens of thousands of homes, but it is the really economical kind of refrigeration to have.

Discovered at the Royal University of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden, in 1922, the unique freezing principle of the Electrolux has had six years of testing and proving.

There is no machinery at all; not a single moving part to wear. Merely a tiny gas flame, a trickle of water, a simple refrigerating liquid—and that is all. Just light the flame—once—and the chilling action starts, to continue endlessly. The heat expands the liquid to vapor. The water condenses it back to liquid again. During this cycle of physical change, intense even cold is produced.



*Cedar Hall apartments, East Orange N. J., another fine new apartment Electrolux equipped.*

The flame burns without attention, without thought on your part. Should it ever go out for some unforeseen reason, no harm is done. The chilling action stops, but the gas automatically shuts off and cannot flow again until you are ready to light it once more.

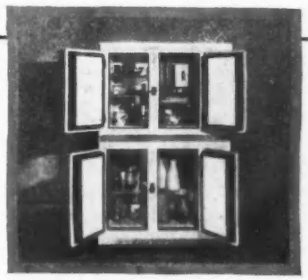
There is not a thing that should need renewal or replacement, unless it be the little gas burner after years of use. Scientists can find no reason why the Electrolux should ever wear out, any more than a kitchen sink.

Since its introduction, the Electrolux has been examined with great thoroughness by architects, engineers, national and local testing bureaus, women's institutes and public utility companies by the hundreds. And never has a new product been approved more completely, more enthusiastically. Today this remarkable refrigerator is a sensation, an assured success. It is operating in tens of thousands of homes. It is being installed in the finest, newest types of apartment buildings. It is causing old ideas about automatic refrigeration to be revised, for its freedom from noise, vibration and wear is revolutionary.

At the nearest display room of your own gas company or other Electrolux distributor you may see this wonder for yourself. You will see a wide range of sizes and models in a choice of white or two beautiful color harmonies, obtained by a new and exclusive "veiling" process.

### *Costs Less to Operate*

Gas and water are not only relatively cheap, but the Electrolux uses only a tiny gas flame, a mere trickle of water. That is why the operating cost is ridiculously low. Ask your gas company or dealer for exact figure in your locality.



*The Mansion Model—food capacity 10 cubic feet—80 large ice cubes.*

Prices range from $210 to $510, f. o. b. Evansville. You can obtain the Electrolux for operation with natural gas, Pyrofax gas, or a small electric heating element, in addition to the usual manufactured gas.

If not able to call in person, return the coupon below today. It will bring you complete illustrated literature. Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

# ELECTROLUX

## THE GAS REFRIGERATOR

**MADE BY SERVEL**

© S. S., Inc., 1929

SERVEL SALES, INC., EVANSVILLE, IND.
Gentlemen: Please send me free, complete illustrated literature about the Electrolux.

Name_____

Street_____

City and State_____

In using advertisements see page 6

# How Science Ends the Uncertainty

## of Old-Time Hygienic Methods

*And gives women freedom, comfort, standards of health never before possible*

ALREADY, within just a few years, millions of women have learned to take the comfort of Kotex for granted. The first scientific sanitary napkin, it is constantly being perfected in details which make for added comfort and better health!

This is what Kotex provides: a super-absorbent, soft protection, fashioned to give greatest possible comfort. Cellucotton absorbent wadding actually takes up 5 times more moisture than cotton; it is disposable just like tissue; the gauze is soft, specially treated; the layers of filler are adjustable.

*Now—deodorizes, shaped-to-fit*

An important discovery in Kotex Laboratories! Kotex is treated to deodorize safely, completely. This process has been patented* and is to be found in no other sanitary pad.

Corners of each pad have been rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection.

*Super-size Kotex*

Many women prefer Super-size Kotex, which is exactly the same as the Regular Kotex but contains extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Formerly 90c, it has now been reduced to 65c.

Buy a box of Kotex today ... 45 cents for twelve. All drug, dry goods and department stores sell it; also in vending cabinets in rest-rooms through the West Disinfecting Company. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

*Such Fleecy Softness*

can come only with Cellucotton —the cool, fluffy absorbent

The fleecy, delicate folds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding offer a type of softness that no substitute can equal. Because of its downy white cotton-like structure and its correct absorbency, surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals insist upon Cellucotton absorbent wadding to give patients the greatest possible degree of hygienic comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which Deodorizes

*Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928

[*Prices slightly higher in Canada.*]


## The Freedom of Virtue

of virtue. He could be trusted. For there are children and young men and maidens who can be trusted anywhere; who are safe in any place, at any hour, or in any company. No one worries about them.

I do not understand why parents should be willing to accept or to offer the excuse, "He was misled by evil companions." The implication is disastrous.

There are persons who take the color of the company, like the chameleon; place that animal on blue, he turns blue; place him on red, he turns red; place him on a crazy-quilt, he turns crazy. The desire to please everybody leads to destruction.

There can be no freedom in insecurity. A man who is in danger of drinking too much must never drink a little; a man who is liable to take something that does not belong to him must never be left alone with valuables; some men can never be left alone at all. The virtuous man is not afraid of being "found out," for there is nothing criminal to find. The hitherto undiscovered thief lives in fear. An evil secret is poisonous.

The spiritual climate of this world is unhealthy. The prayer, "Deliver us from evil," does not mean that we hope to be delivered from some particular calamity; it means deliver us from the air we breathe. May we grow strong in spite of the environment. May we survive the poison in the air. For just as nearly all the intellectual work of the world has been done in a bad climate, so the strongest men and women in the world have developed through conflict, through difficulties.

### The Value of Character

It is not natural advantages that make a people great; it is character. Compare Scotland with Mexico. Scotland has about the worst climate and the least productive soil in the world; look at the Scots! Mexico has a marvelously lovely climate and extraordinary natural resources; look at the condition of the people! If we transferred all the Mexicans to Scotland, most of them would speedily die. If we transferred all the Scots to Mexico, many of them would be millionaires in a month.

*It is a wonderful thing to be free,* to be able to go anywhere, to associate with all kinds of people. Life is a succession of opportunities, of chances to develop and grow; it is interesting and profitable to know what the world is like, to understand by observation its darkest aspects. It is not only the "residential" streets and the respectable citizens that can teach us; much is to be learned elsewhere and from others. As Shadrach and his companions walked safely in the flames, so the man of impregnable and unassailable character is secure in any environment.

But although virtue assures one of liberty, freedom, and safety, no true man or woman is content with that. Independence, security, immunity are splendid things, but even those great advantages are not enough to make an ideal character. "Safety first" is good counsel for a timorous man, but it is not enough for the valiant. He not only wants to be safe anytime and anywhere—he wants to be a life-giving force. He wants to be productive, to be fruitful. Well, sincere and unassuming virtue is the greatest of all influences.

The late Charles Frohman, a theatre manager whose daily dealings involved immense sums of money and brought him into contact with hundreds of greedy men and women, *never wrote a contract.* A playwright or an actor would talk with him, and perhaps they would come to an agreement; then, if the playwright and the actor had never had any previous dealings with him, they would suggest a written contract.

Mr. Frohman invariably replied: "You can have a contract if you want it; but I have never written any. My word has always been found sufficient."

Now imagine the respect in which he was

# Intelligent women let their tooth paste buy their cold cream

So many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of 50 cent dentifrices. Cold Cream, for example. Talcum. Handkerchiefs. Hose.

## One trial convinces you of its exhilarating after effect

YOU probably know that wonderful feeling of mouth cleanliness and exhilaration that follows the use of Listerine.

Now that delightful sensation is brought to you by Listerine Tooth Paste—25 cents the large tube.

Try it one week. Note how quickly it cleans. How it removes all traces of discoloration and leaves teeth gleaming. How it invigorates the entire oral tract.

Millions, finding that Listerine Tooth Paste gives such pleasant results have rejected older and costlier favorites. The average saving is $3 per year per person.

We'll wager that once you try it, you too, will be convinced of its merit. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE
★ TOOTH
PASTE

In using advertisements see page 6

# Shampooing

## *done properly . . adds loveliness to*

# Your Hair

**Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean thoroughly, Thus preventing the . . . Real Beauty . . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing**

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and . . . just see . . . how really beautiful . . . your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

***For Your Protection***

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

**MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**

June 1929 Good Housekeeping


## The Freedom of Virtue

held. He had never been known to break his word; it was always as good as his bond. Not only was such a man in an enviable position, but consider his influence. No man or woman ever left his office without an increased sense of personal honor; that is, without being better than when he entered it.

Charles Frohman would have laughed at the idea that he was a missionary. But he was one of the best and most effective of missionaries, because his life and character produced honor and probity in others.

If a group of corrupt promoters wish to have a certain bill passed by the members of a legislature, they meet in secret and draw up a list of all the law-makers. Some men on this list they know can be bought, and the only question is, How much? Others are of an indeterminate quality; they must be felt out with caution and tact. But others are immediately crossed off the list as unapproachable. They are never under any circumstances for sale, and merely to suggest in their presence anything remotely resembling a bribe is not only fruitless, but actually dangerous. These men are not sanctimonious or narrow-minded; they are simply independent, they are free, beyond the reach of evil suggestion. And they are the salt of the earth.

The standards of Jesus were within; he carried into this world his own atmosphere. No temptation to pride, no corrupting society, had the slightest effect on him. He sat down to meat in the Pharisee's house, he went home with the embezzler Zacchaeus, he talked freely with the woman of Samaria, and he not only received no evil, but instead of his virtue casting a blight on these people and making them embarrassed and ill at ease, they all felt in his presence a life-giving force. They saw the Light more clearly than some of the Scribes and Pharisees, because the Light shines more brightly in the darkness.

Jesus came into this world to make us free—free of the pull of vice, free of the fear of public opinion, free of the fear of danger, free of the fear of superstitions. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." In his service is perfect freedom. Bunyan's weary pilgrim, staggering under a terrible burden, reached the foot of the Cross, and the burden disappeared. He walked on as if he had wings. It is a great thing to be free.

In Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," young Marius, the worshiper of Napoleon, is passionately declaiming the glories of his idol to his friends in the club.

"'To call forth at any moment constellations of victories in the zenith of the centuries, to make the French Empire the successor of the Roman Empire, to be the Grand Nation and to bring forth the Grand Army, to send your legions flying over the whole earth as a mountain sends its eagles upon all sides, to vanquish, to rule, to thunderstrike, to be in Europe a kind of gilded people through glory, to sound through history a Titan trumpet call, to conquer the world twice, by conquest and by resplendence, this is sublime, and what can be more grand?'

"'To be free,' said Combeférre."

## Salads

(*Continued from page 93*)

*Halibut Salad* makes an excellent main dish for a porch supper. You will need one pound of flaked, cooked halibut, one bunch of radishes diced, two cucumbers diced, one cupful of cooked green peas, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a dash of paprika, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth cupful of French Dressing, and sliced stuffed olives for garnishing. Serve on crisp leaves of any salad plant, topped with Boiled Dressing. Serves from six to eight.

*Send ten cents to our Bulletin Service for unusual recipes in this menu box, and additional menus and recipes.*

# The Blue and the Gray

(*Continued from page 57*)

The hard, bright laugh sounded so strange upon her lips, the youth looked over his shoulder, fancying it must have come from some one passing unseen. Some ghost of the exiled, bright French past, laughing through Miss Sophronia's lips. Who knows?

"I know what I shall do!" she said. "I shall open Wren Hall as it was for my cousin's wedding. I and no other shall receive the Union officers. For I am the head of the house!"

From a few steps away she ran back to where Waldo stood puzzled and helpless, leaning his weight on his peg.

"Don't you understand, stupid?" she whispered. "Don't you see I must keep the Union men from prowling about the parish tonight? Marse Edward is in the *Sans Souci* on the Bayou! With secret papers. If the Yankees should find him before he gets to the Gulf, he would never give the papers up alive. But they shall not find him. For I shall keep them—happy—in the Hall tonight!"

NEVER since her cousin's wedding, if even then, had Wren Hall known such a fervor of preparation.

"Go ring the plantation bell," Miss Sophronia cried to black Amber when she reached the door. "Go get all the darkies from the fields. Go dig up the wine from the cellar!"

"Bress yo' heaht, Miss Safrony. Ah ain't able fo' to dig up dat *wine*," Amber protested. "Effen ah let dem tow-haided Yankees drink up dat impo'ted wine, Massa Tom gwine skin me alive, when-all he git brack."

She stood on the steps of the outside stairway, a head above the giant black butler. Her father had named him Amber because he was so black. Something in the crack of her voice around his shoulders made him flinch.

"I tell you, Amber, to open the Hall for company from up North!" she cried. "Go dig up every silver dish and spoon we have buried in the orchard! Polish the prisms of the crystal chandeliers. And bring me my mother's satin ball-gown from the big, black leather trunk! And my mother's pearls, Amber, from the bucket in the bottom of the well! Bring them all, everything!"

Amber stood frozen with horror before his young mistress. Had she gone stark, staring mad? Then he saw that tears were streaming from her eyes. Dropping unheeded on her tight, brown taffeta dress.

"Tell ole Amber," he begged. "What am happen to us-all now?"

"I can't tell you anything now. There is no time. But help me, as you never helped any one before!"

She was turning away, up the steps. She stopped. She braced herself with her hand on the banister. "And—Amber—" she said, "never mention—my Daddy—to me—again. For I am the head of Wren Hall now. I am the head of the house—Amber. Because, my Daddy is dead!"

He shook his woolly, hard head, trying to shake out what she had said, as a swimmer shakes water out of his ear. And when he knew she was speaking the truth, he dropped to the step where she had stood and cried. He was fifteen years younger than his master. The first thing he could ever remember clearly in his life had been Marse Tom calling him "Amber, you black ape!" Nobody else ever called him a black ape, nobody. And now maybe nobody ever would.

Miss Sophronia looked down from the top of the stairs. "Oh, Amber, don't break down now. Amber—you—you black ape!" her voice trembled.

Her voice rose higher as the darky still sat with his head buried in his hands, tears streaming through his fingers.

"For God's sake, Amber," she cried, "go dig up the wine and *drink* it! We bury only our hearts at Wren Hall tonight!"

What wonder then that there had never been

***"But daddy, I tell you . . . . . it was no laughing matter to mother and me! . . . . . The weather grew warmer . . . . and I grew crosser . . . . every day. Chafed, you know. Of course it was mother who found out the trouble . . . . . and now, we're using a different powder, made specially for me! It's so soft and keeps me so comfortable . . . . and I don't care what the weather is . . . . . I've been cool ever since!"***

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In using advertisements see page 6

# "Professor Goodfood"

A most important member of the faculty is Professor Goodfood! Growing girls at college get more out of his courses than they do out of Greek, geometry, and golf. Professor Goodfood's laboratory is aluminum-equipped.

Smith, Sweet Briar, and many other noted women's colleges cook in aluminum utensils. They use aluminum, some of them exclusively, because it does such *good* cooking and—thanks to its imperviousness to food acids—such healthful cooking too.

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*Publicity Division*, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," to address written below




## The Blue and the Gray

before such a scene as greeted the Yankee officers when they came at the last slant of that day's sun. Tenderness and sharpness soothed and stirred them. The strange, exotic welcome of Wren Hall was like a beautiful transparency in a parade.

"Can this be the right place?" asked Major Lauderdale of his aide, as they entered the yard. "There must be some mistake. Can it be true that the spirit of the Southerners is not crushed!"

"This is certainly the place," the aide replied.

The Union officers stood, backed up in a group near the gateway.

"You can't tell about these aristocratic planters," the Major's aide added. "I had a cousin who visited in Louisiana once. And he said it was a different world. Even if they cut off your head, they do it politely here!"

"If they put poison in your tea, they do it with rose-leaves, eh?" said Major Lauderdale, laughing a little uneasily.

The brilliant Union Major had sensed exactly the curious, soft deception of Wren Hall. "Rose-leaves dipped in poison," the drawing-room curtains seemed to sway and whisper at the open windows. "Daggers dipped in honey," whispered the Southern breeze from the languid Bayou Teche.

Major Lauderdale gave a low order to an adjutant beside him. "Send out ten men to search the neighborhood," he said. "Ride back to the detachment camped at L'Abbé de Lacroix and give the order now. Have the men go quietly, so as not to alarm the villages."

The adjutant was turning away. The Major stopped him, looking with misgiving at the mansion so obviously eager to receive him.

"Ah. On second thought, better send out ten scouts from Breau Bridge, too," he added. "And be sure they search thoroughly that big bayou that runs through the town. I understand they hide out private racing yachts here, to run the blockade."

THE immense brick house was still as a dream. The big, white, front doors were closed. Yet every window, every door, had an air of being upon the point of bursting dramatically open.

Inside, Miss Sophronia stood in the great hall, waiting for the officers to step upon the gallery, waiting for Amber to open the big front doors, pressing her hand to the bodice of her mother's white satin ball-gown.

"Colonel Tom! Oh, Colonel Tom," a parrot screamed. "Company come, Colonel. Company come, Colonel."

As the Major stepped upon the bottom of the three shallow steps leading up to the long gallery, the sudden, duskless Southern night descended upon him from the yard. The white, carved, pilastered double doors of the mansion burst open before him. The light from two hundred candles in a cut-glass chandelier blazed out and beyond him. The fragrance of roses poured from the big interior.

Amber, in butler's broadcloth, bowed him in.

"Major Lauderdale," the big black man announced, and turned to his mistress.

The white, shimmering vision of Miss Sophronia in her mother's ball-gown came toward the Major in blue. And the Major's heart went right out of his breast and lay where she put the high French heels of her mother's small, white slippers down. And he adored her. As every officer back of him adored her. And he loved her. As none of the officers could love her. As women are seldom loved. As only a great gentleman can love.

Miss Sophronia gave a little, startled gasp. She stopped a moment in advancing to meet him. For she hadn't expected a gentleman. She had expected a barbarian from the North. One who could be turned by flattery into a fool. And the North had sent her a commander instead.

"Sir, will you enter?" she said.

For he had stopped at the door, as she had

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# frees the Modern Mother
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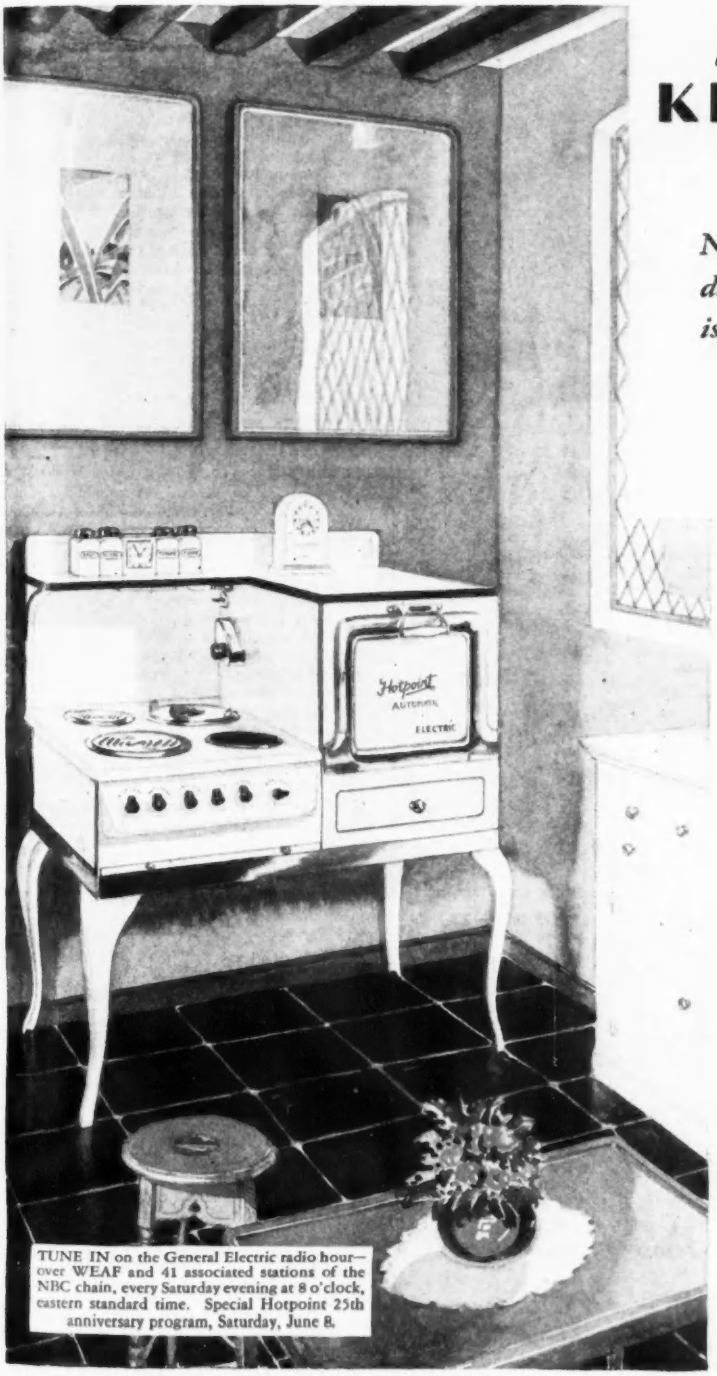
*Now are the glorious days when all nature is calling you outdoors*

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## The Blue and the Gray

stopped in coming toward him. He stepped into the immense hall, built two stories high in the middle of the house, English fashion.

On the left he caught a glimpse through an arched doorway of a Louis Quinze drawing-room. On the right, of a piquant Provence dining-room of the period when the Popes of Rome dined themselves in the Palais des Papes at Avignon.

And before him stood Miss Sophronia.

Beside her was a huge, billowing negress, a white kerchief tight above her rolling, black eyes. Back of Miss Sophronia was Celestine Vichy, wearing her smart black frock and frilled white cap and apron. Aaron Burr was there, in a pressed black suit cut down from Amber's.

Miss Sophronia motioned to the huge negro mammy beside her to stand back.

"Will you ask your officers in, sir?"

For a moment the Major was entranced, as one entering fairyland. Then he remembered the rose-leaves and the poison, the daggers and the honey, that somehow had haunted him in the yard. Perhaps it was only the natural caution of a commander that made him remember that feeling now. Or perhaps it was Miss Sophronia trying to close her heart against the enemy, after her first surprise at his bearing.

"Thank you, yes," said the Major. "But first, may I speak with the head of the house?"

His words were like a dagger thrust in a new wound. Miss Sophronia was not prepared for this. Couldn't any one *see* she was the head of the house? She looked at Mammy and saw tears in her eyes. If Mammy were called upon to explain who was the head of Wren Hall now, she would burst into sobs. She looked at Celestine Vichy, at Lily Bell. Except for some masterstroke, her household would break into wild, uncontrollable grief.

MISS SOPHRONIA looked at Amber. And Amber had not received in the Parish of Iberia for a generation for nothing! Received when the town seethed with high-sounding French and Spanish names and titles. He turned from the blue Major to his great lady in shining white.

"Miss Sophronia Louisa Henrietta Watson, sir," said Amber. "The head of Wren Hall, sir!"

"Gentlemen, be seated," Miss Sophronia said. "Aaron, pass the glasses!"

Miss Sophronia turned to Major Lauderdale. "There is something I should like to say to you, sir—alone," she said.

She led the way into the dining-room he could see toward the right. He followed, lifting his eyebrows. Seeing ambush in every heavy, brocaded curtain.

She glanced toward the table. "I have prepared the table as you ordered," she said. "But—"

She glanced again toward the table. The white cloth glistened with silver and plate. Polished glass dishes glowed with fruits. Glittering vases were filled with flowers. Silver buckets held bottles of wines.

"It is a banquet table for the gods," he said. "And we are but men."

She looked at him. Cold, masked imperiousness hid her fearful heart. If ever the practised, suave commandership of this older man met the hot, passionate patriotism of young Marse Edward! In spite of Marse Edward's schooling of her, Miss Sophronia was not a soldier.

Now she recalled herself from her tortuous thoughts. "But do you not see, sir, that there is no food?" she said.

"No food?" he echoed. "No food!"

"Doubtless you have stores with your troops," she answered. "If you will send back for them, I shall complete your feast, and serve it. I can not complete it myself. There has not been a dust of flour in Wren Hall for over two years! We have parched beans for coffee, sir, and dried roots for tea."

His face was crimson.

"I have caviar for your *hors d'œuvres*, sir,"

## The Blue and the Gray

she said, "and wines in the cellars for your banquet—claret and champagne and cognac. Luxuries, but no flour. In the South we have cake, Major Lauderdale, but no bread!"

He put his hand in front of his eyes a moment when her laugh made a queer tremor of his nerves. When the light from the diamond bracelet on her arm flashed blue fire in his face.

"If you will send for coffee and flour," she said, "we shall do very well."

He winced when she added, "With perhaps," tapping her slim fingers hesitantly with the small, striking fan she held in her hands, a fan of jade sticks with a diamond butterfly caught in gauze. "With perhaps," she added, "a little white sugar!"

For the first time the Northern Major noticed how extraordinarily petal-young for a grown woman was her skin. How untouched by days was the perfect curve of her round cheek. These, and the odd inflection of her voice in speaking of "white sugar" made him wonder how old was the head of Wren Hall, after all. She who was so tall and wore her mama's ball-gown from Paris!

WHAT a supper was served at ten o'clock that night at Wren Hall! The famous *Court Bouillon* of the parish, an inimitable French soup with tabasco and fish. Eggs with caviar; curried shrimps in rice. Breasts of chicken fried in the precious flour batter. A stack cake, still hot, iced with the white sugar Miss Sophronia had coveted. In the drawing-room afterward, Creole pralines, and Creole coffee of a stimulation past any other drink in the world.

Major Lauderdale stood with Miss Sophronia beside the big French windows opening on the garden at the back of the house. Outside, the moon had come up. It was midnight moonlight. On the mimosa, the camellias, on the gray Spanish moss and the feathery bamboo. And it was starlight down on the shadowed Bayou Teche among the lotus flowers.

"Have you ever been to Boston?" the Major asked. "That is my home."

She answered that she had not. "I had been promised a visit to Boston—when I grew up," she said forgettingly.

"When you grew up?" he questioned; smiled down upon her.

She noticed there was beginning a little gray at his temples.

"And are you not grown up now?" he said.

"Yes, Major Lauderdale," she answered him gravely. "I grew up—today."

She dropped the little fan with the jade sticks. When he bent and handed it back to her, his hand touched hers. And suddenly she felt warm and bright all over. Her mother's heart beneath her mother's bodice gave a strange, quick, little thump and thrill.

Looking into her startled eyes, the Yankee Major said:

"You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in all my life. You are all I have ever dreamed of, all my life."

Then, in spite of the thrill in her Latin blood, or because of it, his words were all that were needed to turn her moment of softness back into cold, white, untouchable scorn. The terrible fury of the Southerners fighting for their hearths swept through her. It was possible that had she held a stiletto in her hands at that moment, instead of a filmy fan, she would have stabbed the Union officer. So high and hot ran her anger against this handsome man who spoke to her softly, while at any moment his scouts might capture her lover!

"Is it by insulting me, sir, by making love to me, that you repay my hospitality?" she exclaimed.

Her words drew him stiffly, austerely, to attention. "You are forgetting," he reminded her, "that Wren Hall did not offer hospitality, but bowed to necessity. And as for your own gracious presence, you offered that unrequested—as I offer you my homage now. As I hope to return to Dixie to offer it in happier times."

But Miss Sophronia could bear no more


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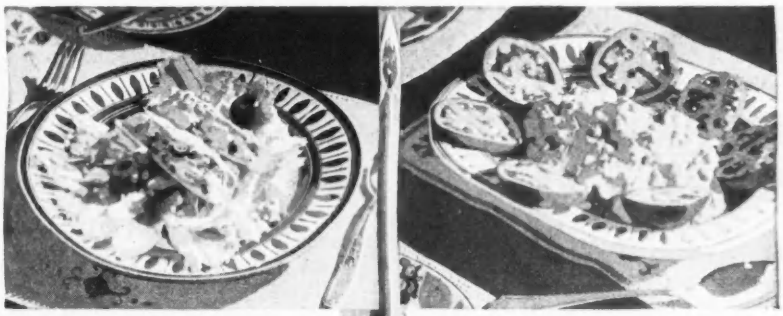
## *that are different*



**A Salad that Men Really Like . . .**

*Wash celery stalks, fill with this mixture—cream ¼ pound Cream cheese with 1 tbsp. butter, 1 tbsp. chopped pimientos and 1 tbsp. Gulden's Mustard. Serve on lettuce.*

**And Here's a Savory Supper Dish . . .**

*To 1 cup cream sauce add 4 tbsp. chopped stuffed olives and ½ lb. can of salmon. Season with 1 tbsp. Gulden's. Serve on platter with broiled sliced tomatoes. Delicious!*

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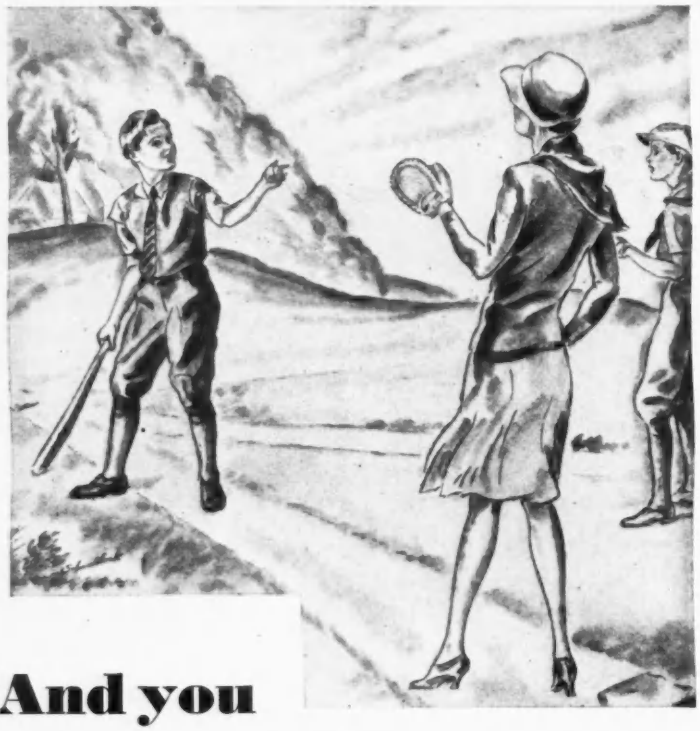

# "And you play first base, mother"

"LET'S play ball." Mother had been the first to suggest it to the family, after they had eaten their fill from the luncheon basket. Just as she had been the first to suggest this all-day romp in the country, and the picnic under the trees.

A few weeks ago she didn't have this youthful vigor. Constant nagging pain in her feet and ankles had made her inactive and impatient. Both body and nerves had been racked by the trouble with her feet.

But a fortunate visit to her podiatrist resulted in the suggestion that she wear Walk-Over Shoes with the built-in Main Spring* Arch. They not only gently massaged her sagging foot bones and muscles but supported them firmly and comfortably while this corrective action was taking place, thus supplementing the work of the podiatrist. Just a few weeks' wear of this built-in featherweight springy steel arch has effected a restoration of her foot health.

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**WALK-OVER SHOES**

**WITH THE MAIN SPRING ARCH**

June 1929 Good Housekeeping


## The Blue and the Gray

calmly. Her nerves were shaken. Her breath was suffocating her. "I—I hope you—never get out of Dixie—alive—this time," she gasped.

Then quickly the startled pain and horror in his face recalled her from her sweeping, unreasoning emotion. "No, no, I do not mean that," she said. "I do not hate you. I do not hate any one. I wish you well."

She collected herself, trying to be reserved and still. Trying to be contained and gentle as he was under the strain.

"I only wish," she said, "that you had never come to Dixie!"

When she paused, trembling, he tried to speak lightly again.

"Suppose we do not talk of our differences," he said, even smiling a little as he said it. "I am far too gallant a man to fight a lovely lady."

At this moment Miss Sophronia's eyes swept past the man beside her and fell upon Lily Bell—Lily Bell, who was regarding the Major with gorgeous, undisguised eyes of admiration.

The black girl was stepping with cat-feet about the drawing-room, retrieving glasses, straightening rugs. But she had eyes only for the handsome Northern officer. Miss Sophronia looked quickly down at the fan she held, so it trembled in her hand. She followed Lily Bell to the hall.

"What do you mean by ogling at the officers?" she demanded sharply.

"Ah ain't ogled at no off'cer 'ceptin' one!" Lily Bell resented the pluraling of her admiration. "De otha off'cers ain't fitten tuh wipe a Southe'n lady's shoes on, Miss Safrony. Jes towhaided Yanks. But de *Majah!*"

"What do you mean?" Miss Sophronia raged, the red flooding all over her face. "You fool! He is the enemy."

"Lawd a-Massy, Miss Safrony. You plum bline? Dat Majah ain't no enemy uv ouahs! Dat Majah done deep in lub wif us-all!"

The Major himself laughed at these words over Miss Sophronia's shoulder. He had come near at that instant and heard them from the doorway at her back. Lily Bell ran cackling. Left Miss Sophronia gazing, white and frightened, into the blue, serious eyes above hers.

"I—I could love you," he said, "my lovely lady of the Southland." And he added, as she still stood near him, powerless to move. "But you—? Wonderful small head of this grand old house! Have *you* never been in love?"

LOOKING into his eyes that searched hers so deeply, so kindly, the hardness in Miss Sophronia's heart, that had been there all the afternoon, melted away. Back of her eyes she began to weep. For her father. For Marse Edward, out in the night, where she had sent him, smiling.

"You are thinking of your—lover?" the grave man beside her repeated.

Then tears blinded her. Fell upon her hands. "He—he gave me this fan," she said.

For this was no time for lies. This was war, and love.

"There, there," the strange, quiet officer said. "We shall not talk of it any more. Love—is the most precious thing in the world. Keep yours—if you can!"

As he was speaking, as he reached out to touch her—then thought better of it and drew back his hand—there was a commotion about the doors leading on to the gallery. Amber stood in the doorway, his black skin showing ash-gray above his stiff, white collar. His eyes sunken in his head.

There were sharp voices in the yard. Lily Bell came into the hall, clutching at her throat. Stood beside her mistress. A young Yankee lieutenant by the door dropped a wine-glass. It shattered on the wide, polished mahogany boards of the floor.

The blue officers seemed to form a protective circle about Miss Sophronia and then open outward like a crescent. In the middle of the group facing the door the tall, white figure stood in shining satin. On each side of her the

## The Blue and the Gray

Union blue. In her dark hair a crimson rose. And in her hands a small, shimmering fan of jade and gauze and diamonds.

Outside, the field darkies in the yard were beginning to murmur. With a little, rising surf-sound. It came and went in waves against the gallery, came and went. Whispered itself, silenced itself, formed slow, syncopated words—

"Ah—done—what yuh tole me to do, Lawd!
Ah done—dat—too.

"You done tole me to go—Lawd!
Ah done—done dat, too!
You done tole me to come—Lawd!
Ah done—done dat, too!"

THE sound of the singing merged into another sound. The sound of tramping feet.

Miss Sophronia took a step forward from the brilliant crescent of blue. She spoke to Amber at the door.

"Why do you interrupt my guests?" she demanded angrily. "Whom are you announcing at this hour of the night?"

And the answer came from the outside. In the steady coming of feet. In the drum of words.

"It's de Blue-Coats. A-bringin sumpin—down de street," Amber said.

"Bringing something?" Miss Sophronia asked, her voice bright as a sword. "Well, what if they are? They have a right here. They have taken the town. What are they bringing?"

"A-bringin'—a pris'ner," Amber said huskily.

Major Lauderdale stepped in front of Miss Sophronia and spoke to the soldier at the door.

"It will not be necessary to bring prisoners to me here," he commanded. "Order the detachment to take all prisoners to the camp at Breau Bridge."

But his order was interrupted. Lily Bell pounced upon the Union soldiers in the shaft of light outside the door. Tore out of their surprised fingers something from which cannon could not have separated her. Held in her black, shaking hands the flag of the *Sans Souci*.

And all the time the concourse of steps was nearing the front gallery, the Major's order disregarded in the startling scene. Miss Sophronia glanced in the gilt mirror over the mantel. Took the flag from Lily Bell. Rearranged it gently, laid it lightly over her arm where the diamond bracelet flashed out fire. Heedless of the alien officers now, she fastened more firmly in her hair the crimson rose, pinched her pale cheeks to make them glow like the cheeks of a soldier's sweetheart—and smiled.

The steps were upon the gallery. Amber, bent and fear-streaked, at the door. He looked at Miss Sophronia. And something passed between mistress and slave that seemed to make the air of the room quiver and scintillate. And Amber turned to the figure entering the door.

"Mistuh Edward Wylie Howard Baker," he announced. "Lieutenant Confederate States Army."

As if an emperor were entering. As if the whole Confederate Army were announced, from all the generals *up!*

And there entered the slim, disheveled figure of a soldier in Confederate gray.

The Union officers stirred and began talking to each other. Only a prisoner. One prisoner from a private racing yacht.

But the Major stood silently watching. Only he and the young Confederate soldier saw Miss Sophronia open the little jade-sticked fan, and touch the trembling, gauze-meshed butterfly with the tips of her fingers, and smile.

"We are butterflies, caught," her lips seemed to form.

"Fire caught in gauze," the diamonds seemed to the Major to interpolate.

The Major's lips were a little tight in command. His blue eyes were a little tired with campaigning. "We shall quarter our prisoner here," he said to the two adjutants who stood one on either side of the door.

There was still the general murmur of uninterrupted conversation among the Major's


# Now Cook Macaroni in 5 Minutes!

*Save Muss, Bother,*
*15 Minutes*
*Pot Watching*

## Accept Package of This New Quaker Food Invention to Try—Note Coupon

HERE is the latest achievement of Quaker Oats Company experts to make meals more delicious and kitchen work easier for women.

An utterly NEW-TYPE macaroni—*milk-containing*—that cooks in 5 minutes and puts one of the world's most important strength foods on the quick list. No fuss, no muss, no bother—no more burnt macaroni.

Please accept a full-size package to try. We pay your grocer the full retail price. So do not hesitate to present the coupon below.

*A U. S. Patented Food Invention*

We made this new creation with whole milk. Ordinary macaroni is made with water and takes 20 minutes, as you know, to cook.

That milk, too, brings you a finer macaroni. A super-tender, far more succulent macaroni.

Years were spent in perfecting it. Protected by U. S. Patent, there is no other macaroni like it. Please remember this.

*5 Minutes—That's All*

Five minutes cooks it perfectly. Which is as it should be. For strength-giving macaroni should be often on your table. Quicker now for a macaroni meal than making sandwiches for the family. You cook it while the coffee cooks. This is something you will like.

*Full-Size Package Free*

Go today to your grocery. Present coupon below. Get a full-size package of QUAKER QUICK MILK MACARONI. Free to try. Try its quick cooking. Note its amazing tenderness. See what a royal dish macaroni has been made. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

*Good For Full-Size Package* Present to Any Grocer

To get full-size package of Quaker QUICK Macaroni, simply sign this coupon and present to your grocer. He will give you a full-size package FREE. (If your grocer can't supply you, send coupon to us direct.)

**Note to Retail Grocers:** The Quaker Oats Co. hereby promises to pay you 10c for each 8-oz. package on presentation of this coupon to the Quaker Oats Co., 80 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

It must be duly signed by the housewife who receives the free package. And only one package to a family. No payment will be made to coupon brokers.

**Housewives Note:** Coupons good for genuine Oneida Community Tudor Plate spoons *inside every package.* Get spoon for coupons alone or for only three coupons and 15 cents.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

Quaker Quick Macaroni

G. H.—6


In using advertisements see page 6

A copy of an original Louiseboulanger model—made of Svelda Chiffon Crepe—an all-Bemberg Aberfoyle fabric

# CHIFFON CREPES MADE OF BEMBERG

*an evening gown of rare distinction!*

AT first glance you will think that the distinction so proudly called to your attention must be the fabric itself, for you have never before handled any material with such delicacy of texture and coloring combined with such evident firmness and strength.

But there is one invisible distinction that makes these chiffons different from any materials you have ever worn in evening gowns. *They can be washed* without their original freshness being dimmed. Think what that will save you in dry cleaning bills!

This distinction of delicacy of texture combined with washability is achieved when fabrics of superior construction are woven of Bemberg.

For Bemberg, the entirely new textile yarn, when used in any fabric, combines the beauty of silk with the strength and wearing qualities of wash fabrics.

Bemberg
BRAND YARN

*Bemberg is a soft, white, supple yarn made from pure dissolved fibres, spun into very fine threads, by an exclusive, stretch-spinning process, which gives it unusual strength and pliability. Because it has a natural lustre similar to silk and contains filaments of the same number and fineness, it combines with silk unusually well.*

AMERICAN BEMBERG CORPORATION, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me your booklet, samples of fabrics made of Bemberg and a twist of Bemberg Yarn as it comes from your Mill in Tennessee. I was unable to find garments or fabrics of Bemberg at (Store Name).....

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

G.H.-6

## The Blue and the Gray

officers. Laughter. The clinking of glasses. The staff was unmindful that romance had come among them and passed them by.

And thus ended the blockade running of Marse Edward Wylie Howard Baker, Lieutenant Confederate States Army. For the *Sans Souci* had been captured, though the secret dispatches were never found.

And by some turn of fate—or was it kindness of a Yankee Major?—a certain eighteen-year-old Confederate soldier remained a prisoner with the Union troops in Louisiana all the rest of the year. And in the spring, when the war was over, there was a wedding at Wren Hall. Such a quiet wedding. So much less brilliant than the banquet to the Union Staff.

Among the gray uniforms, there was one blue coat, worn by Major Lauderdale, U. S. A. The Major in blue smiled at the charming scene of the young bride and bridegroom. Smiled at his own half-formed regrets. For perhaps it had been her mother's ball-gown, after all, that had made him fancy he had fallen in love with little Miss Sophronia. Certainly, he was sure, as he kissed the bride, he was not unhappy to be leaving her beside the tall Southern youth. Certainly, she thought as she watched him ride away, he made a gallant figure.

## Managing the Home

(*Continued from page 91*)

brings so many things to distract her attention that she must have a flexible daily work plan.

However, with the labor-saving equipment now available, and the growing attention to planning for greater convenience the main workshop of the house, the kitchen, home managers are following more labor-saving methods in the daily routine of housekeeping. They are also learning the value of planning their work before doing it, through the use of a flexible daily work plan or schedule. We have proof of this in the wide response we received when we asked our readers some time ago for a report of housekeeping schedules they had worked out to meet their own needs.

In meeting the changing conditions in housekeeping, home managers are feeling the need of constructive advice and assistance. This is being made available chiefly through the growth of what may be called "the home economics movement." Many colleges and universities now have departments of home economics for the training of teachers and other workers in this field, and by the provisions of the National Vocational Education Act of 1917, vocational courses in home-making are being offered in many schools to girls over fourteen years of age. The cooperative extension work in home economics, conducted by the Federal and State governments and counties, employs many home demonstration agents in rural districts for working with home managers. In 1923 the Federal Bureau of Home Economics was established, one of its functions being to bring to home managers the results of work being carried on in their interests; and the nursery school movement has originated in the need for the study of the care and training of young children.

Public health programs, magazines, the radio, and advertising are all contributing to the education of home managers, and manufacturers and public utility organizations are instructing home managers in the best use of industrial products.

I have here been able to give only a brief review of the discussion of home management problems in the paper to be presented at the Paris Congress in June. These problems have been considered entirely from the standpoint of the American home and will no doubt prove particularly interesting to the delegates from other countries, since many of the facilities for housekeeping so easily available in this country, and various questions relating to the management of American homes, are still unknown to the home managers of other lands.

# Film on Teeth

## The breeding place of germs

### *You must remove it daily*

NINE times in ten when teeth are discolored and dull science has discovered them to be simply coated with a film. That film is the greatest enemy of a lovely smile. It is also a dangerous enemy to your health, for today film is held largely responsible for decay, pyorrhea, bleeding gums and other serious troubles. Every dentist knows this to be true. Thus the approved method today of protecting teeth is by removing this dangerous film. A special dentifrice called Pepsodent has been compounded with that as its sole purpose.

Please accept a 10-days' supply. Just send coupon.

*You must fight film*

You can feel film with your tongue—a slippery, viscous coating. Food and smoking stain that film. Germs by the millions breed in it . . . germs of many different kinds.

**Film is a basic cause of decay and pyorrhea. It is the reason teeth grow dull and dingy. Now remove it the new way urged so widely.**

Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film also is the basis of decay.

*The special way to remove it*

Ordinary brushing ways are not successful in removing this dangerous film. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film so that brushing can easily remove it in safety to enamel.

You marvel at the whiteness of children's teeth. Yours may once again regain that color. May take on a brilliance that is actually amazing. Lustreless, dull teeth are known to be unnatural.

*Test FREE for ten days*

Perhaps unattractive teeth have cost you too much in society and business. You must not delay another day in testing this method.

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try.

★

# Pepsodent

***The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice***

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 186, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

**Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,** 191 George Street, **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., **London,** S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3217

In using advertisements see page 6

# Overheard . . . . .

*IN the green and white dressing room adjoining the ladies' locker room of one of the exclusive country clubs, two young golfers were repairing the ravages of wind and sun.*

*"That '3 times a day in the dishpan' look is nothing compared to the '18 holes of golf' look that* my *hands have," remarked the girl in brown. "They're a sight. Not to mention my face. I'm positively weather beaten."*

*The girl in green laughed as she reached for the jar of "Vaseline" Jelly on the shelf.*

*"I started using this first for blisters on my hands after riding and golf. And I found it was simply marvelous for keeping my hands from getting rough and cracked."*

*"No wonder the supply is always low here," observed the other, as she applied some to her wind-burned lips. "And here's where it gets lower."*

LOOK on the dressing tables of smart country clubs and you'll find "Vaseline" Jelly there among the beauty preparations. In the city, too, at night clubs, dance places and restaurants patronized by smart women.

For simple and homely as this product is, its usefulness is so well recognized that it holds its own alongside of cosmetics with fancy names.

There is nothing miraculous about "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It is a natural healing substance, refined to perfect purity by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company. Since it can be bought anywhere in the world for a few cents, every dressing-table should have a jar or tube.

***For softening hands***—If the hands are rough and chapped, or too dry, or sunburned, or the cuticle is rough and inclined to form hangnails, massage them with a generous amount of "Vaseline" Jelly before retiring, and wear soft cotton or silk gloves.

***For chapped lips***—Apply a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Jelly every time you think of it. ("Vaseline" Jelly is so pure it is often taken internally.)

***For sunburn***—The first sunburn of the spring is often the most painful. Cover the affected area with "Vaseline" Jelly, and continue applications till the soreness goes.

*Remember, when you buy, that the trade mark Vaseline on the package is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company. Cons'd.*

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1929

Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PETROLEUM JELLY


## Building With Wood

(*Continued from page 44*)

condition of these homes and the charm which they have carried down to us from our ancestors prove the durability of their construction. The hand-hewn beams have become almost as hard as iron, and the old hand-split shingles have stood up well under varying climatic conditions. Although many of these early houses have settled and the wood has shrunk unevenly, these very differences and unevennesses are what give added charm to the beauty of line and proportion of our early American architecture. But these same variations would have become imperfections in any building material other than wood.

Wood lends itself to detail of design. From the elaborate carvings of figures, tracery, and choir stalls to the less ornate embellishments such as cornices, doorways, and pediments, it is the simplest medium whereby one can attain that sympathy of expression which makes for individuality in design. The feeling which these early carpenters and craftsmen put into their work is truly remarkable, and try as we will, it is almost impossible in this machine-made age to duplicate the delicacy and subtle charm of line and variation which their examples show us.

Much can be done by artificial means to help preserve wood. Paint and stains can stay the ravages of the elements, and oil and wax help retain the beauty of interior woodwork. Wood can even be made fire-resisting by being treated in a certain way.

There are few materials which lend themselves to color as does wood. Paint is used not only as a preservative, but to open the way for varied effects of color, both inside and out. The high spots are usually in doorways, windows, and places where accents are most needed.

An entirely different use for wood is in places where it can be left in its natural state with the bark still on. Charming and elaborate camps and cabins are now designed with logs either whole or split, and another interesting effect can be obtained by using rough clapboards with bark edges left on the weather side.

### Disadvantages of Wood

Having stated some advantages in the use of wood, let us now consider the chief disadvantages. These are: shrinkage, and warpage, inflammability, deterioration, and upkeep. It is difficult to procure thoroughly kiln-dried wood, and for this reason, and also because we have greater extremes of heat and cold in our houses now than formally, the wood is bound to show more reaction. This is apparent in windows sticking, doors sagging, and other annoyances. If architects today had the courage to specify that all framing lumber and interior finish woodwork must pass a certain specified test as to being thoroughly kiln-dried by some such process as weight measurements, this great objection would undoubtedly be overcome and we should avoid many plaster cracks and opening up of joints. It would necessarily increase the cost of building to require any mill to live up to such a guaranty, but if owners would back up the architects by being willing to pay for this extra cost, they as well as the architects would be spared from this unnecessary condition occurring.

On the other hand, if a mill could control its own kiln and thus be assured that the material which it sent out lived up to these requirements, it would have decided preference over those which could not give such a guaranty, and would soon get all the business.

The inflammability of wood is well known, as testified by newspapers and insurance men, and while deterioration is seen in dry-rot and decay from dampness, it is entirely possible—with proper care and precaution and periodical painting—to allow all wooden houses to grow old gracefully. Taken all in all, if cost is paramount, I have yet to know of a material which can be substituted for wood which would lend itself as effectively for the small house.

# I Like Stucco

(*Continued from page 46*)

uneven surface, and the entrance is of timber. Over the entire wall surface two coats of whitewash were painted on, and thus the various textures were blended into one another. The application of whitewash to all the surfaces brings out their pleasing irregularities, makes more intense shadows, and forms a good background for shrubbery. The other house pictured illustrates other combinations of materials. The gable ends are of stone, the walls of stucco, and the entrance of brick and wood.

As a guide in the practical application of stucco mortar, there are several points that need particular attention. If employed on a masonry base, care should be taken to keep the base materials well saturated with water; this causes the stucco to set slowly, and it retains its adhesive quality. If the stucco is put on a dry wall, the water is absorbed from the mortar, and when the stucco is dry there will be a tendency for it to crack and powder. The slow drying of the materials is most important, therefore the wall should be wet down between applications and during the drying process.

If stucco is to be used on a building of frame construction. A roofing felt is a better material to nail over the sheathing board than building paper, since it forms better insulation. Wood furring strips, an inch by two inches, are then nailed flat and vertical over the building paper, and last, galvanized metal lath is stretched and nailed on the furring strips. Thus we have behind the metal lath an inch of air-space which acts as insulation and affords a space for the mortar to bed itself in the metal lath. Galvanized lath should be used, as painted iron lath, although cheaper, will rust in time and cause cracks and falling stucco. A number of patent laths may be had, but it is well to investigate and be assured of the best.

### Here Is a Good Mixture

In preparing the cement stucco mortar, any standard grade of Portland cement is satisfactory. A good mixture to employ is one part of cement to two and one-half parts of sharp, clean sand and a small quantity of cattle hair. These materials should be mixed thoroughly before adding the water. Three coats of mortar are necessary. The first or scratch coat is followed immediately by a second or brown coat, which is floated to an uneven surface. These two coats must then dry thoroughly. Before the third or finish coat is applied, the second coat should be thoroughly wet. The mixture for the finish coat should be one part of cement to two of sand, screened through a fine screen, and applied not less than one-fourth inch in thickness. The total thickness of metal lath and stucco should not be less than one inch at any part of the walls. It is advisable to incorporate one of the several good waterproofing compounds in the mortar.

The finished surface may vary according to the effect desired. A perfectly smooth surface should be avoided, since it looks too hard and mechanical. On the other hand, too rough a surface appears unkempt, or worse, studied and arty. The most pleasing surface is half-way between these extremes; that is, it is smooth without being rigid, and varied without being bumpy; its unevenness has life and adds to the play of sunlight and shadows upon it. When it is desirable to work in such details as molded cornices or other enrichments around doors or windows, molds or forms are made, and the stucco is worked according to these designs. One effective treatment used extensively in England is known as pargeting, whereby designs are worked out in projected relief.

Color in stucco is often used, and unfortunately the result is seldom all that might be desired. The addition of colored materials weakens the structure of the mortar and detracts from the pleasing stone-like quality. The natural color is more satisfactory, and used in this fashion, stucco forms one of the most durable and most beautiful of wall surfaces.

*The cage illustrated above is "The Gothic", No. 2035DB with stand No. 35. Made of solid brass, it comes in various two tone color effects. The drawer base makes cleaning easy.*

# TONY, Professor of Tranquillity in a great University

IT isn't often that a professor grows wings, but here is one who not only had visible wings but also had so joyful a disposition that all his students felt cheered and "tranquilled" the moment they heard his voice!

Tony was head of the Department of Tranquillity and Vocalized Joy in the great University of Washington. His classroom was the home of the Dean of the University, Professor David Thomson, and his full name was Caius Tranquillus Suetonius!

Tony knew his own name and always answered when he was called. He would sit on the finger of his master or mistress, take food from their lips and give them a kiss in return. His favorite aria seemed to say, "Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me! Do, do, do! Quick, quick, quick!"

Tony lived in a Hendryx Bird Home. He had a charming repertoire of tricks. He had a little bell in his cage and rang it vigorously with his bill whenever he wanted service. He would climb a specially constructed ladder, hop from step to step until he reached the top where food had been placed for him, pass back and forth through a napkin ring and play hide and seek in the folds of a newspaper.

Tony completed his joyful career of song about a year ago. His Hendryx home is now occupied by Andy, another lively songster, who has learned to trill in Tony's best manner and does his best to fill the important chair of Professor of Tranquillity.

### *Get a Canary in a Hendryx Bird Home*

You will find a canary the most adaptable of pets, equally beloved by young or old in any home. And a canary takes so very little care—just some fresh water and seed each day. It may be kept as your constant cheerful companion, or left alone all day while its keeper is at business.

In any case be sure to house your bird in one of the charming Hendryx Bird Homes, for this makes every provision for the safety and comfort of your bird. Ask to see the newest Hendryx designs at your nearest pet shop, florist, seed shop, hardware, house furnishings or department store. Prices are always moderate.

"HENDRYX" BIRD CAGES
Since 1869

**FREE: The Feathered Philosopher**

*A charming story of a little canary and what he taught people about life, cheerfulness, happiness and love. This 24-page booklet, illustrated in color, will be sent free upon request to you, or to any of your friends whose names you send us. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Company, 92 Audubon Street, New Haven, Conn.*

# DIANA "Stuft" CONFECTIONS

EAGER eyes sparkle a welcome to these *thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells . . . "Stuft" . . . with luscious . . . fruit jams . . . nuts . . . and marmalades.* These luscious tidbits, best for children, were originated by Bunte Brothers. Every pound contains 160 pieces — 21 varieties. Packed in one pound jars and 2, 3, and 5 pound tins. If your dealer does not carry the genuine, we will supply you. Send 75c for the one pound glass jar. We will gladly mail it postpaid.

DIANA "STUFT" CONFECTIONS—*the original "Stuft" confections — often imitated but never equalled*

BUNTE BROTHERS

3341 Franklin Blvd. . *Est. 1876* . CHICAGO

*Makers of the famous Mi Choice chocolates*

★ Bunte WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES


## The Beauty of Brick

(*Continued from page 47*)

mortar which was left on them as found. The range of color is also through the stronger shades with some blacks.

The portion of the city house illustrated is the basement story of the rear of the house, which contains a garden room opening directly onto a terrace. Because of the restricted area of the garden, only this lower portion of the house can easily be seen from the terrace. Therefore, the thought was to treat it as a separate unit and because of its close connection with the garden to give it something of a cottage character. That this informality is obtained partly by the color of the bricks used can not be deduced as certainly from the photograph as from actually viewing the house, but upon study of the house itself the variation of color, I believe, will be considered one of the elements contributing to its informal character.

Almost as important as the color of the bricks chosen is the color of the mortar used. A white or extremely light mortar has the effect of outlining each brick, resulting in a hard, spotty wall that is unpleasant. A black mortar, on the other hand, gives a gloomy, ominous appearance that is equally undesirable. The medium course, and the most satisfactory one, is to make the mortar the color of natural cement, darkening it slightly when the bricks used are dark in tone. Mortar so colored will give a wall that is well blended and soft in tone.

### Texture Is Important

But the different characters expressed by these houses depend upon other factors than color. There is, for instance, the matter of texture. Texture in brickwork depends upon that inherent in the brick itself, upon the widths and types of joints used, and to a lesser extent upon the bonding of the bricks. Hand-made bricks, for instance, are softer in texture than those made by machine. Some water-struck bricks are smoother than others, while wire-cut bricks have a characteristic mechanical roughness. Also bricks that are placed near the fire in the kiln are apt to be so hard-burned that they become warped or misshapen. The use of many of these hard-burned bricks in a wall gives it a coarse, rough appearance which, if overdone, becomes more bizarre than beautiful. Indeed, there has recently been in certain parts of the country a vogue for these exaggerated effects of texture, which has resulted in walls that look more like crazy quilts than brickwork. Triangular pieces laid with their sharp edges to the front, and even patches of bricks running diagonally across the wall, are tricks resorted to by those whose desire for something different has entirely broken the bonds of good taste. A striving for the picturesque at any cost is supposedly the reason for what must eventually be considered a travesty on good brickwork.

Texture is also largely affected by the character of the joints used. Joints may be narrow or wide; they may be flush with the bricks, slightly or deeply, roughly or smoothly raked out. The narrow flush joint gives the smoothest, least textured wall, while the wide, coarse joint with mortar overlapping the edge of rhe brick, and the deeply and roughly raked-out joint give the more uneven texture. Joints are also sometimes mechanically rounded, giving a regular marking that is hard and disagreeable.

The question of bonding need not be gone into here to any great extent. It is necessary to say only that according to the way the bricks are laid in combinations of stretchers (brick laid lengthwise) and headers (bricks laid with end to the front) there are the various bonds known as Common Bond, Flemish Bond, English Bond, etc. The simplest of these is perhaps the Common or, as it is sometimes called, Running Bond, which consists of all stretchers laid with an occasional row of headers. There are also different patterns formed by continuous lines of headers. A common one is the diagonal or diaper pattern used in Elizabethan houses.

## The Beauty of Brick

These different bonds and patterns contribute to the general appearance of a wall.

It will be interesting here to study again the photographs of the Jackson house with the idea of determining what part these other factors have played in establishing its character. The joints are narrow and are but slightly and irregulariy raked out, just enough to give a slightly textured effect with resulting soft shadows and yet not too pronounced to be consistent with the formal character of the house. The mortar is natural cement color, which was matched exactly in the paint of the wood trim, door and blinds, a proceeding which contributed still further to the desired character. The bond used is a modification of the Common Bond with every seventh course of all headers.

Brick has multiple uses and is capable of almost an infinity of effects, only a very few of which have been touched upon here. For instance, nothing has been said about the painted brick house or the one of whitewashed brick, which to my mind is one of the most charming types. There are imported bricks and bricks from special sections of the country, notably the South, which have a slightly different range of colors, giving still more opportunity for variety, but whatever bricks are selected, I believe that the most satisfactory range for domestic work lies within the soft shades of red, and that they will give the most pleasing wall if they are laid up without exaggerated effects of texture.

## A House of Stone

(*Continued from page 45*)

Colonial houses found in New Jersey, built of red sandstone; and Westchester and Connecticut fieldstone has fashioned houses of still another Colonial style. American tradition has thus given us three or four distinct types of Colonial houses which are effectively expressed in native stone, and to these we may add designs from old houses in England and France, where stone was often used with great beauty.

The peculiar attraction of native stone is evident in all types of architecture. The strength and durability of the material, the thick walls, the deep recesses at door and window, the interesting color and texture of the surface, and the local flavor of the whole satisfy the human longing for beauty, suitability, and permanence in a home.

From a practical point of view there are several important considerations which the person who wishes to build in stone should take into account. A stone house should be well built. All the secondary materials should be of the best. The walls should be thick. There is no economy in building a wall less than eighteen inches thick. It is a good idea to use steel girders as much as possible, to keep partitions from sagging and make solid, equal bearings for all floors. Walls should be damp-proofed. Paint the inside with asphalt paint, and fur with wood to give an air space between plaster and stone. There should be copper pans at all window and door frames, so that rain will run down outside and not seep into the walls.

Insulation is just as important in a stone house as in any other type of construction. Thick layers of the best commercial insulation material may be nailed to the furring, or the stone wall may be sprayed with insulating material.

Well-built and designed in a style which takes advantage of the individual qualities of the stone—the shape, the color, the way it naturally builds into a wall—a stone house has charm, livability, and appropriateness. The beauty of the interior is enhanced by the deep embrasures at the windows, and the thick walls have the modern advantage of enabling one to get the radiators out of the way in a recess. Altogether, if one can surmount the one disadvantage—the higher initial cost—native stone is beyond all question the most satisfactory material with which to build a home.

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# THE PERFECT SPORTS SHOE FOR GIRLS AND WOMEN

**COMPLETE comfort combined with the smartness of graceful lines and well balanced contours make this Educator Model—Number 8055, the perfect shoe for sports wear.**

**It is built upon the Fairway last—the sports model adaptation of the protective and corrective principles of shoe designing that have made the name Educator a household word for more than twenty-five years.**

**Made of Smoked Elk Skin with Brown Calf trim and Rajah crepe rubber sole this shoe is one of the most popular members of the famous Educator family.**

**Like all Educators its comfort and beauty are developed through the following five features:**

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| Women's | $8 to $10 | Infants' | $3.00 to $3.50 |
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THIS BOOK SHOWS THE WAY TO FOOT EASE. SEND FOR FREE COPY.

THE EDUCATOR SHOE CORP. OF AMERICA
Dept. G. H. 6, 225 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your free booklet—"Laying the Ghost."

*Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

*City*_____


In using advertisements see page 6

Jergens Lotion takes out all the sting of the sun—keeps your skin smooth, soft, and white all summer long.

# HEALING!

## because of two famous ingredients

COOLING — deliciously soothing — the moment you apply Jergens Lotion to a hot, inflamed skin, it draws out the irritation and redness, leaving it smooth, soft —comforted!

Jergens Lotion owes its wonderful healing power to two famous skin restoratives, known to medicine for generations because of their power to heal the skin and stimulate skin repair.

USE JERGENS LOTION always before going out into wind and sun. Apply it freely to your face, neck, arms, hands, then dust on a protective coat of powder. If your skin is a bit red and inflamed—do not use water on it at all. Stay in a darkened room and apply Jergens Lotion generously, smoothing it in, but taking care not to rub. Repeat the application every half hour or so, until your skin feels comfortable and the redness subsides.

You will find Jergens Lotion delightfully pleasant to use, for it leaves not a trace of stickiness—your skin absorbs it instantly. Get a bottle today—50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

***The large-size trial bottle FREE!***

The Andrew Jergens Company, 3211 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, "Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

*In Canada, send to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3211 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.*

★ *JERGENS LOTION*

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP



## Some Rattling Good Stories

(*Continued from page 67*)

find Nicholas Long, the attorney and friend of Catherine Chandler, an unmarried woman of much wealth, come to pay his last respects to her as she lies in a massive coffin in her old-fashioned home near Waterford. After the funeral he reads her will to his sister, her nieces, and her nephews who hope to be her heirs. It meets their satisfaction, and all is well until he is called from the room and given a letter which his friend-client had written just before her death. It cancels the will, leaving all her money to him in trust, and requests that he, her nurse, and all her nieces and nephews come to live in her old home for six months, subscribing to certain rules and regulations she lays down. At the end of that time those who have stayed and followed instructions are to be taken care of out of the trust fund as Long thinks fit.

It seems that Aunt Catherine spent the last few months of her life investigating the lives of her prospective heirs and what she found so shocked her that she decided upon some plan which she hoped might reform and save them from the inevitable consequences of continuance down their present paths. Since there are seven persons, six of them young, each with a weakness or a trouble of his own, the old lawyer has seven different mysteries or threads to a mystery—for the central mystery of all is whether or not Aunt Catherine died an entirely natural death, and if not, who hastened it. And soon each member of the household recognizes the cloud of suspicion hanging over them all. How they meet it, what the experience does to them—all this, as well as the truth about Aunt Catherine, is in the story. A good story this, not merely the solution of a problem.

### Love Interest

It was the love interest which held me to that fresh and charming collection of letters which Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley have published under the title, "Farthing Hall" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Mark French and Robert Newlands are the writers of the letters, Mark an artist, Bob a writer. Mark is a bachelor, Bob a happily married man. They are devoted friends. Mark has seen at a theater a girl with whom he has fallen madly in love. He follows her north on the train and writes his friend Bob about it. As Bob answers his friend's letters, he unfolds the little rift in the lute of his own married life. Marjorie and he fall out. She leaves him. He wants her back. Midway in the book Mark returns to London to do a mission for his lady love, and Bob hastens after Marjorie, who is visiting in the neighborhood of Mark's Jean Rossett. And so the letters keep on going, only now it is Bob who is writing to Mark of Mark's lady as well as his own. There you have them—two love-affairs: a romantic love-at-first-sight with an ogre of a father in the background and a dissipated brother in the foreground, the girl a veritable eighteenth century lassie with a family martyr complex, only they didn't call it that in the days of Fielding and Smollett; and a romantic dovecote marriage which threatens to go to smash on the rocks of too much company and too much spoiled genius, the wife a practical, there-is-a-limit-to-what-she-can-stand kind, but entirely too charming and domestic to be harboring such views.

From the first letter I, like Mark, wanted to know what made Jean look so sad, and whether she was married, and what chance he would stand with her. And before I found that out I wanted with equal curiosity to know if Mark would win her. Before that information was vouchsafed me I was all upset over the trouble of the Newlands. Would Marjorie come back to Bob? By the time I had begun to hope she would, I had become suspicious

**COLOR, COLOR, COLOR, everywhere you look! On your own furniture, woodwork and floors — "61" Quick Drying Enamel. DRIES in 4 hours. Stays where you put it — tough, durable and waterproof. Pastel tints, vivid colors, and by simply mixing, any shade you want! So easy to use; just brush it on — no worry about streaks, laps or brush marks. It's an OIL enamel; flows out smooth, free from blemish. Hides and covers old surfaces completely — usually one coat is enough. Will not "lift" or dissolve the old finish. You'll like its clean odor too! Put color into your home and eliminate the monotony of a drab environment. See the beguiling colors of "61" Quick Drying Enamel at your paint or hardware dealer's and start now! Or send for Color Chart — it's free.**

**PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 79 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N.Y.**
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...e the surface and
you save all

**PRATT & LAMBERT**
**VARNISH PRODUCTS**

TRADE MARK
PL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

In using advertisements see page 6

*Tintedge* {Colored Hems}

*Tintall* {Solid Colors}

# This year's bride insists *on* COLOR

WHAT more fitting than that her trousseau have colored sheets in the same sturdy brands which Mother and Grandmother had when they were married. Color which is *guaranteed fast to light and laundering.*

Both Utica and Mohawk brands are made in white with colored hems, called "*Tintedge.*" The pillow cases are made *with two hems in color*, for single beds (producing an unusually beautiful effect!) and with one hem colored, for double beds. Both brands are also made in solid colors, with cases to match, called "*Tintall.*"

There is a choice of Rose-bud Pink, Jade Green, Cornflower Blue, Golden Maize, and a Lovely Lavender. And, of course, all White.

"*Tintedge*" or "*Tintall*" make wedding presents as practical as they are smart and beautiful. Packaged in stunning gift boxes of scarlet and gold—in sets of one sheet and two cases, two sheets and two cases, or two cases only; all standard and crib sizes. They can also be bought separately. And their moderate price makes a goodly supply possible.

Ask for them by name at your dealer's, and be sure that they carry the Utica or Mohawk label. Fill in and mail coupon for free color samples and illustrated booklet on correct bed-making. For 25c we'll send a 2-piece oblong, hemstitched luncheon set of Utica White Sheeting; or a 2-piece set in favorite color for 35c.

*Mohawk Brand is similar in quality to Utica but lighter in weight, therefore lower priced.*

UTICA STEAM & MOHAWK VALLEY COTTON MILLS, Columbia St., Utica, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

☐ Send free booklet "Restful Sleep" and color samples.

☐ I enclose 25c for 2-piece luncheon set.

☐ I enclose 35c for 2-piece set, color .....

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....


## Some Rattling Good Stories

about what Mrs. Masham, the guest over whom Bob and Marjorie had quarreled, a rich, middle-aged lady with a mind of her own, was up to, and wanted to see if she pulled it off. So page by page these two letter-writers edge the reader along until the dénouement. I was hoping for Mr. Rossett's funeral, but perhaps what happened to him was bad enough. It is a nice, thick book with lots of scenery and old houses and furniture. Mr. Walpole couldn't leave them out. He has to document every tale with its trappings. And there are discussions and discussions about art and literature. But they never hold us back. There they are for those who want them. But if the story has got you—and these two craftsmen see that it does—why, they are craftsmen enough to have fixed it so that you can easily slide over them. How even a love story profits by that craftsmanship!

### Craftsmanship

And, speaking of craftsmanship—was it that, I wonder, which held me through "First Love" by E. M. Delafield (Harpers, $2.50)? I didn't care what happened to Ellie. What I was keen about—and was from the first page—was what E. M. Delafield would do with Ellie, not at the end but as we went along. No skipping here, but slow reading with a smile of amusement here, approval there, and a lift now and then of the eyebrow—protest, I suppose. The book held me like a visit from an amusing, valued friend. Not the people or the subjects that they discuss make such visits memorable, but what they say and how they say it command our interest. We watch them with undivided attention. So it is with E. M. Delafield. Each word, each gesture, each flower and gown has its place, is precious for itself just where it is. We are admitted into a rare place which she, the chatelaine, will show to us. Thus only can we enjoy it. And we linger as she takes us along the aisles. Ellie, the abandoned child growing up in her father's house, motherless, knowing so much more than others think she knows of her mother's elopement with Lord Dallinger, brooding over her seriousness that keeps people off the real Ellie; and Vicky, vivid and alive—contrasted as delphiniums and gaillardias planted in one bed would be. It is what E. M. Delafield points out in the characters, in the situation, by her use of words that attracts us. Appetite, not curiosity, rouses us. We want another bite of the delectable stuff.

Early in the story we know that Ellie has fallen in love with Simon Lawless, the modern sophisticate to whom the world and all its baubles are all that really count. We know that Lionel, her brother, steady, old-fashioned idealist, wants to marry Vicky with her queer, uneasy charm and the glamour of a strange personality. We wonder, of course, how it will all come out, and whether Lady Dallinger, Ellie's vain, egotistical mother, and keen, intelligent Vicky are right in saying that Simon is not the man for Ellie. But we do not hurry through the pages to find out. We do not want to miss a word. And when we finish it is not sympathy for one of the girls and joy for the other that we feel, but a haunting question whether E. M. Delafield is right. Is it likes that ought to marry—likes that understand each other and so can suffer each other instead of the unlikes that romance always told us were attracted to each other? There are evidently several kinds of "rattling good stories" besides the how-will-it-end kind.

It was natural that after this story in which the pain and rapture of first love were set against the cynicism of experience I should turn to a title like Sylvia Townsend Warner's "The True Heart" (Viking, $2.50). But it was not an idyl that I found; it was a fantasy. Could it, I wondered, qualify as a "rattling good story"? I had known fantasies that couldn't. This one did. From the moment

# "Now the Push Broom has been modernized!"

In every present day home, much work and many hours of effort can be saved by the usefulness of a Push Broom. And now Fuller has modernized the Push Broom . . . made it truly one of the most efficient aids to quicker, easier, better housekeeping.

Seven distinctive betterments, evolved after checking the floor cleaning problems in ten million homes, contribute to the marked superiority of this product.

(1) New balance and lightness that save fatigue. (2) Long rows of hair and fiber covering more floor surface. (3) Rigid handle so firmly held it cannot loosen and "wobble." (4) A head that can be reversed without taking handle from brush. (5) Rubber bumpers that are replaceable . . . for the protection of woodwork and mopboards. (6) The brush steel-gript . . . an exclusively Fuller patented advantage. (7) No back to collect and to hold dirt . . . or to split.

Each broad sweep of this improved Push Broom leaves behind a wide path of dirt-free floor surface. Not the smallest speck of movable dirt can cling and stay. Thousands of closely-set bristles of hair and fiber see to that.

Even in most carefully run households, little accumulations of dust and debris occur on some floor during the day. It is only the work of a moment to tidy up with the Fuller Push Broom.

This is equally true no matter what type the floor. This Push Broom cleans carpets, linoleums, wood, tile, brick, cement floors with the same effortless ease.

Its long, well-balanced handle and broad head make it especially useful for cleaning under low furniture, in room corners and other hard-to-sweep places.

*If you are interested in better sweeping methods . . . would like to see this Push Broom before the next regular call of the Fuller Man, do this: Telephone the Fuller Branch Office in your city. If you prefer, write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3597 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.) A helpful booklet will be sent free, if you request. Its name is "The Cleaning Problems of the Home."*

★

Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark

Fuller

Look for both!

# FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

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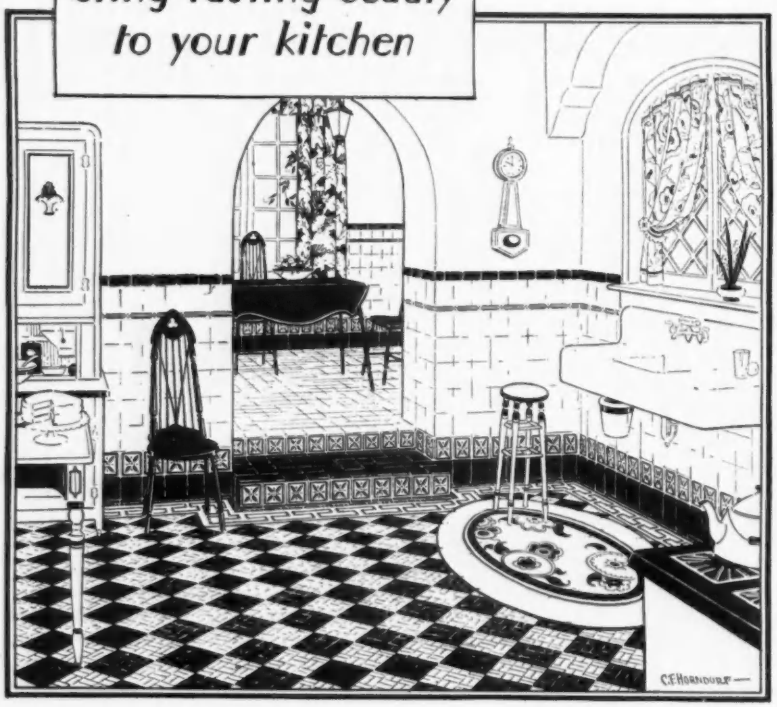
In using advertisements see page 6

# MOSAIC TILES

*bring lasting beauty to your kitchen*



WOULDN'T you exult in a kitchen and breakfast room like this? ▸ ▸ ▸ *Permanent* is their bright, cheerful beauty when done in Mosaic Tiles. For Mosaic Tiles—real tiles—retain their newness always. Wear, stains, grease or grime *cannot* affect them. It is easy to keep them ever spotlessly clean. And the economy! The first cost is the last. ▸ ▸ ▸ Almost endless is the variety of colors and designs to select from in Mosaic Tiles . . . to express your own ideas . . . creating distinctive charm . . . voicing today's vogue ▸ ▸ ▸ The coupon will bring you a booklet you will be glad to have for its many suggestions.

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*Makers of Fine Keramic Tiles*

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Mosaic Tiles in Color."

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## Some Rattling Good Stories

when Sukey took me by her little reddened hand, there at the prize-giving day at the Warburton Memorial Female Orphanage, the day that for her lamb-like obedience she won five of the prizes and certificates Mr. Warburton held out, to that when she lay awaiting her first-born, my attention did not wander. Not because there was the problem of what would happen to an orphaned child sent out in ignorance to earn her board and keep on a farm, and not because of the writer's wit—although she has a rare amount of it—but because little Sukey had so completely captured my heart. She was so amusing. Of course, to enjoy her it was necessary that I should accept Miss Warner's terms. I must forget all the conventions of society and literature and accept Sukey as she was, even to her falling in love with Eric at Derryman's Island. And Miss Warner made me do it. Of course, such things don't happen, couldn't happen, oughtn't to happen. There aren't any Mrs. Seaborns sending idiot sons off to desolate farms. There aren't little girls who do not know an idiot when they see one. Little girls do not fall in love with idiots, even though they are beautiful like Eric. Little girls do not go tramping to prospective mothers-in-law with their secrets, even imagined ones, or sleep in hay-mows with tramps who give them pink-enamel boxes with "Friendship endears" on them, or innocently enter houses where mistresses warn them away with a laugh, or go to palaces and ask queens for Bibles inscribed "For a loyal subject, Victoria R." to give to ladies whom they wish for mothers-in-law. Disagreeable mothers do not melt away nor kind cousins turn up with bee-farms on which simple people in love can be happy. But granted that these things could happen, it is amusing to read about them. And, like the Lord Constantine whom Sukey met in Covent Garden, we are deliciously entertained. Poking kind fun, Miss Warner is, at the dear little Elsie Dinsmore literature of that world that worked doves in crewels on chair seats, framed wax flowers, and put iron stags on the lawn. But the reader does not need to realize this to be amused by Sukey. Amusement, entertainment—that was what made me glide eagerly and wakefully to the end of this lace-paper Valentine. Another kind of good story.

### Mystery

"Garda" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), Rose O'Neill's Celtic novel, which is heralded as a masterpiece of style, would have attracted me by the glorious frontispiece, two faces side by side that remind one instantly of the Mona Lisa, which surely is high praise, even if my admiration for the work of this painter-sculptor-poet-novelist-improvisatrice and my susceptibility to her personal charm had not already led me to her new book. I read it because I could not wait, although realizing that I could hardly expect anything as poetic as it would be, as mystical, to rate as a "rattling good story." Perhaps to many it would not. But on the very first page there is introduced mystery, the eternal mystery of Juliet, in a description of Garda, the twin of Narcissus. And mystery to some readers ever stimulates to discovery.

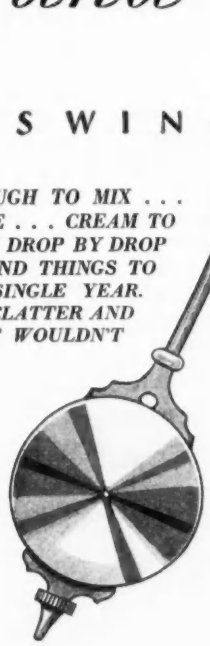
The meaning back of Garda and of the words of her dreamer brother lure the reader. He follows Narcissus' words as he would a will-o'-the-wisp, thinking at each page, "Now I have him—now I've not." But there is a story, a compelling one like those in the old Greek myths, albeit quite modern in its dress. When Garda, a siren such as never was on land or sea, and Starke, a morose Hercules, meet each other, we know the meeting pregnant with contingencies. And we are not disappointed. As the tale unfolds we know that Garda has a husband, an Italian nobleman, Bastiano, whose sensibilities a mature civilization has refined to the uttermost, a husband who loves her and comes

# *Over and Over* —

## MONOTONOUS AS THE SWING OF A PENDULUM

*MEAT TO GRIND AND DOUGH TO MIX . . . SHRED OR BEETS TO SLICE . . . CREAM TO . . . OIL TO BE STIRRED IN DROP BY DROP THINGS TO BE STIRRED AND THINGS TO THOUSAND TIMES IN A SINGLE YEAR. WASH . . . CLUTTER AND CLATTER AND NERVES WHIMPER. WHAT WOULDN'T*

*POTATOES TO MASH AND EGGS TO BEAT . . . CABBAGE TO WHIP . . . ORANGES TO SQUEEZE. MAYONNAISE TO MAKE . . . WHILE A DOZEN OTHER TASKS WAIT THEIR TURN. BE CHOPPED . . . OVER AND OVER, AT EVERY MEAL . . . A AND ALWAYS AHEAD AN ENDLESS ARRAY OF UTENSILS TO WORRY AND WORK . . . TILL MUSCLES ACHE AND TIRED YOU GIVE TO BE RID OF IT ALL?*



## *Now* ... AT THE SNAP OF A SWITCH

KitchenAid does *all* these things . . . and more. It frees you forever from the hateful monotony of oft-repeated tasks connected with food preparation. It saves steps, saves time, saves food . . . adds hours of leisure. It will be popular, too, with your maid . . . will increase *her* efficiency, interest and contentment.

KitchenAid performs not only all the ordinary operations of stirring, mixing and chopping, but scores of others . . . such as grinding coffee, cereals and nuts; cutting shortening into flour; creaming butter; slicing and straining fruits; chipping ice; freezing ice cream.

Simple attachments, quickly slipped into place, do the work . . . in a fraction of the time . . . and far more thoroughly than hands can do it. There are fewer utensils to wash . . . foods have a new savor . . . recipes "turn out" uniformly better.

KitchenAid has a beautiful lacquer finish . . . is compact and sturdy . . . light in weight and easily handled . . . occupying only one square foot of space. KitchenAid plugs into any electrical outlet and operates at a cost of but one cent an hour . . . may be purchased either with or without cabinet.

The new model KitchenAid was introduced recently. If you wish to read its fascinating story . . . and are interested in knowing of our unusually liberal Household Budget Plan, mail coupon today.

(113)

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*Electrical Food Preparer for the Home*

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**206 Olive Street · · Troy, Ohio**
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Distributing Agencies: 173 King Street, E., Toronto, Canada; 38 Charterhouse Street, London, E. C. 1, England. Sales agencies in principal cities—consult telephone directory.

I am interested in knowing more about KitchenAid. Please send your pamphlet, "Extra Help in the Kitchen", to:

Name_____

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In using advertisements see page 6

# IT'S A BOHN PORCELAIN EXTERIOR

*Install the electric unit of your choice in a* BOHN *refrigerator.*

FOR many years BOHN has been making refrigerators, not merely to provide a receptacle for ice and eatables; rather to create a sanitary refuge to which a housewife would commit the rarest of her handiwork, with confidence that it would retain all its daintiness when served hours later to her guests. Nothing would do for this finest of scientific refrigerators but white porcelain enamel. BOHN porcelain is as sheer and pure in its beauty as the marble of Paros.

The cover of a book or the case of a watch are not as important as their contents, but the public very properly demands that the case match the quality within.

With this in mind, BOHN refrigerators have never varied in quality,—except when changes have been made for the better. Every buyer of a BOHN Porcelain Refrigerator can have the utmost confidence in its lasting qualities; they can know that it will not become unsightly or shabby, even with years of use, but will remain pure and unsullied for all time.

BOHN *is the world's largest manufacturer of all-porcelain refrigerators.*

**Bohn Refrigerator Company**
Saint Paul, Minnesota
Chicago New York Boston ★

**BOHN** *SYPHON REFRIGERATOR*



## Some Rattling Good Stories

to find her. We know that Garda has come to love Starke, the unfortunate in whose service to his doddering father and idiot son there is a mystery not solved until near the end of the book.

There is a conflict between these two men—one of the world, one outside it; one the exquisite flower of intellect, the other the creature of morality—for the love of Garda. There is a tragic end to one. Incident, invention new to literature there are. Yes, one wants most intensely to know how it all ends. But it is not this curiosity that gives one fervor for the tale. It is the sense that under it are deep meanings, that Garda is the pagan, carnal, soulless earth-mother body; that Starke is conscience, man's unremitting quest for the harmony of soul and body; that Narcissus is soul, symbol of the thought which seeks to transcend the limitations of time and space. But that is only the interpretation of one reader. To the other readers, other meanings. Or to some, none at all. For all there will be a story, and words such as seldom find their way to printed page, for this author uses them as a painter does his colors or a sculptor form; she uses them to form beauty. Those who know her only as the designer of the Kewpies have here a great surprise awaiting them. But those of us who have read her verse, seen her figures, watched her trip down an Ozark lawn or improvise dreamily at Bonniebrooke find in this story not surprise but revelation.

### Plot and Character

The name of Anne Douglas Sedgwick must suggest to all who read "The Little French Girl" a story interest only less keen than its character interest. In "Dark Hester" (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) she repeats the same remarkable combination. As it was story interest for which I was looking, I noted that its first line suggested every possibility: "I suppose I have hated her from the first moment I saw her." What could it not forfend? As I read on I discovered that the girl whom Monica Wilmott hated was her daughter-in-law. Ah, another mother-daughter-in-law story. But I did not put it down. I couldn't. For Mrs. de Sélincourt by the deft use of restraint manages to keep on suggesting, page by page, those interesting possibilities. For Anne Douglas Sedgwick is more than a tale-teller, a problem worker, a thriller of interest. She is a sincere and serious novelist who, if she knows how to write a story which will prove of absorbing interest, knows also how to make that story tell us something of life and truth.

Which reminds me inevitably of that old friend of ours who, with her newest book, has stepped out of that story-for-a-story's-sake class, in which she excelled, to this hold-the-mirror-up-to-life class, Mary Roberts Rinehart and her "This Strange Adventure" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). It was inevitable that sooner or later she would do it. But since I had not been told that this was the occasion, naturally I opened a book with this title and her name on the by-line expecting a new detective story. Fancy my surprise as there unfolded before me the life story of little Missie Colfax, daughter of a variety girl of the seventies and a dissipated son of "an old family." The strange adventure is life as Missie lived it—in the old tenement house with her "common," hard, romantic, passionate mother, who turned on the gas in her close-shut room at last; with her aristocratic grandmother, the frozen relict of hard old William Colfax, and Adelaide, the stifled spinster who trembled at her mother's word and ate in the pantry at night; with her sensuous, unfaithful, mean, society-climber husband; with her sentimental yet hard young son. The Mrs. Rinehart of "Tish" is gone, and one could wish that she had left just enough of humor to play over the morose tale as it does in Rose Macaulay's ironic art. Mrs. Rinehart of the sweet love

## Some Rattling Good Stories

story is gone, for she handles these situations with the grimness of a Dreiser. But Mrs. Rinehart of the story interest is still there, as I knew when she led me one evening completely away from a little private misery which I had been nursing, and a new Mrs. Rinehart not met before, a Mrs. Rinehart who can create characters, one who can report social values. Distinction of phrase she does not have, but an English that conveys with definiteness the impressions she would have you receive and, of more importance, something to convey.

One may object that the impression conveyed in "The Strange Adventure" is not the whole truth. Not every life is frustrated—at least, not so completely as Missie Dexter's. A look about us proves that. Middle-aged married couples there are whose youthful romantic love has burgeoned into the satisfying friendship that for Missie and Kirby was its substitute. There are happy childhoods and tender, unselfish fathers. Mrs. Rinehart knows this. None better. For she looks with a sane eye on life. But with an eye that is also clear, one that can see what there is to see, and does not confuse the good and the bad, or, worse still, let the rosy glow from the happy befog the outlines of the miserable. In this book she looked upon the frustrated and told us what she saw.

### Personality

It is not easy to find good stories. This I discovered as one after another failed to meet my test. Fortunately interest is susceptible to many appeals. There is that simple appeal of the problem that makes us want to know the answer, and we hurry breathlessly through a detective tale. That universal appeal of the love motive. Did they know fulfillment of their dreams? There is the appeal which is made by the craftsmanship of writers who can suggest impending events worth hurrying on to read about. There is the appeal which characters sometimes make—an urge to know more and more of this person who seems so mysterious, so hard to understand. And perhaps this appeal is the keenest of all—certainly in life it is, where people far more often than events challenge our interest and attention.

Such an appeal took me to Margarete Kurlbaum-Siebert's new biography of that woman who has baffled historians and novelists for three centuries, Mary Queen of Scots, the beautiful, intelligent, ill-fated cousin of the Virgin Queen of England. I met her first when I was twelve in a little red Abbott biography, after which I used to terrify my younger sisters by acting her execution, in my red-lined cloak worn inside out to simulate the blood-red garments with which that old-fashioned biographer clothed her for the tragic event. In this modern biography, "Mary Queen of Scots" (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00), as translated by Mary Agnes Hamilton, we are spared this gory scene, as the author leaves her on her entrance into England. But we have the story of her entry into Scotland at the age of eighteen, after having already been queen of another country. We are told what befell her there, her intrigues, her loves, her weaknesses, her victories and defeats as she won over the hard old feudalists and succumbed to the temptations of her heart, weakened by the sex that her cousin Elizabeth used as a sword and buckler, woman overcoming ruler.

No one has ever made her comprehensible, but Margarete Siebert makes her live as far more than a beautiful woman, gay at heart, and weak. She makes us see a ruler, true niece of Henry the Eighth, whom she may have resembled in more ways than one, fighting to humble her violent Scotch lords and struggling to accommodate her Catholic conscience to the necessities of a Presbyterian state. She succeeded in doing neither, but the nobility of her attempt, handicapped as she was inside as well as out, calls for pity rather than scorn. Those


LET THEM HAVE MORE FUN IN HOODS

THE SIAK
*All around shoe for outdoor sports. Special Hygeen insole. Improved lace-to-toe pattern. Smokrepe sole. White, brown or neutral shade uppers.*

# *Protect her growing feet at camp*

CAMP days are busy days for her growing feet—with games and sports and "hikes." She will never know what it is to be tired or to lag behind if she has right shoes.

Buy her *Hoods.* Hoods have heavy canvas uppers that lend support to growing ankles, and narrow shanks that firmly support the arches. You can buy Hoods with Hygeen insoles that prevent unpleasant perspiration odor; with Cushion heels that prevent heel bruises; with Smokrepe or Tire Tread soles that will stand the hardest wear.

And Hoods are the most economical shoes that the shoe dollar can buy.

***Hoods for Women***

Hoods are made in several styles for women—for athletic and sport use and for wear around the house.

**HOOD RUBBER COMPANY**
***Watertown, Mass.***

*Look for the Hood Arrow*

**HOOD**

**4 REASONS** *why you should wear* **HOODS**

***For Comfort.*** Hoods have outside seams that prevent chafing; instep straps and narrow shanks that support the arches; some Hoods have sponge cushion heels that protect against bruises.

***For Wear.*** Hoods have the Smokrepe or Tire Tread soles that stand the wear and tear of active feet.

***For Health.*** Hoods have the Hygeen insole that is non-absorbing and which prevents unpleasant perspiration odor.

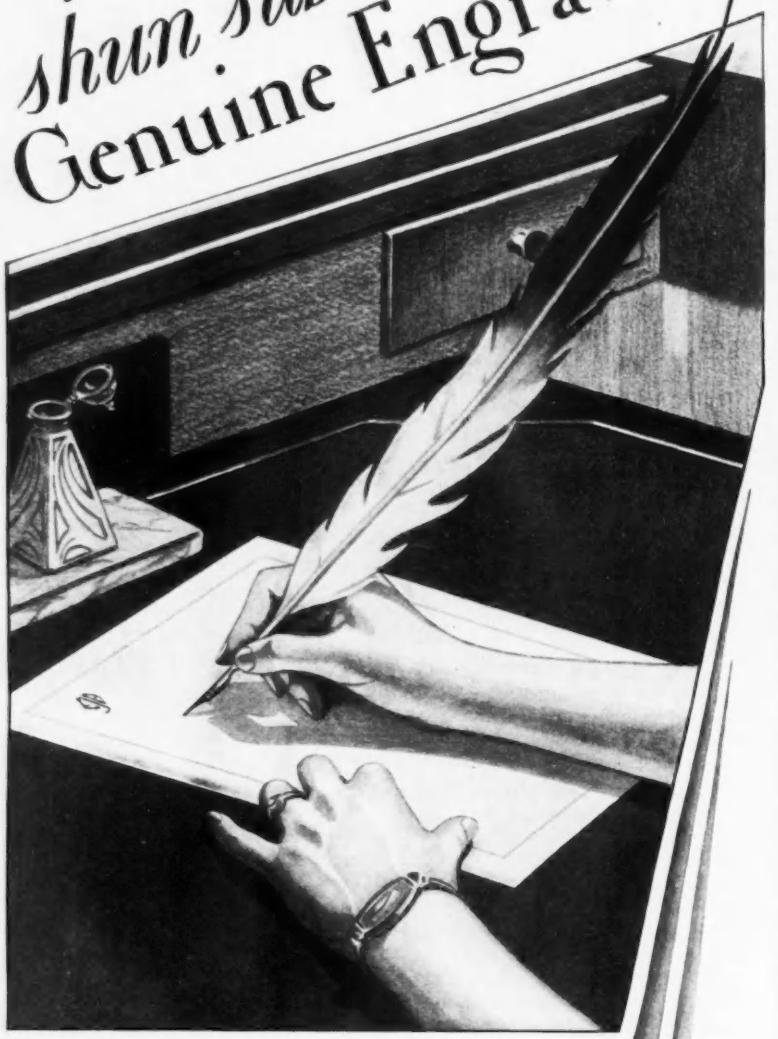
***For Style.*** Hoods are smart and snappy in design. White, brown and patterned uppers. Handsome nickel eyelets.

**HOOD MAKES · CANVAS SHOES · RUBBER FOOTWEAR · TIRES**
**RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS · RUBBER FLOOR TILING**


In using advertisements see page 6

ENGRAVED STATIONERY MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

# Those who shun substitutes use Genuine Engraving



**GENUINE engraving is the unquestioned choice of those discerning folk to whom only the real makes an appeal. Social usage dictates *genuine engraving*. Makeshifts lack the essential charm and character. To be assured that your stationery and social forms follow Fashion's decree, look closely for the identifying symbol pictured below. This mark, affixed to the engraved material you buy, is your assurance of its genuineness.**

ENGRAVED

GENUINE ENGRAVED BUSINESS CARDS OPEN CLOSED DOORS

June 1929 Good Housekeeping

## Some Rattling Good Stories

of us who were brought up on Sir Walter Scott's version of this period will scarcely recognize it as presented by Margarete Siebert. Yet Mary's gallant fight against medievalism, as it has been called, seems not less romantic even if more true to fact. A thrilling biography.

Another friend of our youth, one whom we were compelled to read not only in school but in silk-bound gift books, John Ruskin, has appeared in a new biography under the title "The Exquisite Tragedy" (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50), in which Amabel Williams-Ellis also deals with her subject in the "modern manner," which, interpreted, seems to mean an attempt to make a story out of a life. John Ruskin lends himself well to the treatment. He had a most unusual childhood. His parents, to whom he came in their middle age, brought him up by rule rather than reason. They loved him, but neither audibly nor visibly. He was a precocious child, and they set him at his books as if he were a memory machine they were stocking and not a human being they were cultivating. He fell in love, hopelessly. He married unhappily. His wife fell in love with another man to whom he yielded her. He fell in love a second time with a girl thirty years younger than himself. They loved each other, but her parents objected. At the last she turned against him and died of madness.

He was not only an infidel but a socialist in a day when that meant social ostracism. He was an art critic and had a famous lawsuit with Whistler because he called Whistler's nocturnes the flinging "of a pot of paint in the public's face." He wrote yards of books in almost the most superb prose in our language. He had a great influence on the life of his time. He had renown. And he died embittered, sure that his life had been wasted, a mad old man. Surely here is material for a story, and the author gives it to us with wisdom, discretion, and beauty. Her hero emerges at the last a sick soul but a valiant one.

### Seeing Ourselves

Sometimes one is surprised by the kind of books that yield "rattling good stories." Surely no one would expect "A Study in Contemporary American Culture," presenting the findings of a staff of workers sent out by a research foundation to study the conditions of an American town as an anthropologist would investigate a tribe in Central Australia, to qualify. And yet the night I picked up "Middletown," by Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00), just to look it over, I sat with it straight through to the end. The introduction told me of the nature of the investigation, the city selected, the historical setting. Under the headings "Getting a Living," "Making a Home," "Training the Young," "Using Leisure," "Engaging in Religious Practises," "Engaging in Community Activities," and "Conclusion" were set forth the facts. Nothing is so interesting as ourselves, and this was like looking at yourself in a mirror, or reading the account of your last party in the social column, or, if you could manage it, reading your obituary. Although there are footnotes and a few statistics for those who want them, it reads as smoothly and goes by as quickly as a first-person story in a magazine. I was so completely absorbed by it that I did not hear my husband put the car up as he came in from a late business meeting. For me, at least, it was a good story. I am willing to agree that there might be readers who would not find it so.

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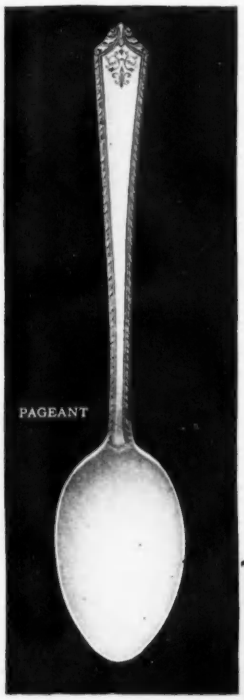
If you can not find in your local bookshop the volumes mentioned in this article, we will buy them for you. Send check or money-order to Good Housekeeping, 57th Street at 8th Ave., New York City. For advice on books, write to Mrs. Blair at Joplin, Missouri, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.



Tea Sets and Service Silver Matching Pageant and Century Patterns

# Four Girl Friends Make A Charming Little Bride A Proud Hostess for Life

JANET was to be married...a most exciting event for her four dearest friends. They must give her something that would be a lifelong reminder of their friendship and affection.

They shopped and shopped. At last they came upon the original Holmes & Edwards plan that enabled them to give jointly, in four separate gifts, a beautiful complete service of silver plate...containing all the choice place and service pieces in the latest mode of entertaining.

Janet was to be "a proud hostess for life"—for all the pieces that she would use most in this beautiful silver service were inlaid with solid silver to protect them against wear. It was genuine Inlaid Silver Plate originated by Holmes & Edwards—supreme in quality yet priced no more than other high grade silverplate.

Whether for gift giving or for your own household needs you should know about this most practical and inexpensive plan for the purchase of table silver. In steps averaging as low as $34.25 you can secure, in four progressive units, a modern service for six, eight or twelve persons.

Ann Adams discusses every detail of this new plan in her interesting booklet for women who are eager to beautify their tables. Let us send you a copy with our compliments. Just mail the coupon.

with Solid Silver back of bowls and handles of the most used pieces

Miss Ann Adams . . . Send me your booklet—*"Stepping Stones to a Perfect Table Service"*

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

*City* .....

HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO. Bridgeport, Conn.

*Geen*

# HOLMES & EDWARDS Super Plate INLAID

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

©I. S. Co. 1929

*Made and Guaranteed by The* HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO., International Silver Co., *Successor*, Bridgeport, Conn.
Made in Canada by the STANDARD SILVER COMPANY, International Silver Co., of Canada, Ltd., *Successor*, Toronto, Can.

In using advertisements see page 6

# This Sachet is the Secret!

EUGÈNE
PERMANENT WAVES

**THIS picture of a Eugène Sachet is a peep behind the scenes of permanent waving.**

**You may never have seen anything like it before, but we hope, for your hairs' sake, that you will *insist* upon seeing it in the future.**

**For Eugène Sachets are the secret of beautifully natural, uniformly successful permanent waves.**

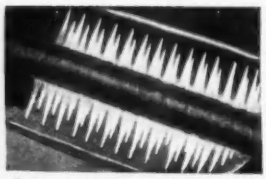
**Of particular importance is the perforated steam-tab—an exclusive, patented feature of the Eugène Sachet. Your permanent waver wraps two to three dozen of these sachets around as many carefully wound strands of your hair. Then, steam pours forth from countless tiny perforations in the steam-tabs and gently but permanently imparts the beautiful wave you want.**

**The placement and area of these tiny perforations are under control; indeed, if you still have the remnant of your last permanent wave in your hair, the operator will use a special Eugène Sachet that avoids double-waving the already-waved portion of your hair.**

**There is no other waving method so selective, so gentle, so adaptable to your individual head of hair. That is why your conscientious permanent waver gladly pays more for genuine Eugène Sachets — for the waves' sake and for yours!**

***Avoid the "Bargain" Wave***
***Insist Upon The Genuine!***

**Pay the price for expert skill and make sure your waver uses the genuine Eugène Sachets. Cut price wavers can scarcely afford to use them. Look for the famous Eugène Trade Mark Symbol boldly displayed on each Sachet *and be sure.***



*It waves your hair with tiny jets of steam—controlled and directed to suit your individual head of hair!*

***Let Us Send You One!***
**We will gladly send you a sample sachet for your inspection, together with our interesting booklet, "The Eugène Method," and a list of genuine Eugène Wavers in your vicinity. EUGÈNE, LTD., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. London, Paris, Berlin, Sydney.**


## "Happily Ever After"

(*Continued from page 39*)

be generous; if he is stingy, he is also apt to be provident; if he is severe, he is also apt to be just; if he is "easy-going," he is also apt to be good-natured; if he is tactless, he is also apt to be sincere; if he is flirtatious, he is also apt to be charming; if he is stolid, he is also apt to be dependable; if he is temperamental, he is also apt to be brilliant. It is too much to expect that you will find the seven cardinal virtues in one and the same man, but neither will you find the seven deadly sins in one and the same man! And the discovery of one or two sins—deadly or otherwise—on the part of your husband will not justify you in leaping to the rash conclusion that he does not love you, that he has no further claim upon you, or that your marriage is a failure.

"Do you mean to tell me," I can imagine you exclaiming with some heat about now, "that you think wives should *always* be loyal to their husbands? Of course, as far as I am concerned, I shall always wish to be loyal, because I am marrying a wonderful person who will never hurt my feelings, or neglect me, or abuse me, or even misunderstand me, who will always be generous and devoted and faithful. But certainly there are some things which no woman should be expected to endure. I hate to mention—well, divorce—when we are talking about marriage, but certainly you must admit that some divorces are justifiable!"

YES, my dear, I will admit that, provided a woman has not first condoned a sin and then condemned it; provided she is not guilty of the same fault herself; and provided she has not driven her husband into wrong-doing by indifference, shrewishness, intolerance, levity, or extravagance, it is "justifiable" for her to divorce him for unfaithfulness, or intemperance, or desertion, or cruelty, or the commission of an infamous crime, or any combination of these offenses. And yet there are men who have so offended and who have, nevertheless, sincerely loved their wives; who have "earnestly repented and been heartily sorry for these their misdoings"; and who, because they have been denied forgiveness, have been speeded on their downward path by the one person in all the world who might have helped them toward salvation. While other men no less culpable, who have been given another chance, have not only redeemed themselves, but have in the end brought immeasurable joy to the women who have steadfastly held to the belief that "many waters can not quench love, neither can floods drown it"; when those of lesser faith have discovered—too late—that they were standing alone in the ruins of their lives, aghast at the wreckage they had wrought.

So, though I think that a divorce may sometimes be "justifiable" under certain rare and tragic conditions, I doubt very much whether, even in these instances, it proves a highway to happiness. At best it is a confession of failure and defeat and cowardice. And it may be something worse than that. This is when its "justification" is open to question. A woman without the feeling of obligation which I have stressed may divorce her husband for some flimsy excuse, simply because the responsibilities of marriage have become irksome to her; she may even find a way to force him to pay her alimony, and live an idle, purposeless existence on money which she has not earned. I do not think she is "justified" in doing this; indeed, I do not think that a young, healthy, childless woman should ever be granted alimony, and I believe the time is coming when she will not. The practise has been so abused that the pendulum is bound to swing the other way before long, and courts which now regard pretty plaintiffs with a lenient eye will look at them more severely in the future, unless I am very much mistaken. But meanwhile I do not think the "drifter" is really happy. We all need rudders and anchors; and if we do not have them, we soon deteriorate from drifters to derelicts.

# TO-NIGHT
## *you can laugh at Time . . .*

COPYRIGHT. PINAUD. 1929

**NOW we can laugh at the insidious weapons Time levels at our faces—clogging dirt, drying winds, the inevitable weary hours—can actually *wash off* the unwanted years!**

TONIGHT you can do it! Tonight in your own glass you can *watch* young radiant bloom creep back into your face—*feel* new satiny softness beneath your fingertips!

For here is not 'just another cream.' Here is a scientific discovery which skin specialists of two continents call—"the most important advance in skin care for 150 years!"

A preparation—perfected after fifteen years of research by the famous Parisian House of PINAUD—that actually *offsets* the aging power of those tireless enemies of youth—dust, dirt, roughening winds and drying suns, nervous strain.

One Cream—snowy, silken, tender as a dewdrop—that does three essential things at once—

—*cleanses* the tiny pores more thoroughly than ever was possible before, 'floating' all the aging accumulations of dirt and powder gently to the surface—

—*supples* dried out tissues to youthful pliancy once more—

—then, as you WASH it away, *tones* up weary facial muscles to firmness once again!

No complicated, time-consuming treatments now—no elaborate 'ritual'! Just two simple steps—just thirty seconds a day!

Simply smooth on PINAUD'S CREAM . . . then in clear, cool water, wash it away! Before your eyes it *dissolves*, sweeping with it all the clogging particles from deep down in the pores, *never* depositing waxy, fatty traces of itself—to choke them anew—as dermatologists have long been telling us ordinary creams do! Leaving your cheek flower-fresh, flower-smooth, aglow with dawning youth!

You will find PINAUD'S CREAM at leading stores in jars and tubes . . . Remember, too, that after using it you need no astringent and no powder base. Perfectly toned, pores close of themselves. And so exquisitely suppled is your cheek, that powder clings without a 'base'!

Or check the offer you prefer below and mail the coupon to PINAUD, Department G-6, 220 East 21st Street, New York (In Canada—560 King Street, West, Toronto, Ontario.)

☐ Please send me FREE your New Beauty Book and enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 treatments.

☐ For 25c enclosed send two weeks' supply and your Beauty Book.

Name_____

Address_____

PINAUD, PARIS AND NEW YORK: MAKERS OF FRENCH TOILET PREPARATIONS FOR MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS

In using advertisements see page 6

# *Colorful Rooms planned by* MISS ANNE MORGAN *and* MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT

MISS ANNE MORGAN, President of the A. W. A. says: "Everything has been done to provide congenial surroundings and physical comfort. Simmons Beds have been used throughout and since I use them myself I know of their comfort and reliability."

*The 28-story Club-house of the American Woman's Association at 353 West 57th Street, New York City.*

**1250 delightful rooms in this complete, luxurious Club-house for Women . .**

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT, Chairman of Furnishing Committee, worked with the decorators, Burnet-Clark, Ltd. She says, "We had to budget ourselves, yet we felt none but the finest beds would suffice. Our choice was Simmons!—beds in charming wood finishes and gay colors."

A MAGNIFICENT pine-panelled library, a pool, a theatre, a gymnasium, roof gardens, a ballroom, lounges, restaurants, patios. And 1250 delightful living-bedrooms for business and professional women in the new Club-house of the American Woman's Association!

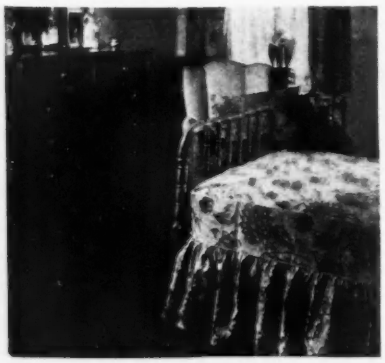
What a tribute this most modern, most luxurious, most complete of women's club-houses is to the rare idealism and boundless energy of its President, Miss Anne Morgan, and to the exquisite taste of its Chairman of Furnishing, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.

The lovely private rooms are havens of rest and comfort. As Mrs. Vanderbilt says, "We wanted to give our residents, women who lead busy, active lives, a place where they might live in privacy and yet among their friends! Sunny, cheerful rooms that would rent from $10 to $25 per week were our goal."

Economy and comfort were of primary importance. Although strictly budgeted Mrs. Vanderbilt achieved these charming rooms at a very moderate cost, though she used only the finest quality furnishings.

Simmons Beds were her choice for each of the 1250 rooms—beds attractive in line and color, suiting the individual decorative schemes perfectly. On this page you see three of the scores of charming designs, a Windsor, a quaint "spool bed" and a four-poster.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beds $10 to $60; No. 1850, $37.50; No. 1025, $35.00; Beautyrest Mattress $39.50; Ace Box Spring $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



A restful, individual room of a club member—in subdued tones of old blue and burnt orange. The quaint "spool bed" from Simmons, No. 1850, is finished in maple. It also comes in green with antique ivory, and in stippled green. East of the Rockies, $37.50.

How inviting this room appears to a busy professional woman at the end of a long day—chintzes in buff, blue and rose, and a Simmons four-poster. Bed No. 1025, in walnut finish, maple or blue decorated. East of the Rockies, $35.00.

A colorful living-bedroom in the club-house in lacquer red and Chinese yellow with Simmons Windsor bed. Comes in walnut finish, green, blue-green. Windsor beds, $15 to $30.

BEDS
SPRINGS
MATTRESSES

# SIMMONS

BUILT
FOR
SLEEP

## "Happily Ever After"

There is another type of woman who is even worse—and even more apt to be unhappy—than the one who divorces her husband in order to bleed him; and this is the type who does so in order to marry another man. If she has been faithless once, there is every reason to suppose that she will be faithless again; and no second marriage, so handicapped from the outset, has even a fighting chance of proving a success. There never yet was any joy that lasted if it was built without the firm foundation that only honesty and truth can give it. The woman who breaks her word does not know the meaning of truth, and only the truth can make her free.

Dear child, I am not trying to brush the bloom from your bridal joy by telling you these ugly truths, any more than I was trying, in my previous letter, to shatter "love's young dream" by insisting that you should have a clear financial understanding with your fiancé prior to your marriage, instead of waiting until after the question of money had begun to cause a rift in your lute of joy. But the old adage that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is as applicable to marital problems as it is to all others; and the time to avert matrimonial tragedies is not after they are already in full swing, but before they have started.

Almost every girl marries—as you are doing—with the feeling that hers is an "exceptional" case; and yet almost every woman also finds, sooner or later, that she is forced to face difficulties no less hard for her to bear than those of women whose future did not seem to her nearly so secure as her own. And the only way to eliminate such difficulties is to conquer them. Nothing is to be gained by pretending they are non-existent—they will grow by leaps and bounds if you do; nothing is to be gained by complaining about them—they will thrive like green bay trees on your complaints; nothing is to be gained by running away from them—they will continually rise up and hit you in the face if you do that. But you can overcome them if you will try hard enough. This does not seem to me the time or the place to enlarge on the fact that ours is almost the only civilized country in the world where divorce is general; or that one of the great Christian churches does not recognize divorce at all, and that another permits remarriage after divorce only to the "innocent party" in a divorce case for adultery. But I may remind you of this in passing, because hundreds of thousands of men and women are married in other countries and in these churches every year, and have been for centuries, with results that are no more unfortunate than in countries and churches where divorce is comparatively easy. And I reiterate what I said in the beginning: that the woman whose high sense of obligation and loyalty causes her to regard her nuptial vows as permanent and conclusive, no matter what form they take, is nearly always happier in the long run than the one who does not.

LET me give you two concrete instances of what I am trying to explain, since such instances are often more helpful than glittering generalities: One of the most beautiful and fascinating women I have ever known—a woman with whom almost every normal man who sees her falls in love—quickly became bored with her first husband's sober and solid devotion; and though admitting that he had not wronged her in any way, but had, on the contrary, laid his very life at her feet, first neglected and then abandoned him. He died, and soon after his death she married his best friend, who had long been her acknowledged admirer. She divorced this man—with a strange lack of logic—because though he was delightful and distinguished, she felt insulted and resentful because he showed a predilection for making love to other men's wives! And finally, unable to endure loneliness when she had been accustomed to constant companionship, she married a third time, only to find again that she had "made a bitter mistake,"


# Telephone Hour . . . a new way to keep Family Ties alive

*A Bell System Advertisement*

THE Family is gathered in the library . . . Dad in his easy chair, telephone in hand, Mother concealing her excitement with busily plying needles, Sister brimful of importance. . . .

It's Telephone Hour—and the missing members of the Family are "coming home" for their regular Sunday morning chat!

Dad will call Marjory first, at college. It has been a thrilling week. Tuesday night the glee club concert. Last night the sorority dance . . . and the Family must hear all about everything.

Then Dad will telephone Junior in the big city, where he has gone to make a career for himself. The first weeks on the job were pretty hard for Junior. He hadn't been away from home for any length of time, before. . . . But someone thought of Telephone Hour. And now he hears Dad's and Mother's voices regularly, and gets those bits of encouragement that are so important to any boy, no matter what his age.

And then the Family will talk to Dad's folks up state. They telephoned them last week for the first time—a surprise call. And what a time they had! Now they're regular additions to Telephone Hour.

Telephone Hour is a new way to keep family ties alive. Talking to loved ones is next best to seeing them. You can do it so quickly, so easily, so inexpensively. Someone, somewhere, would like to hear your voice—now. Telephone today.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

# Want Some Money?

***Here's a wonderful way to get it***

**Our beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all** about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell. You can make good money and this book is **FREE**. All supplies are sent by us with the instructions and many have made $25 the first week. Some society women have taken up this work for their own amusement.—Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write Now for your copy of this valuable book; it's FREE.

**Our system is amazingly easy to learn and the profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce beautiful finished art objects almost from the beginning. You don't have to know how to draw or have any experience. Begin making money now.**

**Fireside Industries**

DEPT. 24-G - ADRIAN, MICH.


In using advertisements see page 6

*complete instructions for making*

# Sandwiches

*to any man's taste*

No man likes a feminine sandwich, he wants something substantial — something with a taste that tickles his appetite — And here's French's recipe for making sandwiches to any man's taste — once you have learned the helpfulness of "that flavor called French" you, yourself, can vary this recipe according to the materials on hand — always successfully.

Give this new twist to a Roast Beef Sandwich—

Run cold roast beef (or any cold meat) through your grinder until you have a heaping cupful. To it add ½ teaspoon of salt, ½ tablespoon of melted butter, and 1 teaspoon of French's Mustard. Mix well and spread. This is certainly easily and quickly made—and the French's Mustard gives it a flavor that tastes good all the way down.

But remember that only French's Prepared Mustard will give you just the right flick of flavor—"that flavor called French." Only the secret French's formula, that blends the choicest mustard seed with certain other savory ingredients, can produce this result.

Your grocer should have French's Prepared Mustard and it is worth while to insist upon getting it.

Send the coupon for a set of French's Recipes — printed on cards, handy to use; twelve or more new recipes offered each month.

THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, *Housewives' Service Dept.*, 3-31 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

NAME .....

3-31

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

★ FRENCH'S MUSTARD




## "Happily Ever After"

and that she "could not go through with it," because her husband was "ungrateful, extravagant, and hot-tempered." In short, she has spent her life trying to escape from everything that threatened her married happiness, and she is the unhappiest woman I know.

In marked contrast to this is the case of another woman whose married life has been crowded with such a variety of hardships that it has seemed impossible to her friends that she would be able to endure them. For years she had constant poverty and frequent neglect to contend with, her health seemed shattered when she was still young, and her husband furnished her with more than one "justifiable" cause for divorce. Yet a little while ago I saw this woman sitting in the midst of a group of persons who were speaking disparagingly of marriage; and when one of them turned to her, asking lightly for a confirmation of these views, she said quietly:

"I really do not think it is best for me to take part in this discussion. Because, you see, I am very happily married, and therefore my opinion would be radically different from yours."

For a moment I thought this was another example of her splendid courage, and then I realized that she was speaking the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. She *is* happy. She has conquered all her difficulties. She is neither poor, nor sick, nor neglected; and her husband thinks that the sun rises and sets on her head. In fact, I do not know another woman whose life is so full, so complete, and so entirely blessed.

BUT a feeling of permanence with regard to your marriage is not the only one which a sense of obligation will give you. This sense will also cause you to consider carefully not only what you can get out of marriage, but what you can put into it. I have spoken harshly of the young, healthy, childless woman who accepts alimony from a man whom she has divorced on meaningless grounds; and I could speak almost as harshly of the woman who lives with her husband, takes everything he can give her, and gives him nothing in return. I do not mean by this that she should necessarily strain to achieve a pay-envelope which is as large as, or larger than, his; indeed, in most cases, it is much better if a wife is not obliged to be a wage-earner. But she certainly should share her husband's financial responsibilities by spending wisely and saving carefully the money he earns. Never for a moment should she feel that she has a right to misuse it or waste it. Never, under any circumstances, should she permit her extravagance or her idleness to act as a goad which prods him on to efforts which he is not able to make or tempts him to actual dishonesty.

She should be intrinsically generous. And when I refer to a generous attitude on her part I have in mind much besides her attitude toward money. The woman who is jealous and suspicious and exacting is not generous; the woman who makes a fetish of her housekeeping, rather than an ideal of her home-making, is not generous; the woman who is slovenly and slip-shod, and refuses to minister to her husband's creature-comforts is not generous; the woman who stultifies his ambition and stunts his soul is not generous; the woman who tries to shut him off from his family and his friends is not generous; the woman who taunts him with his failures and withholds her sympathy in his sorrow is not generous; the woman who is deliberately and wilfully childless when he longs for children is not generous. In short, the woman who does not give her husband everything—material and mental, physical and spiritual, "Full measure, pressed down, running over"—is, in withholding the precious possessions which he expected, cheating him of that which he has a right to receive from her.

And in cheating him, she is, though she may not realize it, cheating herself also. We get back from marriage—as we get back from life

## "Happily Ever After"

in general—what we are willing to put into it. I never pass by the Union Station in Washington without glancing up at a motto engraved on its great white façade, and feeling afresh the force of its truth,

"He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him."

I want you to find in marriage everything which you are seeking; but I know your search will be fruitless unless you undertake it with the gifts which you alone can bestow held in your outstretched hands.

And last of all—but by no means least of all—if your marriage is to be a happy one, you must meet these obligations on which I have dwelt so long, freely and fully and spontaneously; not with the attitude of one who is fulfilling a disagreeable duty, but with the attitude of one who is blessed in being privileged to help make her half of a partnership a success. If your husband meets with financial reverses, it is not enough to economize in every way you can; you must scrimp and save as if it were the greatest fun in the world. If he is deserted by all his friends, it is not enough for you to stay with him; you must make him feel that you rejoice in the opportunity which no one else has had the discernment to embrace. If he is slandered by his enemies, it is not enough to defend him; you must keep your faith in his rectitude unshaken. If his business takes him to some God-forsaken part of the world, it is not enough to share his exile; you must make of this bare and barren spot a flowering garden. If he is sick in body or mind or soul, it is not enough to care for him conscientiously; you must spread the balm of your tenderness over all his being.

Do not let any one tell you that it is impossible to do so much; all this, and a great deal besides, has been done for ages past, and will be done in ages yet to come, by women who really love their husbands; by women who are deeply loved in return; by women who have "lived happily ever after"—because they have learned that marriage is an adventure, over seas which are sometimes smooth and sometimes rough, but always a glorious adventure; a partnership which brings great rewards to those who enter it in good faith and keep their contracts; an experience which builds and molds, carves and beautifies; a responsibility in which happiness brings obligations, and obligations bring happiness; and a sacrament in which the children of the earth become partakers of the Kingdom of Heaven.

With deepest affection always,

Frances Parkinson Keyes

## Patterns for the Young

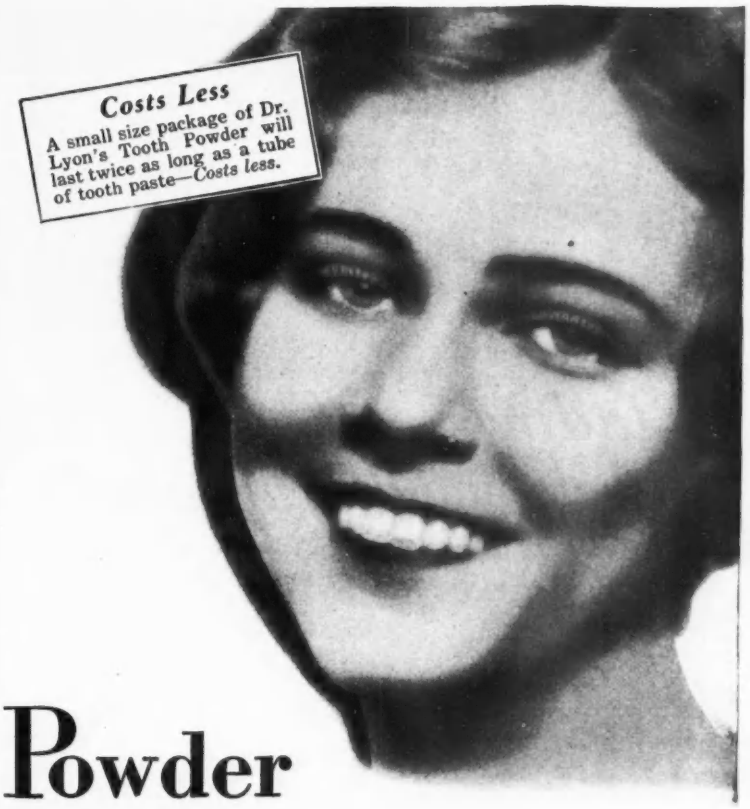
(*Continued from page 82*)

size 16, requires 4½ yards of figured piqué and 1¼ yards of white piqué.

The remaining three frocks are unusually attractive. A girl from 8 to 12 years old may wear the smart individual dress, J-32, made of white and lavender linen, while the play and party frocks on either side are suitable for her younger sister. This dress requires 2 yards of colored linen and 1 yard of white in size 12.

Fagoting forms a dainty trimming on the little afternoon or party dress, J-31, which is easy to make. The fagoting is done over strips of stiff paper which holds the two sections to be joined in place and the proper distance apart. Done in this way it is not difficult. In size 6, 2 yards of material are required.

The print dress at the right, which has bloomers to match, requires 3 yards of 36-inch material in size 6. Plain-colored material or bias tape may be used to edge the collar and yoke. In making this dress, shir the back and the front on the shoulders. The resulting fulness may either be pressed into plaits as illustrated, or allowed to hang in folds.


Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"

*Just ask your dentist*

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

*In use over 60 years*

*Established 1866*

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

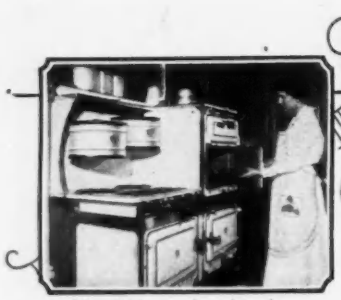
Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else.

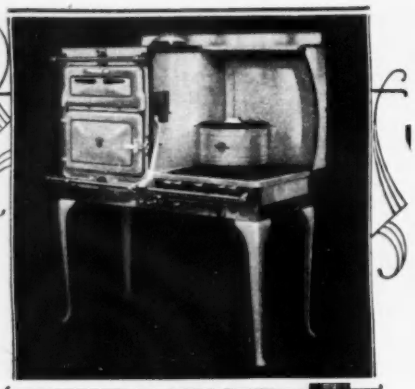
Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A package lasts over three months.


In using advertisements see page 5



Mrs. Wiley in her kitchen.



COOKS WITH THE GAS TURNED OFF

Grand Prize Paris 1928

# *Adding a whole month of leisure*

WITH this gas range you can start the meal when it suits your convenience. When enough heat is stored to complete the cooking, the Autostat will completely shut off the gas. Just as a Thermos Bottle keeps liquids hot, so does the highly insulated oven keep the meal hot for hours. The moment you light the gas and set the Autostat pointer, your time is your own.

This method of cooking results in better baking, less gas consumption and more leisure. Domestic economists estimate an average time-saving of two hours daily. Think of it,—a whole month of leisure added to each year for the price of a gas range!!

"It enables one to prepare the meal some time before the dinner hour and then have the spare time and a free mind to do other things", says Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley, well-known American housewife of Washington, D. C.

*Top Stove Advantages Also*

Vegetables under the Thermodome need but five to ten minutes boiling. The gas is then shut off. Cooking continues and the foods stay hot.

Are you interested in retaining natural food flavors and food values, in saving gas and food and time? Let the local dealer show you this remarkable range or write us for a catalog.

**THE CHAMBERS MANUFACTURING CO.**

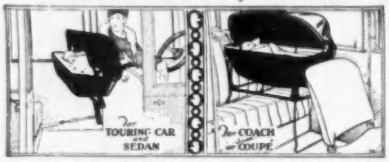
**106 Columbus Park** **Shelbyville, Indiana**

*Originators of the insulated gas range, the Thermodome and the Autostat*

*You are free as soon as the meal goes into the oven. The Autostat shuts off the gas completely at exactly the right time.*

# Chambers AUTOSTAT GAS RANGE

**For Baby's Comfort *and* Safety A Method Endorsed *by* Thousands**




Safest, most comfortable way to motor with baby. Saves mother worry and tired arms. Strong metal frame covered with fine leatherette, and suspended on shock absorbing springs. Folding hood. No screws or nails in upholstery. Bassinet instantly removed from car for use in hotel or home. Folds compactly for storage or train. DETACHABLE RUBBER-TIRED WHEELS OBTAINABLE to quickly convert Bassinet into strong attractive carriage. Send for illustrated folder of Gordon Baby Motoring Accessories. Guaranteed to please or money refunded. Prices from $3.50 up. At dealers or by mail.

**Gordon Motor Crib Co., Inc., Dept. 16, 8 Bridge St., New York**
You may send illustrated folder and name of nearest dealer.

Name.....

Address.....

**SHORT STORY WRITING**

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**

**THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL**
Dept. 67 Springfield, Mass.

**BUTTER DRESSING**

***has such a variety of uses. Chops, fish, vegetables are all so much more appetizing when the dressing is made of 3 parts hot melted butter and 1 part***

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**

**Famous for almost a hundred years.**

*Write for free recipe booklet.*
*Lea & Perrins, 234 West St., N.Y.*


## Treasure

*(Continued from page 43)*

The twang of guitar strings.

"Ask nothing more of me, sweet,
All I can give you I give.
Heart of my heart, were it more,
More would be laid at your feet.

"Love that should help you to live,
Song that should spur you to soar,
Ask nothing more of me, sweet.
Ask nothing more . . . nothing more."

"Love that should help you to live."

The words of the song rang in the room's immense and startled stillness and lifted a veil; touched to life something here that pulsed and throbbed, and was a part of the heart of each. Across the pounding air their eyes met—and were drowned in each other.

Time stopped. The moon and the stars and the sun stood frozen in the hard marble of space. And one caught note trembled—and held.

It was Jenny who spoke first. All the light from the day seemed gathered on her face—in those remarkable, speaking eyes. Eyes of fire and tenderness and strength.

"It isn't much to ask—Windy—is it?" Love that would help you to live!

He bent forward suddenly, all bowed in his pillows, all broken. "Jenny, I've fought this. Tried to keep it from coming up between us. Each time I've been with you—fighting, fighting back the things I could not say. I can't say them now! Next week, after I know how I'm going to come out—not before. Not a word. This is why I've pushed forward to this crisis, Jenny. There's got to be a new start—or an ending."

"Oh, Windy."

That song—would the singer never hush?

"I that have love and no more,
Give you but love of you, sweet.
He that hath wings let him soar . . .
Mine is the heart at your feet."

"JENNY, help me to be strong. You've helped me through so much. Stand by me in this. *Love that would help you to live* . . . but don't you know—it has! This trifling breath of life—yours! You are so young, Jenny—so wonderful. Every one loving you. Wanting you. All the gay, unhampered chances are yours. I won't have it otherwise. No—no. I would only destroy you."

She tried to speak, her eyes pleading with him, but he silenced her.

"Oh, I know that little tender heart. None better. You might even think—but, Jenny, life at best is long, long. And chained to a hospital, how long do you think the days? The nights?"

He had never spoken like this before. He was trying to show her the worst side.

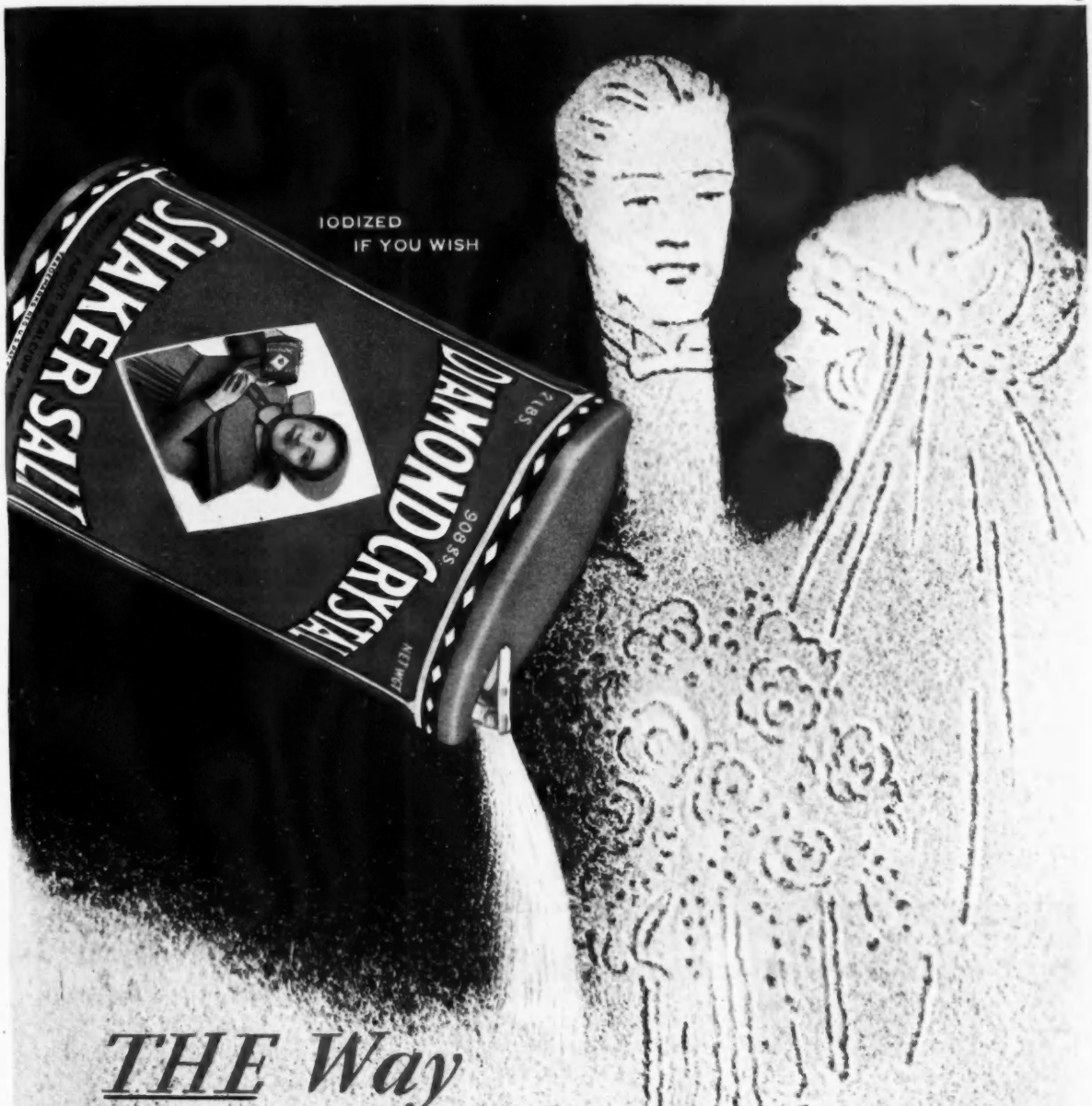
"I can make shift for myself. I have my books, my thoughts, my affairs to manage, my boy to think of and write to and plan for. But if through momentary weakness I let you come inside this prison house with me—shut the dark walls forever about you—then indeed would everything be over for me. Then would have been rendered up the last bitter dreg, withheld till now."

"Oh, Windy."

"You'd better go, Jenny. I'm all right. But—don't come back until we know. Forget this afternoon. It didn't happen."

That feeling of inevitable failure, of defeat always. She saw him in a bright room, shutting her out. If only Windy knew! She rose, crossed to the door, stood with her face turned from him. It was her last chance at happiness. As Jenny had fought for other things, she meant to fight for this. She didn't know if she were right or wrong. The old, old conflict. Was one never to know?

Unshed tears were in her voice. "That fearful night of the blizzard, when I stayed alone in the shack on the hill with . . . after he'd died. Windy, I couldn't have done it by myself. I




# *THE Way* to a man's heart

Fortunate, indeed, is the groom whose bride has learned the secret of preparing flavorful foods. Because the zest to eat comes from the taste . . . and a keen appetite encourages success. ¶ Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt has aided good cooks for many years. Its fluffy, porous flakes dissolve quickly, bringing out the fine flavors hidden in the food. You'll find it gives the finished touch to any meal. ¶ Your grocer sells this better salt. Always insist on Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt.

*If it isn't Diamond Crystal it isn't Shaker Salt*

## Diamond Crystal Salt

GENERAL OFFICES SAINT CLAIR, MICHIGAN

In using advertisements see page 6

# This food chopper chops clean

SUMMER servings make clear call for a clean-chopping chopper. Fruit pudding, salad, meat loaf, date-nut cookies, relish, croquettes, Red Flannel Hash. . . . The Griswold Food Chopper chops clean! And if you chop a small amount at a time, it will not drip. This is because the handle-end is higher than the chopper-end, and its bowl is deep.

Because it *chops* (there's a difference between that and grinding) each piece still has almost all its juices in it. What little juice is lost by virtue of the incision, is saved in the dish you place in front. Clean chopping—sharp chopping—in medium, large or small pieces. And the Chopper sharpens its own knives.

The Griswold Chopper is a meat chopper, and a nut, fruit, vegetable and bread chopper. It can redeem many a leftover in your refrigerator. It screws into place without marring the table, and is simple and sturdy, as the Griswold restaurant choppers are. At any kitchen-equipment store. In four sizes. $1.85 to $3.25. Write for the Aunt Ellen Booklet of fifty famous recipes—among them French Melange. The Griswold Mfg. Co., Dept. Q, Erie, Penna.

*One of the finest summer cakes we know of is Aunt Ellen's Food-Chopper Cake. No baking, just a cooling, and made simply with graham crackers, dates, nuts, and cream. A delectable roll that you slice for serving. Address "Aunt Ellen," Dept. Q, The Griswold Kitchen, Erie, Penna.*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. GRISWOLD ★

# Hotels Need Trained Women

**High-Salaried Positions Open in Hotels, Clubs, Apartments, Institutions**

Managers, assistant managers, floor clerks, hostesses, etc., are wanted in America's Third Largest Industry. Hundreds of new establishments now opening are calling for trained women. Shortage acute. Lewis Students' Employment Bureau receiving daily calls.

You can quickly learn at home with the Lewis Simplified Study Plan the duties of Hotel Hostess or other executive, Coffee Shop Manager, etc. We put you in touch with positions everywhere. A good income and quick advancement are offered those who succeed. The work is fascinating, developing charm and personality. Past experience unnecessary. Many Lewis Students are winning success in this uncrowded field. Mrs. M. F. Miller writes: "Your Course has been of inestimable value to me. Since graduating I have been Housekeeper-Hostess, managing my own cottage Annex."

Free Book "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY," gives full details. Write for it today.

**LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS**

Room BM-2411 Washington, D. C.

Charter Member National Home Study Council

*The Original and Only School of Its Kind in the World*

# WITT Concealed Cans

## For Garbage Disposal

Easily and quickly installed underground without expense. Out of sight, sanitary, odorless, cannot be upset and the contents will not freeze nor ferment. Equipped with semi-steel, durable top and corrugated inside can. Convenient foot pedal raises lid.

**The only ALL hot-dip, galvanized underground garbage can**

Guaranteed for ten years. Made in 5 sizes to meet every domestic need. Sold by hardware and department stores. Send for free booklet "What You Should Know About Cans" and name of nearest dealer.

**THE WITT CORNICE COMPANY**

Can Specialists Since 1899

2116 PATTERSON ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO

★ **WITT GARBAGE PAILS and ASH CANS** are made of extra heavy gauge steel. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and Priscilla Proving Plant.

**Send for** this special garbage pail brush. Long, painted handle. Stiff, hard wearing bristles. Sent postpaid 50c (coin or stamps)

ORIGINATORS OF THE CORRUGATED CAN


## Treasure

tried and gave up. I was only a girl held prisoner there by the storm in the room with death, and an all-night watch before me. The—the lamp went out. There was no more oil. The room grew dark. I was frantic. I couldn't stay. I thought, 'I'll go out and meet death in the storm; anything is better than staying here!' So I put on my coat and hat. I lifted the latch and started out . . . You stood in the door, barring the way. You spoke to me, touched my hand; your eyes looked into mine. You turned me back, sat down with me, put an arm about me. The room was safe now. Fear and horror were gone. Nothing could touch me, because you were there. Windy, if love is like this, have we the right to deny it?"

The silence about her was weighted and pressed down upon her heart and upon her breath with an unbearable force.

When he spoke, his voice was unrecognizable. "And all our lives—yours and mine—endless year on year, chained to this. A hospital. Is that what you want?"

"No—no! Not that."

"What, then?"

"You—out there! Just as you were!" She caught her breath in a sob, clinging to the bright room. "Oh, Windy, we could be married tomorrow."

Then she could stay. Nothing could take her from him.

"Jenny—you're not considering yourself. You're thinking of me."

"I'm not! I'm fighting hard for happiness. Away from you it's just—dark."

"My God!"

Dusk crept about them as they talked, lost to time.

"Jenny, all these months I've held to one small, ragged tatter of manhood—*I haven't spoken.* It's all I have left. Let me keep it."

The outlines of the white uniform—very, very still by the door—melted and became shadow. She did not speak again. He never knew just when she left the room.

NIGHT. Jenny slipped down the stone steps, undetected. She carried her suitcase in one hand and with the other clutched Erney's little ship against her. The stars were out, and silver dripped from them over the earth, and the trees trembled upward and spun their leaves in beauty. She skirted two groups of veterans that menaced her way to the gates, and cut across to the corner where the trolley car came out from town every half-hour. There was a wooden shelter here. Jenny stood hidden in the shadow of it, letting her gaze rest on the beloved gray walls, and two cars went back without her.

How festive it looked with all its lights blazing! The windows were hands that reached out to her, but she shut the hands back. It was strange that you could wrap your heart so about a work, and it could reject you.

The groups on the grounds were beginning to break up. Friends and relatives who had come out for a visit must leave before nine-thirty bed-check. Voices called,

"Well, good-night."

Good-night—good-night! The last car was in. The last visitor sprinting to catch it. The boys had turned back toward the doorway, stepping light-heartedly along, for these would be the lucky men from Eight. The night nurses were on. Soon the windows would begin to wink out. She did not want to see it darken. She would go while its lights blazed in her heart. So she would keep it—a cluster of stars in the gloom. Good-night—good-night!

A small, lonely figure, hugging a little ship and a worn old suitcase, rattled along to town.

DR. HUFFY returned to a different hospital from the one he had left. The entire population was worked up over Jenny's dismissal.

"Just let anybody get to taking an interest in us, and they're railroaded out of a job. Jenny made life slightly bearable here, so out she goes."

# LET THE MORNING INTO YOUR KITCHEN

## *Mello-Gloss in cool, soft tones . . . for the walls of the colorful, modern kitchen*

COLOR has invaded the kitchen . . . on pots and pans, on furniture and floors . . . a gorgeous wave.

You have welcomed this vogue of color. Your kitchen has become a brighter, pleasanter, more cheerful place to work in. But what about the walls? Are they not, perhaps, the one discordant note in an otherwise charming interior?

Then turn to Mello-Gloss . . . the finishing touch for the colorful, modern kitchen.

Mello-Gloss is a washable paint made in a wealth of soft, charming shades. It dries quickly to a smooth, semi-gloss finish which does not readily catch or hold dirt. It can be cleaned easily and quickly with soap and water or with Lowe Brothers Cleaner.

Mello-Gloss is but one of the outstanding paint products prepared by Lowe Brothers. It is made primarily to do one specific thing . . . to give beautiful and lasting color to walls and ceilings . . . and it does that one thing superlatively well.

*FREE BOOKLET "Color Harmony in the Home" at any Lowe Brothers dealer. Profusely illustrated in colors with valuable information on home decoration. Or mailed direct for 10 cents in stamps.*

All Lowe Brothers paint products are made to meet specific requirements and there is a product for each decorative and protective need.

When you are planning the painting or decoration of your home, and now is the time to plan it, go to the Lowe Brothers dealer in your community. He will be glad to give you the Lowe Brothers Color Cards and help you select the products and the colors you should use for each particular surface. The Lowe Brothers Company, *Factories:* Dayton, O., Toronto, Canada. Branches in Principal Cities.

Lowe Brothers

PAINTS & VARNISHES

In using advertisements see page 6

MOSQUE PRAYER RUG
*Reproduction*
price for 9 x 12 size is less than $200

*Would you see the colors?*

RICH and lovely is the design of this authentic reproduction of one of the Orient's rarest rugs. But words fail to describe the exquisite beauty of the soft flower-and-wine colors. So that you can see this in full color, and other Bengal-Oriental Rugs, we have prepared a complete portfolio. Send your address with 10c in stamps and we will mail it to you. James M. Shoemaker Co., Inc., 119 West 40th St., New York. Dept. GH

Bengal-Oriental Rugs

THE HOUSE OF SHOEMAKER—TWENTY-THIRD YEAR

BEDFORD Rayon CASEMENT CLOTH

For all Modern Windows. Lustrous sheen in Natural, Ecru and Pastel Colors. Sunfast and Durable. Closely woven and drapes beautifully. Sold by leading stores.
*Write for Booklet and samples*
FAIRCLOUGH & GOLD INC. BOSTON, MASS.

IRON GLUE

**Mends Furniture**
Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, books, leather, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug and grocery stores, or 15c size by mail. Tubes and bottles.
McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

This Is Every Woman's Opportunity

*We Invite You to Join Our Rainbow Club—If you need Extra Money for any Purpose you will be Welcome*

Even if you are a busy mother you may take care of your Rainbow Club work without neglecting social and home duties or the babies. For the vacation trip you would like to take, or the pretty new summer frock you have been wanting—if you need things for the children—perhaps some new appliances to make the kitchen more comfortable, or chintzes etc., to make the house more summery—let the Club help you.

It may be that you are interested in adding to your Hope Chest or in purchasing a trousseau. Perhaps you are a business girl anxious to increase the weekly salary—even a "shut-in" confined to room or chair. Our magazine work is possible for you all. Fill in and mail coupon to Helen Willard to learn the way to our Fairy Pot of Gold.

Mrs. Wilhelmina Budd of New York

Helen Willard, Director The Rainbow Club
Good Housekeeping Magazine
57th St. at 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.

I am interested in your Club. Please send me full information about your spare-time, money-making plan, without obligation to me.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

RC-629

Miss Harriet Prosser of Ohio


## Treasure

"Yeah . . . that's right. She made things home-like for the dizzy vets when they've got it too easy already. Nice pleasant hospital to live in, three meals of soup a day, and plenty of Ward Surgeons and other keepers to see that you stay flattened out. All this luxury, and the only thing you ever did to earn it was to keep the Germans out of Parus. Put a fence around Bill Kaiser. Oh, yeah—he looks funny now, but what about back in 1918?"

"That's the trick—*homelike*. I've been lying here trying to figure what it was that happened to a room when Jenny walked in it. Just let her smile and—the whole works seemed sort of fluted up. That little way she had—I don't know—Jenny could be your sister and your sweetheart and your mother all in one. Womanhood incarnate! She had a look of believing in you, expecting things of you, seeing you as a regular guy—not this wreck. So they fire her. She won't be slipping in first thing in the morning. Oh, damn—I wish I was out of this—or dead."

"Just wait a week or two until I've straightened out a bit and can operate this leg—then good-by for me. I'm going after her."

"Here, too."

"I'm right there, bo. Getting organized to travel. I'm done with No. 80."

Temperatures rose. Irritation mounted. Anger at the authorities grew into anger at each other. There was trouble.

"You boys are acting like children. Quiet down in there!"

"Quiet down?" Wham!

"Well, he made a pass at me."

"You button your nose."

In the night three of them walked out. They would return later, plead for reinstatement, but the A.W.O.L. had cost them their chances. Jenny could have held them. This had been her gift.

Dr. Huffy shook his graying head sadly. The Chief Nurse, in recommending and pushing through Jenny's dismissal, had been within her rights. The Chief Nurse was an efficient and excellent officer. But she and Jenny could never work together. What one saw as white the other saw as black. There was no meeting ground. Jenny had been wrong—but how magnificently wrong!

That terminal room. He wasn't sure but this was the best thing Jenny had ever done for them, and Jenny had done much. If only he could create a special place for her! Red Cross work, perhaps. He felt her loss absurdly, as if the heart had gone out of his work. These two young people had grown very dear to him. He loved Windy Wren, and Windy wasn't doing well. Dr. Huffy knew the look that came on faces where suffering has been too great. Windy had it. He seemed to be losing every day.

Never had the old doctor needed Jenny as he did now. Surely Jake—some of them—knew where she was. She could not have gone far, with Windy's case coming up next week.

In the meanwhile he must try to get his mind off Jenny—try to forget that she was somewhere alone, breaking her heart with grief. But her honest small face confronted him constantly, and wherever he went he saw her footprints—in the corridors, through the wards, up and down the length and the width of the great hospital.

JENNY found a room in town, and she put her suitcase and Erney's ship in it, and she slept there nights. But all day Jenny wandered, distraught and driven. She could not stop, she could not pause. Sometimes she halted at a corner—which way? And standing there her hands made their despairing, wringing gesture. Was she always to face two roads and take the wrong one?

When she grew faint with hunger she dropped into the nearest eating place and ordered food. But the little unpretentious restaurants (she could afford no other) reminded her of Skinny and Henry's Chow Shop, and something came up in her throat, and she couldn't eat. After

# Is he *Straining at* 1929 Eye-work *with* 1925 Glasses?

*Don't be deceived if he doesn't "show" it!*

THE question would provoke him; his answer would be prompt and sharp enough:

"Of course I'm not straining my eyes with 1925 glasses! I've had my eyes examined since then; I'm wearing glasses; I see perfectly well!"

His wife—and the world—know that he is a keen business man. Capable. Alert. When he hears of new things to lighten office work he buys them. His shrewd advice on new factory methods saves his company's money. His own house is modern to the minute; so is his car. You bring *him* no news when you tell him of the typewriter, radio, electric heat, insulin, or synthetic fabric—or flying.

There are thousands like him (men and women both)—strong citizens—efficient workers—who are wholly unaware that better eyeglass-lenses have just been developed. These thousands are literally straining at 1929 eye-work in 1925 glasses. They are not seeing as accurately and as comfortably as 1929 lenses can make them see.

These new and better lenses are called "Tillyer." As plainly as they can be described, they *widen the field of accurate vision* in any pair of glasses. Until their introduction, ordinary lenses were the best that science could make. Today, your eyesight specialist can give you markedly *better* lenses—can make clear vision definitely *easier* for you.

If you're investing every ounce of energy in keeping up the fierce pace of modern life, you need the help Tillyer Lenses can give your eyes. And wives who watch and guard their husbands' strength know that every ounce of energy *must* be saved. Tillyer Lenses ease the distracting, unending business of *seeing*—which is the absolute essential of modern life.

*New, wide-angle*

**TILLYER LENSES**

**ACCURATE TO THE VERY EDGE**

***Two practical suggestions***

1. INVESTIGATE first. Allow the foremost American optical laboratories to send you a terse, plain-spoken description of Tillyer Lenses, in which the higher mathematics of this new modern lens is translated into simple language. Write your name and address on the corner of this advertisement and mail it to us.

2. INVESTIGATE again. Go, soon, to your eyesight specialist. Ask him about Tillyer Lenses. Ask him to show you how they do what they do. Ask him to tell you whether they will serve you better than your present lenses. Whether you wear single-vision, or bifocal glasses now, Tillyer Lenses will improve them; trust him to explain how Tillyer Lenses will help you to see more comfortably.

People who put on Tillyer Lenses never want to "go back" to the old-fashioned types. Their eyes have caught up with modern life; modern life is easier for that fact.

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY, Dept. 10, Southbridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Please send me at once the booklet, "What ARE Tillyer Lenses?"

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

.....

In using advertisements see page 6

FITTING ONLY THE WIDTH—

—ISN'T FITTING THE FOOT

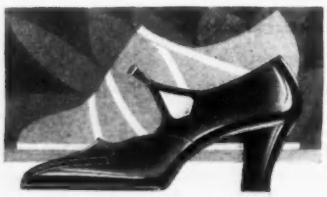
WILBUR COON SHOES

*are fitted to five points*

LENGTH and width, of course—but, in addition, Special Measurements fit these three other important points:—

—Instep, to make the shoe hug closely around the top;
—Waist, to prevent wrinkles at arch;
—Heel, to prevent slipping.

They offer sizes from 1 to 12, AAAA to EEEEE. Say you need AA heel, with A instep and B ball, or other unusual combination, or extreme width. In Wilbur Coon Shoes you find just the correct fitting.



*Fit, Style, Comfort*

So fitted, your foot at once looks dainty. The perfect fit gives perfect comfort, from the very first step. No "breaking in" with Wilbur Coon Shoes. Besides, special lasts for every foot trouble—models that combine charming style with true fit—hence instant relief.

Made in wanted leathers and fabrics. Only $8.50 and up. See your local Wilbur Coon dealer. He'll show you shoes that fit you perfectly.

*Wilbur Coon Shoes* Reg U.S. Pat Off

A Made-to-Measure Fit in Ready-to-Wear Shoes

Free Book Gives Details

W. B. Coon Co., 77 Canal Street, Rochester, N. Y.—Please send me your latest catalog, "*How to Get a Perfect Fitting Shoe*," and name of nearest Wilbur Coon dealer.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

## Treasure

sitting a while staring at the plate, she rose, paid her check, and found relief in motion, in blessed fatigue.

The spring was beautiful this year—the spring that through the long winter had held out to Jenny a promise of treasure. This mellowed, softened, triumphant blooming! So quickly broken up, so soon interred. Where did they go, all the lovely springs? What became of the grace of peach blossoms, when the blossom fell? Or the enthusiasm of little grass blades? Or the high rhythm of tree-tops with the moving green ocean upon them?

Jenny walked in an aisle that led through and by this beauty, but never into it. On and on. Walking and walking and walking. Neither fatigue nor hunger was large enough to stop her. Soon she must come out of this trance, face the problem of the future—of earning a living. Soon she must get herself together. But she could not until things were settled for Windy.

Night, and children chasing fireflies across lawns. A mother calling. Down at the far end of the street a dark figure bounded up steps and was met in the doorway by a flurry of happy arms. Jenny swung abruptly . . .

In her room at last. Into bed. But from sleep they called to her—the boys. Charlie! Oh, had Charlie needed her, not understanding why she didn't come? Her head on the pillow tossing from side to side. "And I didn't help. I was only a trial to dear Dr. Huffy." But the nights, so unbearably long, were yet too swift, each one hastening her on to the day when Windy . . . "I can't live without him!"

She must force herself to sleep. Count sheep. Squeeze her eyes shut. Walk on her hands from San Francisco to New York. Over the Rocky Mountains, swim the Mississippi River, take the trail east. There—some one calling again! Leaping up wildly. "Oh, why do I do this? It isn't any one." Yes, somebody pounding on her door. Or was it her heart pounding? There again . . .

She swung her feet to the floor, scrambling frantically for slippers and robe lying so precisely at hand. Across the floor. Manage the lock with icy, trembling fingers . . .

The dim light that burned all night in the boarding-house hall shone on the haggard face of Jake.

He said, "You must come, Miss Jenny."

She thought for a time she wouldn't be able to move, or to speak, or to go. That fearful, unnatural trance that held her. But something within her, long accustomed to answering hurried summons, took charge of her fainting body, whirled her about, got her dressed.

"I'm ready, Jake."

DOWN the stairs and out in the strange night hour. The car leaped under Jake's touch. She did not dare ask her question.

On either side of them the lights of the town blazed and were gone. The state highway raced beneath their wheels. It was not the first wild ride they had made together. Once on Christmas they had cut the cold darkness with their lights at two in the morning and kept a newspaper from printing a fact about Windy's wife (killed that night in a motor crash) that he could not have borne. And another frantic time they had brought Michael home from the flying field. Jake was steadying, reliable. He didn't speak. He understood. His strong hands on the wheel. Thus he could guide the chariot of the sun through a swarm of complicated stars and not crush one.

Lights in a lonely farmhouse. Poor little house—I hope it isn't illness or anxiety. A sharp curve, and No. 80 threw out its hands to her. Something tight and hard gave way. She drew a deep, home-coming breath, and now she could speak.

"Is it the operation, Jake?"

"Yes, Miss Jenny. We've been looking for you for thirty-six hours."

The great gates flashed past; the car slid to a stop. Jenny staggered, alighting, and was

caught by some one. Dr. Nason. She didn't dare look at his face, afraid of what was written there. Inside. The walls grim and relentless in this haggard hour, yet she thought they smiled at her, gathered closer.

Dr. Huffy waited in his office. He was no longer her commanding officer, but her friend. He came and put an arm about Jenny. How homey it all felt here—how welcoming! And the small part of Jenny's heart that had gone out with her came back to the larger part that would always abide here.

After just a minute she lifted her eyes bravely to his.

He said, "Still living."

Some one—Nason again—shoved a glass of pungent liquid to her lips. Jenny drank it. She must control this fearful shivering. Nason left them, closing the door.

Dr. Huffy pulled his chair close to her; he did not take his hand from Jenny's arm. He told her every detail of the case—the encouraging signs, the discouraging ones. By and by she understood.

"He's being comforted by talking. He loves Windy as I do. Two of us caring."

It seemed to strengthen Windy's chance.

"You were hard to find, my dear. We sent three men out. I don't know how Jake did it."

"Jake can find anything."

"We hadn't intended operating so soon, but Windy grew impatient. He was wearing down his resistance—he was going. We were afraid. Afraid. Theoretically the operation is a success. If he lasts through tonight, he has a chance at life. That was why we had to have you. The others of us—we've done all we can. You are his one hope. You must hold him."

Oh, fainting heart! Oh, awful responsibility! Didn't he know he couldn't depend on her? She who had never helped; who stood and agonized at corners and took the wrong turning. Jenny's hands twisted together. Gray despair walked over her quivering face.

Dr. Huffy said: "As soon as you feel you have yourself in hand we'll go up. But I want to say this first." In his tired and anxious eyes a light shone suddenly. "That room—the terminal room in Ward 10. The thing you dreamed came true! It's made a difference there!"

Something happened inside her—she couldn't tell what. Something enormous and beyond analysis.

He said gently: "We are decorating the other one, also. You must let us pay you for it, Jenny."

"No—no. It's enough if I might leave something here of mine, for my boys."

"Leave something here!" He saw those footprints shining through the length and the width of the wards. "But, my dear, the thing you've left can never go from us. Not one of us but has been lifted by it. The courage, the vision, the unselfish, unconquerable spirit—will live forever in this house of suffering."

She got to her feet swiftly. The room was filling with the whir of wings—little wings that rallied about her in a reunion of importance. The moment was immense and overpowering. The light she had followed—the voice that had guided her—after all, they had not been wrong! Out of emptiness, life returned to her—life and new strength for the battle ahead.

Now she could go to Windy! Now she was strong again. He belonged to her. She meant to keep her own!

AT DAWN they knew he would live.

He opened his eyes, looked at Jenny.

"You've been a long way off, Windy, and you've come back."

That remarkable light on Jenny's face that wasn't beauty, but stirred you as beauty could not. "I'm never going to leave you, Windy. You can say what you please. It won't do any good. *Whither thou goest . . .*"

"Beloved . . ."

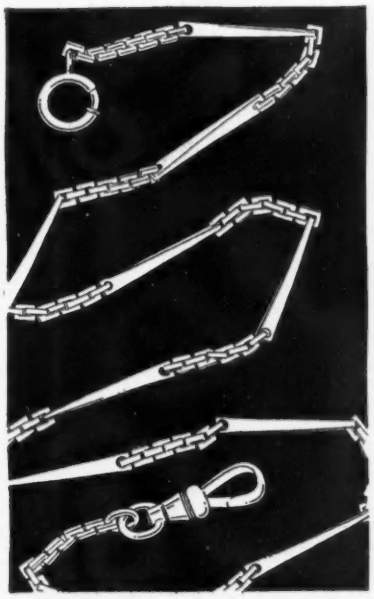
Dr. Huffy turned and tiptoed softly from the room.

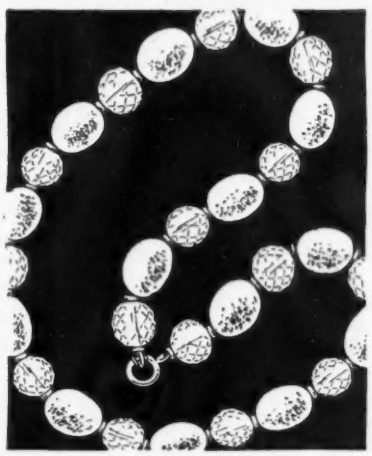



SOME THINGS TO

# GIVE

IF THIS JUNE IS *REALLY* IMPORTANT





OF COURSE, if you've never been handed a diploma, or had anything at all to do with weddings, or never started out on a summer's journey, you just won't understand. But that's not likely! You know, just as well as the people who receive them, how very grateful indeed little remembrances on such occasions can make you feel.

A very excellent gift for the young man who is graduating—any man, for that matter—is a new Simmons Chain. The one illustrated is No. 30711, a white gold-filled Waldemar, at $9. The chain is smartly designed, and up-to-the-minute in style. Yet its dignity keeps the modern spirit well within limits of good taste.

You're going to have difficulty with the Simmons necklace. To whom among all these June friends of yours shall you give such a delightful thing? This graceful necklace is No. 30508, an effective combination of simulated crystals in two shades. The price is $7.25.

There are many other Simmons designs—in both watch-chains and necklaces. And there is also a splendid assortment of Simmons bracelets to choose from . . . charming additions to the ensemble. Virtually all the better jewelry stores are able to show you these Simmons styles . . . for the people you're remembering, or for yourself! R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS AND NECKLACES
*The swivel says* *it's a Simmons*


In using advertisements see page 6

"The BRAMBACH musical quality is wonderful... such a pleasing instrument," says MADGE KENNEDY

*Noted theatrical star*

The Hand-Fashioned Instrument. Only 4 Ft. 10 Inches Long, In Mahogany, F.O.B. New York ... $675

# BRAMBACH

## BABY GRAND

THE GREATEST WEDDING GIFT, OF ALL

A WEDDING GIFT of the most popular small grand made—the piano for beginner or finished musician. A lifetime of enjoyment and durability.

Notable achievements and exclusive features distinguish the celebrated Brambach. Its tonal volume equalling far larger instruments, is the contribution of the Brambach Tone Expander. The impressive richness of its tone-coloring is imparted by the Super-Sounding Board . . . greater in area and in string length than in any other small grand. So vital for tone, it is guaranteed unconditionally for life.

*In Brambach Period and Art Models, there is a style to harmonize with every scheme of home decoration. Terms are unusually liberal through Brambach dealers.*

The Brambach Piano Co., Mr. Mark P. Campbell, Pres.,
621 West 51st St., New York City.

Please send your paper pattern showing exact size of Brambach Baby Grand and piano booklet.

Name.....

Address..... City.....

# "Viyella"

(Reg'd.)

The Original Washable and Unshrinkable Flannel

## IDEAL FOR SPORTS WEAR

*Send for "Viyella" Fashion Sheet*

WM. HOLLINS & COMPANY, Inc.
386 Fourth Avenue
New York City


## Treasure

He went outside and paced the court. Dawn was coming up out of the east, dew-drenched and crimson. He recalled such a dawn in France, when they knew that today the horrors of war ceased. Ceased! They had dared, then, to use that word, believing it true!

Behind him, his hospital towered upward—a blot on civilization's escutcheon. Its tragedies grew with each day. He had brooded over this, unable to see an ending, grieving over the utter futility of convincing a world of the crime of warfare.

But now he saw! It came to him here under the somber eaves of No. 80. These women—the women like Jenny. These mothers of the race! They were the way. No more should men be able to stage their wars, to garner the youth of a nation to fling to slaughter. He saw the last Attila pass, because the women of the race stood in the path and said, "Never again will we give our men to warfare." And they had the strength, at last, to say this.

"WELL, sir," said Jake to the crowd at Skinny and Henry's Chow Shop, "well, sir, if it wasn't the prettiest wedding you ever did see! The music was played by the Drum, Fife, and Bugle Corps. What tune? Well, they got a little mixed on that, but it sounded marchy, and wasn't anybody critical. The company was all crowded into the terminal room of Ward 10, because the minister who was to marry 'em was occupying that room. He's not —lasting long, they say.

"The boys that couldn't get inside lined the halls, some in wheeled chairs and some on crutches and walking canes. Then the groom come sort of slow, walking on his crutches and leaning on the arm of the bride. If you could have seen her face! Happy and proud and shining and—well, there never was anything like Miss Jenny's face. As they came down the long corridor, the two of 'em, you know what the boys did? They made a arch of their crutches and walking canes, and Windy and Miss Jenny passed under, kind of glorified looking, just like it was swords.

"They took their place by the minister's bed. The Chief Nurse was right there. She stood stern and prim and gazin' straight ahead, and not looking at 'em, but she got a beam in her eyes—and presently it come a-rollin' down her face. And she never swabbed it off. Didn't know it was there! Dr. Huffy he gave the bride away. Who was the best man? Why—*I was*. And oh, yes—the couple's little boy was the ringbearer!"

THE END

## Places

(*Continued from page 53*)

the camel. Before you know what is happening, one of the great, hook-nosed lummoxes is kneeling in front of you, a sheik and two or three husky assistants, all wrapped in white sheets, are boosting you on to the plateau which the camel uses for a back; the beast rises uncertainly, in two sections like a two-man bloodhound in a one-night "Uncle Tom"; and there you are, reeling up the sandy road to Giza. Saturday or Sunday afternoon, especially if a boat is just in, this compulsory camel ride from the Mena House to the Pyramids is an unforgettable comic strip; tossing, toppling, giggling, shouting; red, puffing faces; white, puffy, spread-out legs; men without dignity, women without modesty, sweltering, suffering, to fill the sheik's pillow-case pockets with far-brought American gold.

"Compulsory" is hardly the word. There are donkeys—and clever and distinguished donkeys, too. One of them, according to his youthful keeper, is named "American Telephone and Telegraph Company." Most of them have movable names, dependent on the nationality of the prospective rider. One veteran in the service answers with equal

# "Our *second car* has made us pals"

"WHEN I was a child it was easy for mothers to keep in touch with their children," says a woman in Illinois. "Today the members of the family must make a real effort to keep united.

"I thought a great deal about this as my children began to grow up. I decided that the most important thing I could possibly do would be to plan ways in which they and I could have our good times together.

"My husband agreed, and for that reason we bought a second automobile, since he had to use his car in getting back and forth to business.

"I can't begin to tell you of the happiness it has given us—picnics together, expeditions for wild flowers in the spring, and exploration parties to spots of historic interest. It's our very best investment. It has helped the children and me to keep on being pals."

Every year thousands of families decide that a second car is a saver of time, and a great contribution to family happiness and health.

If your family makes that decision, General Motors dealers can help you to select a second car that will meet your requirements exactly. The General Motors line affords combination of cars that any family can want; and for those desiring transportation at still lower cost, General Motors dealers also sell used cars, as well as new cars, on the GMAC Payment Plan.

# GENERAL MOTORS

*"A car for every purse and purpose"*

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND · VIKING
BUICK · LASALLE · CADILLAC · *All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES
FRIGIDAIRE *The Automatic Refrigerator*
DELCO-LIGHT *Electric Power and Light Plants*
*Water Systems*

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time.
WEAF and 37 other stations associated with N. B. C.

In using advertisements see page 6

*Wide trousers, daring use of color, and a modernistic border are smart details of this luxurious pyjama negligee.*

Just the right amount of snap!

WINE OF TOMATOES GORGEOUSLY SPICED

Snider's CATSUP

THE MULLED

FROM PRESS TO YOU

Q MACARONI

UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS

Take care!

when you use Almond Extract not to put in too much. Just the right amount to use for superior results is given in "Doubly Delicious Desserts of a Born Cook," sent for 10c. If your grocer has not Burnett's ALMOND, send 40c for 2 oz. bottle to Joseph Burnett Co., 6 D Street, Boston, Mass.

Name.....

Address.....

BURNETT'S ALMOND

Genuine German Cooking

and Baking, by Lina Meier. Indispensable to Housewives and Cooks. 416 pp. 5½x8, cloth bound. In English $3.00; in German $3.00; in English-German (combined) $4.50. Ask Booksellers, or Wetzel Bros. Printing Co., Dept. Z, 328 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

New Kind Of Can Opener

Works Like Magic!

AGENTS

Men and Women make big money selling this lifetime device, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for FREE OUTFIT and FREE TEST offers.

At last! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special introductory advertising offer.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
Dept. G-1052, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.


## Places

enthusiasm to "Theodore Roosevelt" and "Sarah Bernhardt."

A good many cautious people prefer the donkeys. But I doubt the wisdom of their choice. If you pick out a good sandgoing camel, you look much handsomer in the photographs you send back to the folks at home, and you stand a much better chance of ultimately following the photographs! The camel is a noble beast, who pays absolutely no attention to the continual proddings of the white-sheeted attendant. But the donkey, with his more accessible and possibly somewhat tenderer rear end, is sometimes unexpectedly responsive. The donkey boys must do something to earn their baksheesh—and that something often takes the form of bringing you back suddenly from dreams of past ages not only to the real present, but hurling you headlong into an uncertain future. If you must go mounted to the desert, stick to the camel—if you can.

### The Pyramids and the Sphinx

At the base of the Great Pyramid stood an old man. I thought he was asking alms. But, no. He was proposing an athletic feat for which I had little mind: the ascent of the pyramid on the outside to the plateau at the top. The sides of the great pile are not smooth, as they seem to be in the touched-up photographs; the great stone blocks, each one breast high on an average man, form giant staircases over which it is possible, but not comfortable, to reach the summit. The old man insisted that he had taught a fellow countryman of mine, one Mark Twain, to make the trip up and back in ten minutes; and when I seemed to doubt the authenticity of this record, he asserted that he himself could make the round trip in less than eight. And he did do it with his agile old legs, according to my timing, in just seven minutes!

As for the Sphinx, I doubt if Napoleon was so very much impressed. The effigy is not so large as he was doubtless led to believe; its mutilated surface does not bear anywhere nearly so close a resemblance to a mighty face as the Bonaparte family encyclopaedia had probably represented; and the monument, instead of occupying the commanding position shown by the woodcuts in the Corsican geographies, is down a hill from the pyramids in a deep hollow of the sand. I was too disappointed with "The Goddess of the Rising Sun" to be photographed in front of her—and the camel-man, who gets a commission from the "official" photographer, was more disappointed than I.

They are not lacking in color, these Egyptians—either actual or atmospheric. Even Cairo, where I saw a veiled woman wearing red stockings and high-heeled pink shoes, has not lured them entirely from their old customs. There are no dervishes any more, except during Ramadan, or Lent; and all the nautch girls worth watching have long since jazzed away to vulgarize their native dances in a World's Fair Midway, or to cavort in more than native abandon on the uncensored stages of Paris and Berlin.

But I saw a funeral pass the Terrace that must have been as funerals have always been in Egypt: priests clad in aprons like bandanna handkerchiefs and laden with brass bowls that swayed and shone like lanterns in a breeze. Five minutes before, another procession, billed as an Anglo-American Circus, wearing Scotch kilts and playing American jazz, had passed that same terrace. Between Cairo and Memphis I saw an old patriarch fording one of the river's tributaries after the manner of Abraham of old, followed by his horses and his asses, his wife and his concubines. Two women led the feminine contingent. I don't know which was the wife: the one with no veil and trailing skirts, or the one with face neatly covered and her sole garment tucked jauntily around her waist!

# Tempt their Appetites with VARIED MENUS

TO give wholesome food a never-failing appeal for children, dietitians recommend a change in flavor, a change in texture, or a change in shape.

Since many of the foods that grown-ups like best must be excluded from the children's menu, it is particularly important to avoid monotony in the staples like bread which are served day in, day out, at every meal and often between meals.

Many of the difficulties of planning meals for children will disappear when you become acquainted with the enormous variety of breads your baker makes.

In loaf breads alone he offers a choice of White, Whole Wheat, Raisin, or Rye. His Streusel Coffee Cake, Filled Buns, and Braided Coffee Ring are excellent for dessert, either alone or with fruit. They are made with fresh eggs and fine butter and therefore supply elements needed for energy and growth.

Isn't it nice to know you can order a different variety of bread for every day in the week and keep the children joyously expectant?

You will find it pays to ask your baker or your grocer for his "specials." Thirty thousand bakers use Fleischmann's Yeast. The Fleischmann Company. *Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.*

*For the children's Fourth Meal* BRAIDED COFFEE RING *or* STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE *or* FILLED BUNS *are pleasant variations.*

*From your baker or from the bakery counter at your grocer's you can get an interesting variety of breads which will delight the more critical members of your family as well as the children.*

1 *Your baker's* WHITE LOAF *slices evenly and is perfect for toast. A toasted sandwich makes the simplest filling seem new to the children.*

2 STREUSEL COFFEE CAKE *with its luscious crumbly lumps of sugar, butter, and spices wins instant warm approval from grown-ups as well as children.*

3 FILLED BUNS *have centers of the most delicious jam or jelly. They are always delightful with plain gelatine desserts or simple custards.*

4 SANDWICH ROLLS *have many uses. Split and toasted and filled with creamed carrots or spinach, they will make these hard-worked vegetables taste good again.*

YOUR OWN BAKER MAKES THESE DELICIOUS BREADS

In using advertisements see page 6

# *No one needs to give up friendly coffee*

So MANY people enjoy to the fullest their breakfast coffee—and yet strictly deny themselves its flavor and cheer at the evening meal. And all because ordinary coffee contains a drug that often upsets sleep.

If they only knew it—how unnecessary! For there's a coffee, today, that lets you sleep. A coffee with 97% of this drug caffeine removed. Kaffee Hag Coffee will not disturb your nerves nor keep you awake.

Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee is not a substitute. In fact, there's no purer, more satisfying coffee on the market. It's a blend of several of the world's choicest coffees. Mellow, full-strength, heartening.

Try Kaffee Hag Coffee. All the family can drink this delicious coffee morning, noon and even at night, without harm. And what could be more welcome to the coffee lover who has been putting up with substitutes!

Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Sold by dealers everywhere. Served in hotels, restaurants, on diners. Let us send you a generous trial can. Mail the coupon.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1882 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

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*Now a Kellogg product

★KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

*The coffee that lets you sleep*


## Places

But we were speaking of rivers. And, if I remember rightly, of the Avon. I have often wondered what would happen to the Shakespeare country if it were ever proved that Bacon wrote the plays. The thrifty Warwickshire tradespeople depend for their living on a strict maintenance of the *status quo*. So do the proprietors of the giant motor busses which ply regularly and profitably between the Thames and the Avon. So does a large section of the postcard industry. All these elements are content to see the Shakespeare controversy buried along with Shakespeare, himself, in the little Church of the Holy Trinity upon the river's bank, and to apply to both the one epitaph:

"Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare
To dig the dvst encloased here;
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones"

Variety is the spice of life. Shakespeare didn't say that. But he might well have done so. For he certainly had it. He wasn't content with being the cut-up of only one village. While his "ghost writer," Sir Francis Bacon, was solemnly pursuing a Calvinist childhood through the urban fastnesses of the Strand, our Will was pursuing many other things through

"Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillsborough, Hungry Grafton,

Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford."

Today the famous "Eight Villages" are almost indistinguishable settlements in the much-visited Shakespeare country. They are subordinated in the tourist guidebooks to that worshipful little town for which Avon, Pennsylvania, is admiringly named. Stratford-on-Avon has many charms, some of which notably the old church where the poet is buried, the stone bridge of fourteen arches which spans the narrow wooded river, and the picturesque, half-timbered guildhall—antedate Shakespeare's time and have interest for the historian as well as for the hero worshiper. But to me the most interesting thing in Stratford is not in Stratford but in Shottery—Anne Hathaway's cottage.

I dare say Anne wasn't especially interesting, herself, and for all I know, this may not be her cottage. But the fact that it has been so well preserved and that it is now visited by so many thousands is an engaging commentary on the uncertainty of earthly existence. The neighboring castles of Warwick and Kenilworth, treasuries of romance and storehouses of history, receive only a casual tourist glance, but the little thatched cottage of this unnotable daughter of a Shottery yeoman has been raised to the level of a shrine.

This is one of the rare cases in which a genius's spouse shares in posterity's acclaim. Dante was a married man with seven children. But whoever heard of Mrs. Dante? Or, for that matter, of Beatrice's husband, Mr. Bardi?

### More Places

I like the Shakespeare country and get a thrill out of it because it is, like Shakespeare himself, "so full of familiar quotations," but there are many places I would rather go:

Tripoli—where the desert meets the sea—a land of sandy wastes and stony plateaus, of mountains without peaks and beaches without horizons—a nation of dubious past and doubtful future—sired by Greece, borne by Phoenicia, raised by Turkey, adopted by Italy, neglected by the world.

Jamaica—yellow baskets on brown heads, British respectability, lacy interlacing branches, roaring rock-bedded streams, leafy valleys and cloud-capped heights, waving palms and soft lagoons, shining beaches and flowered hillsides of delight.

Sicily—with its cities (on hills) that have long been hid, polished jewels in settings of

*New Series* ANGLO
CORNED BEEF RECIPES—*by noted Cookery Expert*

WE invited Sarah Field Splint...McCall's eminent director of cookery ...to bestow her talents on new recipes for Anglo Corned Beef. You will be surprised at the ingenious ways she has planned both dishes and menus. Serving these dishes as directed by Miss Splint, you will relish corned beef as never before. Anglo is cured by an exclusive process which includes the sirloins and porterhouses and is ready-cooked in handy tins. Mail coupon. Please add dealer's name as well as your own.

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*This coupon* brings you the last word in corned beef cookery.

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Please send me booklet, "Tested Recipes".

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NOTE: *Please include your Dealer's name.* G H. 6-29

# NEW DELIGHTS *when you eat this* Fresh Ocean Fish

***So Savory Because It Is Never Frozen But Always Fresh from the Ocean***

YOU can now have a seashore dinner even though you live far inland. For 40-FATHOM* fish, delectable and savory, is caught in the briny deep, cleaned at the ocean pier and sent by fast express to your local dealer. Every 40-FATHOM fish you buy is clean and fresh—all fish meat and nothing else.

40-FATHOM fish is not frozen. Every fish is fresh fish. Heads, tails, backbones and all waste are removed, leaving only the choice sides. As easy to cook as fine bacon. Every mouthful smacking with that good ocean taste!

Ask your butcher, grocer or fish dealer today for fresh 40-FATHOM fish by name. Insist on the genuine, always packed in the pure vegetable wrapper illustrated below, because the genuine is guaranteed to be absolutely fresh, unblemished in its purity and filled with the appetizing savor of the sea.

In New York, at the famous Ritz-Carlton Hotel, they serve 40-FATHOM because it is fresh and makes such a palatable dish. Theodore Szarvas, maitre d'hotel, and Louis Diat, chef de cuisine, of the famous Ritz-Carlton, have written a booklet on how to serve fish in many tasty ways, giving private recipes on the preparation of fresh 40-FATHOM fish. Send coupon below for free copy today.

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30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

Please send free Recipe Book for 40-FATHOM fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

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*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

uncut stone—with its convent garden on Taormina's heights and its untamed Aetna never sleeping.

Bermuda—that suburb of paradise. There is no resort life more satisfying than a morning's loaf on the sunlit tiles of the Princess pool, no social experience more intriguing than the cake-laden high teas in Bermuda's British homes, no rest more complete than a winter's holiday in this land where there are no trolleys to miss and no motors to dodge.

Palestine—

Jerusalem is today what it has always been—the most dramatic city in the world. The modern pilgrim steps from his European sleeping-car into his American motor and speeds up the broad, smooth way which leads from the railroad station to the Jaffa Gate. He doesn't even go through the Gate. He enters the Holy City by a wide gap in the ancient wall—a gap which an awed and expectant populace created to admit His Imperial Majesty, Wilhelm II of Prussia, on the occasion of the latter's triumphant tour of the Holy Land.

This desecration of the wall dates back only twenty years, but in that brief interval, so infinitesimal against the background of Jerusalem's eternities, the gap itself has assumed a sentimental importance comparable almost to the historic significance of the Gate. Wilhelm used it, as was intended, to enter in triumph the city which Napoleon, his ideal and model, had never been able to reach. But the big moment in the life of the gap came ten years later, when Viscount Allenby, also in triumph, walked alone and with bowed head through the breach in the Jerusalem wall.

### Jerusalem Today

In keen contrast to the broad highways and gliding motors of the outer city are the narrow alleyways and ambling asses of the old town. One of the latter preceded me on my first stroll. Great bags, filled with I know not what, waved and tossed on either side of its rounding flanks, brushed pedestrians against the jagged walls, and threatened the peace of the copper pans and bunches of dried vegetables which ornamented the doorways of the dingy little shops. On the flat of the broad back, towering above the hanging bags, was a huge goatskin bulging with water—the three excrescences resembling a three-leaf clover on those rare occasions when the tiny beast emerged from the shadows of the vaulted passageway into the silhouetting glare of the noonday sun. But that was not all. On top of the goatskin, waving and tossing like the saddle bags and bulging like the skin itself, was a fat little Arab baby, dirtily and contentedly unconscious that his added weight was slowly bursting the tough skin on which he was perched, and that a stream of precious water was gently oozing from a widening aperture in the rear, falling in welcome coolness on the fat haunches of the little beast, and trickling finally into little pools along the slimy pavement.

Outside the Holy City, in the Garden of Gethsemane, the olive tree is solemnly pointed out to you by the Franciscan priest as the one beneath which Jesus endured his agony. The gnarled trunk and spreading roots look old enough. Perhaps they are. But there is no record anywhere else of an olive tree that has lived so long. There are gravel paths about the Garden, neatly kept flower-beds, and stretches of cooling green grass—a refreshing place to sit and dream.

The brown-robed priest is unobtrusively attentive. He speaks French fluently and claims some knowledge of English, but his vocabulary in the latter language consists largely of frequent repetitions of "Pickee, pickee," as he gathers violets for tourists to press in their Bibles. For this service, he will accept, if urged, a slight baksheesh "for the poor," but he does not insist upon it. On the whole, a visit to the Garden of Gethsemane is the most restful experience of a Jerusalem tourist's day.

Nazareth is a more important place than it was in Jesus' time. By day it is full of business. In the evening there is much singing and

# Please the family.....

## ...with a new salad flavor

SALADS are an essential part of the diet, but a constant repetition of the same combination of ingredients, over and over again, becomes monotonous. Try this one with a brand new flavor. It will gladden the taste of those so fortunate as to be a party to the serving.

*Beech-Nut Fruit Salad*

Cooked Prunes — Slices of Pineapple
Beech-Nut Peanut Butter — Lettuce Hearts
Cream Mayonnaise

Remove the stones from the prunes, and fill the cavity with peanut butter blended with a little heavy cream. Place a slice of canned pineapple on the lettuce hearts, arrange three or four prunes, depending on size, on the pineapple and drop a spoonful of mayonnaise in the center. Chill well before serving.

This is but one example of how Beech-Nut Peanut Butter can be used to give entirely new flavor to many different dishes and foods. There are dozens of other ways that will give you real surprises in flavor—even to foods you frequently serve. We suggest you fill out the coupon below for our recipe folder.

# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO. G-6-29
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*Please send the FREE folder featuring new Peanut Butter recipes.*

Name .....

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In using advertisements see page 6

# . . . VACATION SPECIAL $1

## *Four Months of* GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

**Novels and features you will enjoy this summer in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING**

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Offers a thrilling novel of the north country—of love and danger, adventure and romance in the wilds!

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Takes you on a tour of Spain and South America, and shows you vividly those colorful, dramatic lands!

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Discusses "Your Child and the New Psychology." Modern methods of handling children in the home, the school and the court.

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*There will be hundreds of pages of helpful articles and departments relating to household efficiency, child-care, fashions, summer meals, entertaining—everything of interest to homemakers.*

. . . . The four big midsummer issues of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING will bring you work-saving, time-saving, money-saving suggestions that will help you gain more leisure—

. . . . And also they will bring you splendid novels, absorbing short stories, and fascinating features to make that leisure delightful!

. . . . Before long you'll be starting away on your summer vacation—perhaps miles from a news-stand.

. . . . Certainly you'll not want to miss a single one of these helpful, enjoyable issues.

. . . . So just mail the coupon, and the big July, August, September and October GOOD HOUSEKEEPINGS will come to you wherever you may be—for a single dollar bill.

*Tear Here and Mail Today*

**GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, Dept. 629**
**57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

Surely, I want the next four issues of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING at your summer vacation rate—one dollar—which is enclosed.

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*Address*.....

City.....*State*.....

Canadian postage four months 17c extra; foreign postage four months 34c extra.
Regular subscription price $3.00 a year.


## Places

some phonograph-playing and a great deal of controversial coffee-drinking. By night there is an orgy of bell-ringing. Strange people and strange vehicles pass in and out of the city gates. Greek and Roman priests add somber color to the scene. It is a vital place, a convincing place. And it is filled with boys and young men who might be—except for the accident of two thousand years—playmates of Jesus.

The view from the road to Nazareth is one long Biblical panorama. Carmel stands out from the rest of the landscape in glorious prominence; to the north are the lower hills of Galilee; at the east the mountains of Gilboa, where the story of the death of Saul and Jonathan is localized; in the south the mountains of Samaria. "The eye never grows weary, never tires of this fair scene." In the distance is ancient Jezreel, on the site of which stands the modern village of Zerin and, all around, heaps of ruins. Here is where Ahab built his palace; hard by was Naboth's vineyard, which Ahab coveted, and to get possession of which Jezebel plotted; here the stern Elijah uttered his terrible denunciation, and here was the scene of Jezebel's awful fate.

On the shores of Galilee stands Tiberias, the Monte Carlo of the ancients. And although most of the social attractions which Herod—and so many of his modern European successors—considered essential elements of a popular watering place are no longer current in Tiberias, bathing is still practised on a wholesale scale. Mixed bathing is permitted. But only as to sex. The Jews bathe on one day. The Mohammedans on another. And the Christians on a third. Thus, even in the matter of ablutions, ancient enmities are still cherished on the banks of the Galilean Sea. Of late years, however, there have been modernizing influences at work. As I write, there is a movement on foot in Tiberias favoring the adoption and general use of bathing suits!

### The Little Town of Bethlehem

I arrived in Bethlehem the day before Christmas—the great day when the Patriarch comes out from Jerusalem to begin the celebration of the birth of our Lord. The little town was in holiday panoply. The public square was a scene of cinematographic splendor. Thousands of "extras" deployed against a background of sacred authenticity: the veritable City of David, where Jeremiah tarried at the house of Chinam, where Samuel came to choose a king from the men of Judah, where Jesus of Nazareth was born of the Virgin Mary.

That night—Christmas Eve—American and British visitors gathered in the Shepherds' Field and sang:

"Oh, little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by."

Christmas carols in Christmas land! Sweet-voiced girls and men marching arm-in-arm through the Judean night! It was a noble sight, an inspiring sound. But I was glad, as I reentered the sacred town, that not even the carol-singers had reached those silent pavements where Arab guests and Christian hosts had long since folded their tents. The narrow streets, swept clean of trampling moderns, became thoroughfares of memory. The too-new walls grayed and crumbled. The overhanging, cage-like windows became balconies of romance. And from an unseen recess—machine-like and metallic, as if from a creaky Eastern phonograph—came a sudden moaning of Arab music, punctuating the silence, italicizing the solemnity. Then peace again, peace and good will toward men!

---

*Every one who visited "Places" with Mr. Collins and met "People," will enjoy his article on music, to appear in an early issue. He calls it "Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do"*

# Are You on Good Terms With Your Doctor?

(*Continued from page 102*)

the sick he has been recognized as the father of medicine. He combined with his medical knowledge also pharmacy and surgery.

His greatest contribution is called the Hippocratic oath, the foundation of medical ethics. The introduction to his code is unique. It is as follows:

"I swear by Apollo the physician, and Aesculapius, and Hygeia, and Panacea, and all the gods and goddesses—and I make them my judges—that this, mine oath, I will fulfil as far as power and discernment shall be mine . . . I will carry out regimen for benefit of the sick and keep them from harm and wrong. To none will I give a deadly drug, even if solicited, nor offer counsel to such an end; likewise to no woman will I give a destructive suppository; but guiltless and hallowed will I keep mine life and mine art . . .

"Into whatever houses I shall enter, I shall go for the benefit of the sick, holding aloof from all voluntary wrong and corruption . . . Whatsoever in my practise I shall see or hear amid the lives of men which ought not to be noised abroad—as to this I will keep silent, holding such things unfitting to be spoken."

These fundamental principles of service to the sick, of sacredness to that which is told to the physician by man or woman, and the holding himself aloof from all wrongdoing of every kind in any home in which he may enter, are the cardinal principles on which medical science rests today in its bid for the confidence of its patients.

No wonder, therefore, that a doctor will not voluntarily leave to die any imperfect human being. To this extent he is kakogenic instead of eugenic. Under the medical code, the father of which is Hippocrates, it would be impossible for any physician to leave to die any imperfect baby.

Moreover, almost all physicians are enthusiastic eugenists. It is the medical profession which is leading in all departments of race betterment. The intimation that physicians are glad when imperfect human beings are born, because their own services will be in greater demand, is wholly undeserved. Just the contrary is true.

### An Ambition of Mine

It was my purpose in life to become a practising physician, and to that end I completed my medical education and received the degree of M. D., but never entered regular practise except with regard to prescribing a diet. All my efforts to improve the dietary of our people received enthusiastic support from the medical profession. I have been active in all the departments of the medical profession relating to race betterment.

The American Medical Association was one of the greatest aids that I had in the long struggle for the enactment of the Food and Drugs law. While, of course, there were some so-called doctors who thought these efforts were foolish and would never result in any good, the great majority were enthusiastic supporters of a law which would give better drugs to the doctor for service to the sick, and better food to the mother and child, to keep everybody well and thus diminish the need of a doctor.

Every effort to secure more healthy parents by examinations of those about to be married before issuing a marriage license has received the unstinted support of the medical profession in every state where such restrictions have been introduced. Today, when the interest in stricter licenses is increasing rapidly, there is no profession which is putting so much thought and earnest work into a more eugenic husband and wife than the medical profession itself. The safeguarding of future generations from the terrible tragedies of inherited syphilis by refusing marriage licenses to syphilitics


YOUR HOME IS THE SYMBOL OF YOUR CHARACTER AND STANDARDS

●

*Are its significant details beyond reproach?*

THE bathroom is not only an important room, but one that is sure to betray the standards and care that control your home. Is this vital little room modernly equipped? Is it clean and attractive? Is it the *opposite* of careless and shoddy? These are the questions that your guests and business associates unconsciously will ask themselves when they enter your bathroom. And the answers to these questions inevitably will form part of their opinion of your home.

The most conspicuous thing in the bathroom is the toilet seat. If it is shabby, worn unhygienic, it casts a tell-tale shadow over the whole room and gives your guests a false impression of your home. In these modern days such a condition is easily remedied. You have but to visit a plumbing store in your neighborhood and select a handsome, glistening, ever-durable Church Toilet Seat. *Your bathroom will be transformed in a few minutes!*

*Modern Colored Seats*

Like the Sani-White Seats, the beautiful, new Church Colored Seats will fit any make of bowl. These sanitary, modern bathroom appointments are selected everywhere by architects and interior decorators. They are available in nine pastel shades and nine sea-pearl tints. This wide range of beautiful colors permits one to manage just the right color scheme for the particular bathroom. Write for illustrated folio. C. F. Church Mfg. Co., Dept. G-6, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Church Seats

sani-white

*"Toilet Seats for Better Bathrooms"*

Established 1898


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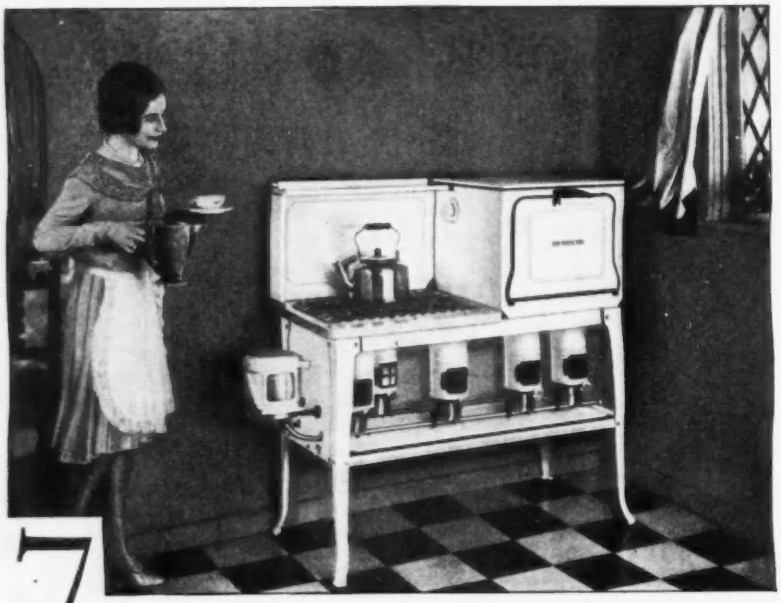

# 7 time and labor-saving features *on the oven alone*

TWENTY-SEVEN time and labor-saving features..*seven on the oven alone*..make this beautiful new Perfection oil range of intense interest to any busy woman. The oven is built-in . . enamel-lined . . air-insulated . . has five rack positions . . accurate heat indicator . . balanced drop door . . always cool handle. Built on Perfection's famous "live heat" principle. The range has Giant Superfex burners . . New burner arrangement . . all-grate top . . porcelain enamel finish, all white or with a trim of gay color. Can be had with long Perfection or short Puritan chimneys. Other new Perfections, without built-in ovens, also come with long or short chimneys. Prices, $18 to $164. Easy terms at any dealer's.

PERFECTION STOVE CO., *Cleveland, O.*
*In Canada, General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*

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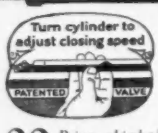
## *Oil Burning Ranges* ★

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### Silent Door Closer
### Stops Screen Door Banging

$1.00 *Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada*

Millions of homes are now free from slamming, banging screen doors that rebound and stay open. For—the Everedy Silent Door Closer swings screen and other light-weight house-doors shut gently and tight. Never fails to work. Handsomely finished in dull nickel. Get one from your dealer today. Only a screw driver needed to attach. Detached without tools when screen doors are taken down. For heavier doors buy the Everedy Double-Duty Door Closer, $1.50; dull brass finish.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name, address and price of Door Closer desired and we will mail one to you postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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THE EVEREDY COMPANY, FREDERICK, MD.

Also Manufacturers of the Famous EVEREDY Bottle Capper, Syphon Filter and Strainer Set, which are endorsed by Millions of Users as the Standard.


## Are You on Good Terms With Your Doctor?

received the greatest part of its support from medical doctors.

All the efforts to remove infections of every kind, especially in the tropics where there are no snows or ice to check the growth of pathogenic bacteria, have no better support from any organized body of men and women than is given by the medical profession itself. Many devoted martyrs have given their lives in attempting to control yellow fever and other infectious disease that occur in the tropics.

The truth of the matter is that indifference to the control of disease and indifference to the establishment of eugenic marriages arise in other men than doctors. This is seen particularly in all efforts to promote eugenics by legislation. It is not the doctors who appear before Committees in Congress and State Legislatures to protest against stricter license laws in matrimony. They are all on the other side. In point of fact, there are few doctors who seek for legislative positions. There are, perhaps, not a dozen doctors in the United States Congress. I haven't undertaken an enumeration thereof, but I say this at a venture. In European Parliaments a different condition exists. Medical doctors are numerous, especially in Germany, and they carry great weight when it comes to the enactment of sanitary measures. There should be a great many more doctors in state and national legislatures. Lawyers do not have to give up their professions when they go into politics. Neither do merchants, manufacturers, and preachers. Doctors do.

While occasionally we may find a doctor who is recalcitrant, who seems to have broken away from the Hippocratic doctrine, who may really want to interfere with all eugenic efforts in order to have a more numerous clientele, such doctors are extremely few.

### A Physician's Place

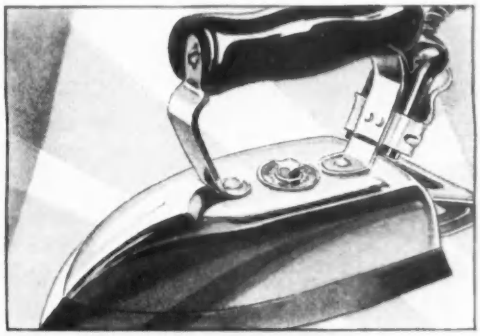
Upon the whole, every woman should cultivate the confidence of her doctor. She can speak to him on subjects that are sacred and dear to her, with absolute confidence that the secret will never be revealed. She, as well as her husband, can go to the doctor for periodic physical and medical examination. The results of the examination will never be revealed. She may know at the very beginning of the presence of any disease, such as tuberculosis, or cancer, or heart trouble which, taken in time, can be readily eradicated, but which by neglect may grow to such proportions as to baffle medical skill and bring premature death.

The real doctor, and that is the one I am speaking of, should have a place in the affections of his client which no other professional man, except possibly the pastor, can fill. It is worth while to be on good terms with your doctor. No matter how careful you are in your obedience to the laws of health, no matter how scientifically you select your diet, no matter how carefully you avoid infection, there is one thing which you can not do, namely, arrest the progress of age. Sooner or later some disease, due to either infection, lack of care, or advancing age, will lay its hands upon you. At first, you may not notice that you do not rebound as you used to from any petty illness, that any difficulty of digestion continues longer than before, that a cold does not pass away so speedily as it did, that your step is losing its elasticity, that if you walk upstairs more rapidly than usual you get a shortness of breath, that your sleep does not refresh you as in your youth, that you are losing weight as you never did before, but you finally realize that you are growing old.

At this time the doctor should be particularly dear to you. He will frankly tell you that the span of life will soon end for you, but he will promise to keep you alive just as long as he can. As the end approaches, you will get real comfort from his presence, and peace from his counsel, and from his skill a deserved euthanasia.

# You do less work

## ...the Iron does more



WITH ordinary electric irons, keeping the iron at proper temperature is a task *you* must perform. It means pulling out the plug and putting it back again; waiting for the iron to heat up or cool down; remembering not to leave it attached if you are called away. These are inconvenient and irritating things when you're concerned only with ironing as quickly and easily as possible.

The Westinghouse *Automatic* Iron stays right at good ironing temperature without any attention from you. That part of the work is done by the iron itself. A Built-in Watchman —the famous Spencer thermostat— automatically turns the current off before the iron can get too hot and on again before it can get too cool.

Turned up on the heel rest, this iron can be left with the cord attached for hours without overheating. In fact, one *Automatic* Iron at the Westinghouse factory has been operating continuously for more than 30,000 hours —over three years and five months— and it's still right at good ironing temperature.

*Only $7.75*

Electrical dealers everywhere have this remarkable iron, modestly priced. Already more than a million women have bought Westinghouse *Automatics*. Ask your dealer to show you this iron, or send in the coupon today.

*The Sign of a Westinghouse Dealer*

Westinghouse Electrification
Appliances Apparatus
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**Westinghouse**

★ AUTOMATIC

*The Electric Iron with the Built-in Watchman*

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Mansfield, Ohio.
Please send me your folder, "A million women are using the iron with the Built-in Watchman."

Name .....

Address .....

In using advertisements see page 6

# Meals like Mother used to cook—but only a fraction of the time and trouble

How times have changed!

Mother used to spend all day in the kitchen—hovering over the range—peeking into the oven door—anxious until time to serve the meal.

But, it's so much easier now. She just prepares the food and her work is done. The White Handle AutomatiCook does the actual cooking *automatically.*

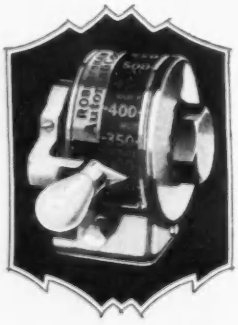
Simply set the AutomatiCook at the proper temperature mark. Then this amazing oven heat control takes care of the oven cooking.

To thousands of women the AutomatiCook means priceless hours of leisure—freedom from drudgery—time for pleasure as well as household duties.

So dependable is this popular little device that home economics bureaus urge its use as a time, labor and gas saver.

If you do not already enjoy the great convenience of the AutomatiCook, look at one of the 100 beautiful gas ranges on which it is provided. You can't buy it separately. It is an integral part of the range itself. Gas companies and good dealers everywhere will be glad to show it to you on a range and explain its advantages.

When cooking can be done so easily, isn't it well worth while to make the most of such a convenience?



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June 1929 Good Housekeeping


## The Incredible Year

(*Continued from page 71*)

Hildreth at once, asking, "Where is Bruce?" with that direct stare of hers, a glance Hildreth had not seen for many weeks.

"They telephoned Naida to come back to town on business. Bruce made his excuses and went with her. It was," said Hildreth easily, "rather rude and very obvious of him."

"But there's no train."

"They were to motor up. Naida has her car with her."

Julie turned away without comment. Hildreth, behind the tea-table, observed the droop of the slim, straight shoulders. She thought, "Poor kid"—but said nothing. After all, it was not her affair. Not yet. Pat Jordan would know how to console Julie. Pat had been clever and patient. Pat was of the herd—Hildreth's herd. It was better so.

Julie was gay that night. And reckless. Pat, catching her by the hand, along in the small hours, drew her into the little, heavily fragrant conservatory.

"I haven't seen you alone all evening."

"Not my fault."

"I got dragged into that bridge game," he told her. "But I thought you'd play at our table."

"I didn't feel like bridge."

"How much did you lose at that silly roulette game?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, not much." She laughed a little. "Does it matter?" she added.

"Of all the fool things!" Pat complained. "Hen Gordon and his cigarette-case roulette wheel!"

"We played the game with lighters, too," she said defiantly. "You know how many times they work without missing. I lost eighty on mine. The thing's a flivver."

"I'll buy you a new one," he said quickly.

"Green enamel then," she told him. "I saw one at Dunhill's."

"You're lucky if you get one from the corner cigar store," he told her. "I talked to New York today, and some of my investments are coming down like the wolves on the fold."

He was serious, even somber, under his careless tone. But Julie wasn't interested. Pat Jordan's investments meant nothing in her young life. She told him so.

"Let's dance," she added.

But he said: "Not now. I've got to find Desmond—I want to talk to him. I haven't been able to get near him all evening."

"They knocked him for a row of Russian candlesticks in the roulette game," Julie informed him. "I guess he's gone off somewhere to lick his wounds in silence."

She spun off, disdainful of his detaining hand.

Later Pat saw her dancing on the veranda with one of the innumerable boys who always hung about her. He smoked thoughtfully, standing near the door. He wasn't keen on the talk he would have to have with Desmond. Lord, how pretty Julie was!

Of course, if he could manage to get rid of Stepney—and for good—his troubles were at an end. And Desmond could shift for himself.

The next morning, wandering down to a late breakfast, the talk with Desmond unaccomplished, he looked for Julie. Hildreth, interpreting that look, told him rather blankly:

"She was up before she went to bed, Olga tells me. She's taken her small car and driven into town. She left me a note. She'll be back, she says, to dinner."

"Where on earth? What in the world?"

Hildreth made a gesture of despair. "I don't know. I've *never* been able to keep track of her," she admitted.

### CHAPTER XIX

JULIE'S first impulse when, bathing and changing and looking with a sort of weary scorn at her untouched bed, she decided to take

out the car and leave the house, was an impulse of escape. Anything to get away, for a time, from the atmosphere of fever and smoke and beating, unsatisfied music, from the high-pitched laughter and the low-pitched whisper—anything to get away from people—from herself—from the ache of disappointment, from the bitter realization that the ugly duckling, Julie, could never become the swan that was Naida Trevor.

She did not realize that the artificial alteration in her, the forced *volte face*, had appeared genuine to Bruce Stepney; that it had estranged him, wounded him, he believed, irrevocably. She believed merely that her efforts had been so much waste energy, that his reawakened love for Naida occupied all his heart and senses, that his earlier interest in herself had been mere good friendliness, pity perhaps; and pity and friendship were not enough—for Julie.

Therefore, she thought, lamentably, she had failed.

It did not occur to her how much she had cheapened herself in his man's sight by her transformation. Impressionable and young—younger, even, in many ways than her years—she had believed Pat Jordan; had believed the subtle teachings of Hildreth and her set. She had reached easily enough the conclusion Jordan had wished her to reach, which was that Bruce could be won and held only by the sort of girl who had once won and held and then betrayed him; at all events by the outward seeming of that girl—smart, sophisticated, a little lax, a huntress with the pack.

Therefore she had made herself over—and to no avail.

But the veneer was thin, of recent application. She put on a sports suit, feeling refreshed after her cold shower, and went to the garage. The men lounging about gaped at her in astonishment, but got out her small car and saw that it was fitted and fueled for the road. And so she drove off into the lovely green and gold morning, her heart and spirits rising a little. She stopped at the first small inn she saw and had coffee and rolls, then took the winding, tree-shadowed road again. She was driving—she knew not whither, but it was enough for a time to be alone with the wind and the trees and the open road before her.

Why hadn't she been able to talk to Bruce, really *talk* to him?

SITTING there, firm hands on the wheel, her great brown eyes fixed on the road, the second impulse came to her. She would drive into town—she'd left word that she was bound cityward. Let them think it a whim or a fitting or a shopping tour, if they wished—they'd understand any such excuse. She would drive into town and go to Bruce's little laboratory and ask him frankly:

"What has gone wrong with our friendship? What have I done? Why are you alienated?"

Then, if he were honest with her and it was Naida who held his whole heart, he would tell her so. And she would know. And would have to adjust herself to that knowledge. Yet she could not quite face what that adjustment would mean to her.

Coming from the green quiet of her own world into that other world of dazzling, hard light, setting her unaccustomed feet to the rigidity of asphalt in exchange for the springy, needle-strewn turf, relinquishing her sunlight and rain and beating snow and scented air for the close, fevered atmosphere of hothouses, she had found one familiar face among the many faces—Stepney's face, friendly and controlled, with the eyes of a sane visionary. He had been, from the first moment of their casual meeting, the camp-fire friend, the host of her heart, the happy end of a difficult trail. And now she had lost him, never really having had him.

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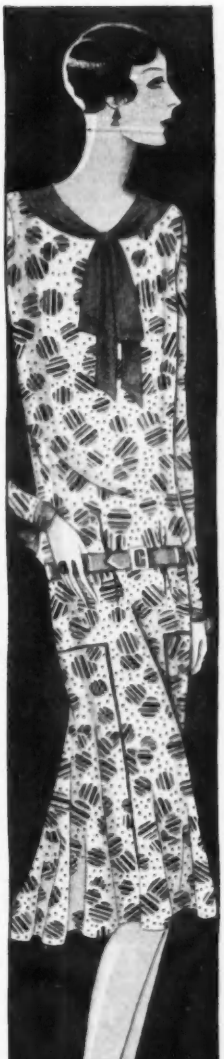

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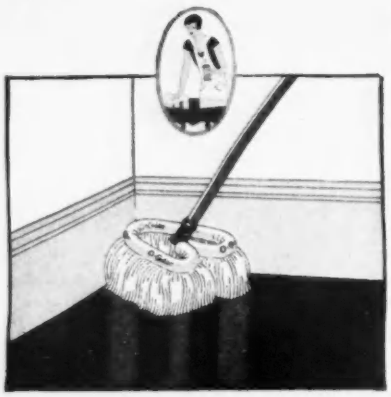

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## The Incredible Year

the bright, hard camouflage colors of the new associates. But enamel can crack under pressure, and she was driving to town to ask her honest questions, to receive her honest answers.

The long, lonely, yet somehow bracing drive ended at the little machine shop where Stepney rented a room. She remembered the time she had been there with him; had been shown his engine; had lingered and exclaimed, praised and prophesied. And had made her childish, loving offer—which he had then refused. She flushed now, remembering . . .

"He hasn't been here in a week," one of the men told her, wiping his oily hands on a bit of cotton waste and looking at her with curiosity.

Julie thanked him and went back to her car. She climbed in, sat there a moment irresolute, then drove on and uptown a few blocks to Stepney's little apartment. He might be home, she thought.

HE WAS home—sitting with a newspaper on the floor beside him and his pipe cold between his teeth. He had come back to town with Naida on the impulse of disgust with the situation and with himself. He had come back because he could not endure to see that new Julie, the Julie his brave, bewildered girl had become. What had she been? Cool water to an aching thirst, green forest to a tired wanderer. What had she become? A pretty, painted girl—a girl like a thousand others.

But the trip with Naida, the late dinner that had followed their arrival in town, had not been successful. Naida, overstepping a little, a little careless and less clever, now that she fancied she saw certain victory, had made herself too plain, had dropped a little too bluntly the rôle of old, affectionate friend trying to make amends. She had shown her manicured claws; she had been possessive and sure of herself, and, coaxing him into her empty house for a final cigarette, had turned clinging, softly, eagerly amorous.

Because he was hurt and lonely, he had taken her briefly into his arms for the sheer physical comfort of touch and caress. But when her lips encountered his and lingered, and she spoke his name in that breathless whisper he so well remembered, he knew . . . The old spell over his senses had vanished. Until he touched her he believed, hating himself, that the enchantment still held through habit and heaven knew what beside. But once holding her, kissing her soft mouth, that sorry illusion vanished. He did not want Naida Trevor. He wanted Julie. And Julie no longer existed.

He had not, of course, cut a very heroic figure in the finish of that lamp-lit scene with Naida. He had broken the clasp of her arms and set her away from him. And when she had started forward again—"What is it, Bruce? What's the matter?" he had told her, plainly enough, in his man's apology . . . "I'm sorry, Naida, it's—" Oh, what *had* he said then, what banality had escaped him, what stab to her pride? "It's—too late!" Had he said it? He could not remember, chiefly because he did not want to.

He would go away, he told himself—let the work ride a little, get out of the hot, sticky town, go somewhere where there were woods and lakes and a great, vast quietude . . .

He was planning, sitting there, feeling sick and empty and yet filled with an intolerant anger at himself and life in general, when Julie's knock came.

"Come in," he called, incurious enough.

She opened the door and walked in, and Bruce rose to his feet, incredulous.

"Julie! What on earth!"

"I came to talk to you," she said.

"But," he looked around him in dismay, "you can't talk here. You shouldn't have come. What did Hildreth say?"

"She doesn't know."

"I'll take you somewhere," he began uncomfortably, staring at her. "Luncheon—something. You can't stay here."

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## The Incredible Year

Julie laughed to hide her self-consciousness. A little while ago, and she would not have been self-conscious. But her grooming at the hands of Hildreth's set had made her so—and reckless into the bargain. Some months since and she would have walked into Stepney's room with a fearless step and clear eyes, innocent in ignorance, brushing aside convention with a scornful flick of her strong, tanned fingers. But now she was keenly aware of the intimacy of four walls, of the stolen nearness of the man she loved. And so she fell back involuntarily on the brittle evasions of her recent teachers.

"Don't be stuffy," she said, and laughed at him. "We're 'way past that sort of thing now."

Resentment touched his tanned pallor with a darkly rising flush. "Why did you come?" he asked bluntly.

His eyes, hostile, were on her own. For all his troubling nearness, she felt leagues away—felt as if she observed him through a clear yet impenetrable barrier of glass. The honest, straightforward questions she had come here to ask were checked on her lips. She evaded, with forced gaiety.

"To see you, of course. Won't you ask me to sit down?"

Still standing, tall, straight, bulking solidly in the small room, he gestured slightly with one hand, the other thrust deep in his pocket.

"If you insist. But—I'd so much rather you went out with me, Julie. To lunch—anywhere." And added, "Hildreth won't like this."

Julie sat down in a shabby armchair. "Please—you make me nervous—standing there like—the Statue of Liberty or something. No, I won't lunch with you. I—I just dropped in—an impulse—something—anything. As to Hildreth, she won't care. Why are you so conventional, Bruce? There's nothing nowadays in a girl coming to see a man. They all go to men's apartments for tea and lunch and dinner. People don't think anything of it."

He said bitterly, "You've picked up the code and patter rather quickly, Julie."

That and his cold, accusing eyes angered her into a quick flash of her own wild spirit. "You go to women's houses—single women—" she said hotly, "and have dinner—and stay—and what's the difference?"

He knew she was thinking of Naida. And because of his recent and somehow shameful encounter with Naida, he was self-conscious and sore on that point. He said wearily:

"It's different. If you are referring to Naida Trevor, she's a widow—not an unmarried girl. Besides, the situations aren't comparable."

"Oh, sit down!" ordered Julie suddenly; and as, half through astonishment at her tone, he obeyed, his chair close to her own, she asked violently:

"Why are we quarreling? What's it all about, anyway? Why did you run away the way you did? What's the matter, Bruce? Why aren't we friends any more? What have I done?"

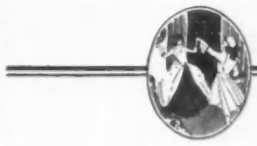
THERE! She had said it! And having said it, she leaned back, color in her cheeks, her breath coming a little fast. Her hands were shaking slightly, and she felt a little sick with fear, with suspense. She folded one hand in the other and waited.

Stepney's heart rose in his breast. The old Julie, the frank, fearless Julie who said what she thought and didn't count the cost. Then his heart sank again. A new form of coquetry, he thought—Julie-on-Escapade. She would tell Jordan all about it, he fancied jealously, when she went back to Long Island. They'd laugh about it.

"I'm waiting," said Julie low.

Very well. "She shall hear it!" cried his troubled heart.

"I didn't know we were quarreling," he answered, "to take your extraordinary questions in the proper rotation. I'm sorry if I seem stuffy to you and too conventional. You've



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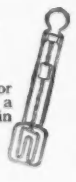

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outgrown me, Julie. And I left the Desmonds because, frankly, I was bored. The same old round of cocktails and gossip and jazz and breakfast in evening clothes has ceased to interest me—it never did, very much, as far as that goes. And as to being friends—"

"Well?" she prompted, when he paused, and because she was very nervous she smiled, the merest curve of her carmined mouth, but a smile which further estranged him. Looking, he thought, for scalps, like the rest of them—not content until she had hunted the last one down.

He rose and looked down at her from his fine height.

"Look here, what's the use of discussing personalities?" he asked. "I know it's the custom, but I'd rather be excused. It's neither the time nor the place."

Julie got to her feet, too, and stared at him with brown eyes turning velvet black, eyes suddenly too large for her face.

"I thought you—*liked* me—" said the old Julie, like a child.

But he was too blind with his hurt and his unconfessed jealousy to hear, to see. He answered harshly, "I did like you." And on a deep breath he said slowly, "I—thought—I *loved* you."

She moved nearer at that. The sudden terrible beating of her heart hurt her, but there was beauty in it and a wild, ecstatic hope. "Bruce—"

HE LOOKED away from her. He did not see the seeking, happy eyes nor the quivering mouth. He said simply:

"But—you've changed. You aren't—Julie, any more."

Julie stepped back. She cried out, instantly on the defensive, "If I've changed, it's because—"

She halted. In that instant she realized that he no longer cared for her. Or thought she realized it. Realized how close the treasure had been—how far removed it now was. She was sick with it.

"Because?" he asked her.

She couldn't say it. The day was past when she could have answered, "I changed because I thought you'd want me to—because I thought I could become—your kind of woman."

A tearing sob rose in her throat. "No—no—" she whispered frantically to herself—"I mustn't cry—mustn't cry." So she laughed instead.

He turned on her, suddenly, savagely.

"You can laugh," he told her, "because you don't understand. I—I thought you were a dream come true—the one frank, courageous, fine creature I had ever met. A fearless child—who'd grow into the most wonderful woman in the world. And I loved you. And I held my hand and said nothing—to give you your chance. You were young and bewildered—and unhappy. I was your friend as well as your lover. I couldn't take advantage of your turning to me. I had to let you go your own pace, find yourself. Well, you did. You found yourself in, I suppose, the path of least resistance. And I found you—again—when I came down to Desmond's—a girl like other girls. Oh, it isn't only that I hate to see you spoiling your face with paint, or your sanity with liquor, or staining your fingers with nicotine. It's—it's what the changes stand for, what they symbolize. You couldn't *stay yourself*—Julie from the North Country. You had to go with the crowd. That's why I came away. I loved a girl, not a type. The girl doesn't exist any more. And there are thousands of the type to choose from. That's all."

Julie said nothing. She stared at him. The conflict of emotions in her made her dumb. She was angrier than she had ever been in all her short life. She was so torn with hurt that she felt as if her very life, her inner life, were ebbing away from her. And her whole world was upside down.

Stepney said gently, ashamed of himself

# The Incredible Year

now: "Please forgive me. That was particularly rotten of me, Julie. But you asked for it. I'd like to say I'm your friend still and always shall be. But you don't need friends now. The pack you run with hasn't any use for friends. Only for lovers and sycophants and enemies. I was a fool to think as I did, to feel as I did. A conceited fool. It hasn't been your fault, I suppose. It would take a superwoman to hold out against the influences brought to bear on you, Julie. Run along, my dear—and try to forget all I've said, all I've been. I haven't the money or the taste for your sort of good times."

Julie said slowly, "I ought to hate you for this."

"I suppose I deserve it," he said humbly, "but—"

He never finished the sentence. For she had gone with that free stride of hers. A door closed. And he was alone, lonelier than he had ever been in his life.

He stood there staring at the closed door, hearing her running footsteps on the stairs. A pretty figure he had cut with the two women who had most influenced his life. With Nalda last night. With Julie today.

Julie had asked him for truth. And he had lied to her. Why couldn't he have said it—simply, honestly:

"I loved you—I still love you—but you've gone so far from me. It doesn't matter what you've made yourself into, you are still Julie, still my own girl. Can't you come back to me? Is there no way?"

"What a fool I've been!" he said aloud.

He crossed to the door, flung it open, and ran down-stairs. But reaching the street he saw her car ahead, in the traffic, lost in the swirl and maze of it. Too late! It would always be too late now. Every minute was a year. If there were reparation to make, it couldn't be made now. He'd said the unforgivable thing.

Stepney turned and walked back to his house. And Julie, driving frantically through the crowd, lost in the chaos of her thoughts, was stopped by an unsmiling traffic policeman.

"Are you going to a fire?" he asked her amiably.

While he was writing her ticket she stared straight before her with unseeing eyes. Bruce had loved her. And she had lost him. What a fool she had been—what an utter little fool! Why hadn't she said, "But it's because I wanted your love so much that I changed—"

Too late, now!

## CHAPTER XX

EARLY autumn came to Long Island in warm golden days, with a blue haze on the hills, a smell of burning brush, and cool nights star studded. Julie, sitting with Hildreth on the veranda in one of their rare, inactive, guest-free moments, sighed and dropped her long lashes over tired eyes. Hildreth, balancing a lump of sugar on the blunt nose of the champion Pekinese which had been Julie's recent birthday present to her, looked up, dropped the sugar, and leaned back in her chair, lacing her fingers.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Julie, her voice husky. "I was thinking of—home."

Hildreth asked quietly: "Are you homesick, Julie? I—we hoped you'd got over that."

"I'm always homesick," the girl told her. "Oh, I forget to be for days, sometimes. But it isn't real forgetting. And this—this imitation of the fall—" She gestured out to the open country, its beauty and its warning.

"Imitation?"

Julie, still looking out over the hills and water, said slowly: "Half-measures—down here. You don't know a Northern autumn, Hildreth. It comes early, and the trees turn—they start when it still seems summer. You don't know what blue skies are down here. There isn't a blue in the world to compare with Northern skies—it's so blue it almost hurts—

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# The Incredible Year

and there are great fleecy clouds—and the burning color of the trees—and the clean smell of the wind. You don't know."

Her lips quivered childishly. Hildreth looked at her in affection and pity. What a hard time she was having! But—thought Hildreth with the easy, slangy optimism of the class which dismisses moods of the soul as "emotion" and lets it go at that—she'll snap out of it. She is finding herself.

After a moment, bracing herself against possible hostility, Hildreth ventured: "You're—tired. Julie, you'll think I'm crazy to preach, but you have been going too hard and—too fast. Every night—all night—with that same mad crowd. You smoke too much, you drink too much, you dance too much. I'm worried about you, child. It's been my fault, I suppose. When I urged you to come out of your shell, I didn't dream—"

She paused. Julie was looking at her with a sort of weary scorn.

"You didn't dream the début would be so complete?" she suggested. "Neither did I. But I've never gone in for compromises. Either I had to make myself over to the pattern you set me, or not at all. Anyway," said Julie, stifling a healthy yawn, "it helps."

Hildreth felt an odd ache of compunction. And yet, she thought defiantly, it was better so. The pendulum had to swing. From the *gauche*, blunt girl Julie had been, to this sophisticated product of the age and environment. It would swing back, thought Hildreth comfortably, leaving Julie more cautious, less reckless, still smart, still of Hildreth's world, but "toned down." Then everything would be all right. If Julie made up her mind to marry Jordan—and she had been with him almost incessantly of late—well and good. If not, then some other man of the type and set. Meantime she was still going through the inevitable period of adjustment.

"Helps?" Hildreth repeated.

Julie looked up. Deep in her eyes tragedy struggled, drowning in the dark depths. "Yes. I don't give a *damn*," said Julie with sudden savagery, "for the means—the cigarettes and the cocktails and the music. They're nothing to me in themselves. But they pass the time."

"What about the other means?" Hildreth asked her—daring, she felt, rather greatly.

"What others?"

"Oh—" Hildreth ticked them off on her slim fingers with a nonchalance she didn't feel; she had never lost her first feeling of hesitation in eliciting any confidence from this girl so strangely intrusted to her—"oh, Sammy Peters and Guthrie Harrington—and Jimmy McPherson and—"

Julie laughed shortly. That was Hildreth's answer.

Hildreth thought, *"And Bruce Stepney?"* But she didn't say it. She asked instead,

"Pat?"

JULIE'S face froze to instant gravity. She had been asking herself that question of late.

Pat? Pat was a good friend, an amusing companion. He was, in his own outspoken parlance, crazy about her. He was interesting to her mentally and not repulsive physically. Lately she had permitted him an occasional kiss or two—her hand held to his lips—his light caress on her shoulder, the sweet inner curve of her arm. She hadn't minded. She hadn't thrilled to it, of course. But then, thought Julie wearily, that was all over—the hope of rapture, the anticipation of delight. That had died the day she walked out of Bruce Stepney's apartment.

Pat? Why not?

And yet why? Why, because she was sick and sorry, unhappy and defeated, should she turn, out of sheer weariness, to second-best?

Since that disastrous trip to town she had not evaded Pat's verbal love-making. She had let him tell her all the charming, enchanting, exaggerated things which formerly she had checked on his lips. It amused her, perhaps

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## The Incredible Year

soothed her pride a little. And Pat, growing more confident, sure within himself that Stepney was, for some occult reason, out of the picture—had asked her to marry him. She had refused. But refused, he fancied and she knew, rather half-heartedly.

Hildreth was waiting for her answer. She got it suddenly, after a long pause.

"I don't know about Pat. I like him well enough—"

"That's not enough," Hildreth told her, honesty flashing up to the surface. She had seen too many marriages built on that.

"I suppose not," Julie answered. "Yet people seem to get along on very little. I used to think," she explained, with laughter at her own early illusions, "that when you were married, you were *married*. But that's all—eyewash. When you're married, you're married until it pleases you to move on for one reason or another. When you're married—you're bored. When you're married—you're down, but by no means out. And I've seen the sequels of a lot of marriages since I came here that, from all accounts, started out with more than a little romantic marriages, people call them. Well, they ended where all the rest do."

"That's not fair," Hildreth argued hotly. "There are many happy marriages. You talk like a subway paper, or something. There are lots of marriages which have held romance, as you call it."

"Name them," suggested Julie cynically.

HILDRETH thought. Then she said briskly, "The Wilbur Marshes."

"Is that so? Wilbur Marsh kissed me—or tried to—the other night at the Blue Moon. He said his wife didn't understand him!"

Hildreth gestured with despair. "Oh—that! They all do that. It's a mood or a shot of gin. It doesn't mean anything in most cases. He might kiss you a dozen times and still be madly in love with Helen."

"So I've heard," said Julie, "but it doesn't register. Either you love your wife and she loves you, or you go around kissing other people. I don't seem to reconcile the two, that's all. Go on with your list."

"The Meredith Joneses."

"In a way, yes," Julie agreed. "They're so old now they either had to settle to each other or—go their own ways long ago. No one else wants them. But some one told me only last week that twenty years ago Merry Jones was pretty hot stuff. Stage door business. And that Mrs. Jones could have divorced him a dozen times—and would have, only for the sake of the children. Old-fashioned idea, that. They don't bother about the children nowadays. Personally, I think they're wise. Better a decent clean break than to bring babies up in an atmosphere of bickering and nagging and hiding things," said Julie strongly. "Well, who else?"

"The Catons—John and Louise."

"Oh, be your age!" admonished Julie, laughing. "Louise Caton, when she couldn't make Pat Jordan, tried half a dozen others. Now she has the young Judson boy trailing after her. She's making a spectacle of herself, and John is drinking himself into D. T's. That may be love—but it isn't my idea of it."

"Well, then," cried Hildreth aroused, "there's Jack—and here I am!"

Julie smiled. "You two. Yes, I am with you there. How you do it, heaven only knows. But I do think you are happy, Hildreth, in a way."

"What do you mean—in a way?" asked Hildreth indignantly.

"Oh, a *scared* sort of way. Afraid you'll lose it. Afraid to show it. You remind me of the Kipling stories Dad"—her voice softened, and she paused and then went on—"used to read to me. Where the people were afraid to speak of or show their happiness for fear the gods would come down on them with smallpox or cholera or something. You and Jack are like


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## The Incredible Year

that. Ostriches. You hide your heads in all this silly sand—flirtations and indifference and ignoring each other in public—and think people don't know how much you care. You're afraid," condemned Julie. "It isn't *smart* to be happy and really in love. And some one might take it away from you."

Hildreth flushed scarlet. She opened her pretty mouth on a hot denial. But Julie's scornful, lovely eyes met hers, and she said slowly:

"Perhaps you're right. But we *are* happy."

"Agreed. But it's one out of four or five or a thousand, as the ad says," Julie told her lazily. "The exception that proves the rule. That's all."

Hildreth was smarting a little. So she struck back when, after tea had been brought them and they sat smoking together, she turned the subject by gentle degrees and finally shot out,

"What do you hear from Bruce?"

Julie stiffened. The knife turned in her heart. She answered tersely: "I don't."

"You knew he was in Canada on a ranch near the Prince of Wales' place?"

"Yes, I knew. Pat told me."

"I imagine," commented Hildreth idly, "he's cramped for money. He's put so much into his engine, and now it's at a standstill, they say. He's tried to borrow, but money is tight this season, and people aren't having any. Naida Trevor's gone abroad. By the way, I wonder what that means?"

"Paris clothes," interpreted Julie.

She rose and went into the house without another word. Hildreth lay back in her long chair and smoked thoughtfully. She had got under the girl's skin that time. Well, she wasn't sorry. For Julie had given her plenty to think about. Were she and Jack so obvious? Oh, but Julie was right—the devil take her! Hildreth was afraid. She'd always be afraid.

SHE knew another sort of fear when, later, Desmond came back from town. He'd been up there for two days. When she saw him a hand clutched at her heart. He looked ten years older.

"What's the matter?" she asked sharply.

"Oh, nothing."

"Yes, there is. What has gone wrong?"

"Lord, Hildreth, you certainly nag a fellow. I'm tired, that's all."

"Jack—" she leaned closer, her pretty draperies swirling around her, her hands eloquent— "Jack, please tell me! You haven't told me anything lately. You used to. What's wrong? You aren't yourself. You haven't been for weeks. What is it?"

He spread his own hands in a gesture of futile despair. They were alone, with the darkening shadows of the shortening evening. The wind was cool in the thick-foliaged trees; somewhere a bird sang, drowsy and content. The porch was full of creeping shadows.

"The Market—it's—ruined me."

"What do you mean?" she asked, sick with terror.

Little by little, by coaxing, and demanding, she got the story from him. Pat had had such a sure tip. Several sure tips. And so, dazzled and bemused by the vistas of fortune open to him, by the key he possessed in the shape of Montgomery's legacies, Desmond had plunged heavily. He had sunk all he had. He had borrowed on the principal of the money Montgomery had left him outright, and used the income so far. He'd put in as much of the money left them for Julie's care as he could. He'd let all the bills run. He was deeply in debt. He'd bought on margin. And now his brokers were riding him, all the stocks had dropped. And Jordan had washed his hands of him.

"Fend for yourself," he had said. "I'm pinched, too."

All Hildreth's coolness, her poise and sophistication, all her live-for-today-and-let-tomor-

row-take-care-of-itself fell from her. She was blind with fear. For the next day or two she was a feverish shadow of herself. People came to the house; there were parties, gaiety—and Hildreth laughed and talked and danced and jested—and was pierced with terror. She lost her wit and her armor. She was a desperately anxious woman. If Julie knew? Could Jack go to jail? she wanted to know.

"Not through Julie—it isn't her money I've used," he told her.

But he was uncomfortably conscious that it *was* Julie's money ethically; the money that was to have been expended in giving her the proper surroundings, that was to have taken her South this fall, to Palm Beach this winter and Europe in the spring, if she decided to stay with them.

"We'll have to tell her," Hildreth said at last.

"No, wait! We may pull out all right—and no poorer—even richer. Wait," he counseled.

Later he asked: "Pat? How are he and Julie coming?"

Hildreth repeated Julie's recent answer to her question about Jordan.

Jack swore a little under his breath. "If she'd take him—all that capital of hers. She'll be of age soon," he jerked out, "—we'd get out of this mess—somehow."

Hildreth couldn't quite see how. And for once she followed the dictates of a slightly atrophied conscience. "I wouldn't influence her if I could. It's—it's for her life," she said bleakly. "Oh, Jack—I'm *frightened!*"

He took her in his arms and held her there.

"Don't be."

They were in their bedroom. Hildreth looked around. She said a little wildly:

"It's a good thing we had to pay the rent of this in advance. The household bills—the butcher and grocer and all that—they can run. They're so big the people won't dare make a fuss or cut off supplies. I've had to pay the current regular bills—light and wages and all that. But there's the town apartment."

"I know," said Jack, thinking of his lease.

"I'm—terrified," she said again. "This is worse than anything we've been through yet. Why," she asked him desperately, "why did you do it? How could you be so foolhardy, reckless?"

"That's right, reproach me," he said sullenly.

"Oh, I'm not—but why, dearest, *why?*"

"I wanted to get out—with money of our own. A lot of it. Then we wouldn't have to bootlick and be pleasant and be at the beck and call of a lot of people—wouldn't have to be upper-class servants, entertainers, bellhops. When Julie came and we were on our own, in a way, I felt we couldn't go back to the other sort of life after she left us or married—we *couldn't*. I'd had a taste of freedom, that's all. I hoped—Pat swore—oh, what does it matter why or how? It's done now."

He held her closer and put his cheek against her hair. Well, they were better off than most people of their crowd. They had each other.

Children of Today, looking into the future with frightened, shrinking eyes, their easy, careless code smashed to pieces.

## CHAPTER XXI

"JULIE," caroled a Barrett twin over the telephone, "for Pete's sake come on over, won't you? I'm throwing an elegant party for some motoring guests of the Haydens. Step on the gas."

Julie assented indifferently and went to tell Hildreth that she was off for the rest of the day. Hildreth nodded without enthusiasm. She was looking, it occurred to Julie, a little thin, almost haggard.

"Run along," Hildreth bade her. "By the way, Julie, do you mind if we go up to town a little earlier than we'd planned? Jack is so


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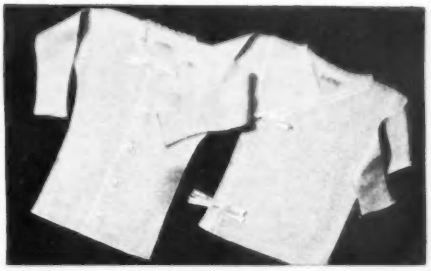

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## The Incredible Year

busy and the commuting tires him—I'm tired, too. I could get a between-season rest in the city before we go South."

"It's all right with me," Julie told her. But driving over to the Barretts, she found herself worrying over Hildreth. The older woman was so kind to her, had tried to become close to her. It was not her fault that she had failed.

Immersed in her own concerns once more, Julie thought: Oh, if only I had a *friend*—a woman friend—a real one—some one I could talk to, who wouldn't put me off with catchwords and wisecracks!

There was the usual milling, loud-voiced crowd at the big Barrett house. Julie circulated about, definitely bored, and listened to the comments and the idle gossip. Once, standing with an innocuous youth whose only claim to distinction was three million unearned dollars, she heard two women she knew talking through the cigarette smoke.

"I hear Naida Trevor canceled her passage."

"Oh, she's going—later. If you ask me, I'd say she was waiting for Bruce to return from the North. Perhaps she's persuaded him to go with her."

JULIE turned abruptly and set down her glass. As she did so, she looked straight into the quiet, friendly eyes of a girl, somewhat older than herself, who was sitting not far off. Julie, after that first astonished glance, went over to her, her hands outstretched.

"It is Jean—Jean Amory—isn't it?" she asked.

Miss Amory smiled and nodded. "Yes—but I'm afraid—"

"You don't remember me?" asked Julie, disappointed.

"I do and I don't. Why—" Jean leaned forward, and her eyes searched Julie's face—"of course, I know now. You're Julie Montgomery. But you have changed a good deal," Jean added slowly.

Julie sat down beside her, her tired face animated. This girl—whom she had once so admired and envied—this girl seemed somehow like a breath of Julie's own North Woods.

"I had heard you were here," Jean went on. "Mother and I are at the Haydens', and one of the Barrett girls told me about you." She refrained from repeating the exact nature of that information. "And I have been looking forward to seeing you again. It was stupid of me not to recognize you immediately."

Julie asked eagerly: "Let's slip away—they won't miss us." She cast a scornful glance about the crowded room. "I do want to talk to you. How long are you staying?"

"Until tomorrow morning."

"Then please come," begged Julie, "now! We'll go for a ride in my car."

Jean rose and followed Julie out of the room. Perhaps their departure was discourteous, but nowadays Jean had discovered that French leave was not considered unpardonable. And there was something in Julie's eyes which made the other girl's heart ache. The Barrett twins had told her of Julie lightly enough.

"The best little sport—a knock-out for speed—and you should have seen her when she landed in town—a regular backwoods Sis Hopkins."

The two girls climbed into Julie's roadster and drove out of the Barrett estate into a heavily wooded road. On and up, and then, at the top of a hill, with a view of water and woods, Julie stopped the car.

"I've wanted to see you again," she said, turning to Jean.

"And I, you—I wrote you, when we heard through Mr. Morrow about your father."

"I never got the letter. I wish I had." Julie's face was somber.

"I felt as if I had lost a friend," Jean told her. "He was the finest man I have ever met. And so proud of you, Julie."

Julie felt sick with weariness and unhappiness. "He wouldn't be now," she muttered.

Jean Amory looked at her with clear,

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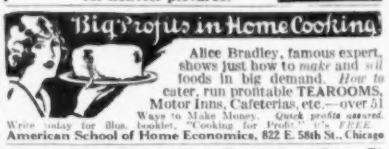
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thoughtful eyes. "You have changed," she commented. "Oh, I don't mean your hair—or all the rest of it. But deeply, underneath."

Julie nodded. "Not at first," she said. "Look here, Jean, I've no one to talk to. Hildreth—you've heard how I come to be with her, haven't you?—well, she's good to me, she's fond of me—but I can't tell her things. You—you're like the answer to a prayer. Dad was crazy about you. I—I was a little jealous, even. And now meeting you again, brings it all back."

"What troubles you?" asked Jean slowly.

"Everything. I—I made myself over—or tried to. Because every one wished it. I was too strange; I didn't run with the pack when I first came down. I tried to hold on to all the standards Dad had set me, and I couldn't. There—there is a man, Jean—and I thought he'd really care if I were more like the girls he'd known. But he hates me now."

"Julie!"

"He does, I tell you! He almost told me so. Hates what I've become! Oh," cried Julie desperately, "I was mistaken in him, too. He is narrow-minded; he is—*stupid*."

Jean answered musingly: "Is he? Or—does he love the Julie I knew? A frank and fearless sort of person, with big ideals and great honesty. That's how I thought of you. You've no idea how *much* I've thought of you, Julie. And when I saw you just now, I was disappointed, too. You looked so like the others. Prettier, perhaps, but as hard and as—oh, I can't express it!—bored, perhaps; discontented. But I don't believe the real Julie has been destroyed. I'll never believe that."

Julie said, low: "I don't blame you for being disgusted with me. I suppose you have heard things?"

As Jean nodded, she went on desperately: "Oh, it was so hard to conform, at first. And then it was easier. And now—I don't know *what* I am. I can't get the old self back, and I despise the new—"

Jean touched the hand which was lax on the wheel. She said after a minute: "You'll learn—and work out your own salvation. Life's like that. Julie, try to realize that you can't make yourself over to fit a pattern; that all these trivial people don't count; that what they say and do can't touch you essentially. You have to be your own, you have to be true to yourself—nothing else matters. When you learn that, you've learned everything. I've had a sort of picture of you in my mind ever since we met. I—I hated to have you destroy it today. I want to think of you as I thought of you then. It will all come right, if you pick up your banner again. You've lowered it," said Jean, low. "Oh, don't think I'm a prig, I'm not. Only all this waste of youth and time and energy seems to me so utterly futile, so not worth while."

SHE smiled briefly into Julie's eyes. Spoke to her of her own life, of her studies, of the man she was now engaged to marry. And presently Julie drove her back to the Barretts and, after making her farewells, left her there. She didn't want to stay. She wanted to go back home and think of the firm, friendly clasp of the other girl's hand and the honest interest and belief in her quiet eyes.

"You—you don't hate me, too?" she had asked wistfully.

"Of course, not! I *like* you," Jean had replied instantly. "And I know you're going to—carry on."

So, after all, thought Julie, Bruce wasn't the only one who had despised all her pretenses and defences.

She thought of him, as always, with shame and aching regret and a piercing agony of sorrow, of hopelessness. She had been angry too, but was angry no longer. For if Jean—who was not Bruce, but just a girl whom she'd met once and admired and liked, a girl who had liked her in her quiet way—felt as she did, how much more deeply must Bruce, the man who loved her, have felt! How much more she must have hurt and estranged him!

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## The Incredible Year

"Well," she thought, "it's over now. All the pretense and the aping. If all this has taught me anything," Julie pondered, "it is that nothing counts but facing yourself honestly—always."

A day or so later the move back to town was accomplished with ease and simplicity, as simply as stepping from a motor car to a train, and when they had been settled in the apartment for a few lovely, unseasonably warm days, Julie had a letter from Naida Trevor.

"I am going to Europe, Julie," it read, "and I want to see you and talk to you. I sail Saturday. Will you come to see me—*alone*, please—any day that you care to name? Telephone me first. And don't fail me. I must see you. There are things we must talk about between us."

Then came, without a conventional ending, the signature.

An hour or so later, Julie reached for her telephone and spoke Naida's number into the round, black mouth.

"Julie Montgomery speaking," she said briefly. "I have your letter. Will it be all right for me to come this afternoon?"

"At four?" suggested Naida's cool voice.

"All right."

She hung up and lay back against the pillows, frowning. What could the woman possibly want of her?

SHE dressed for the encounter with the care known only to the woman who dresses for another woman who is an enemy and a rival. A one-piece crêpe frock, very simple, a black coat lined with the same material, the same hunter's green shade, a felt hat pulled low down over the glorious red-gold hair, the tanned cheeks smoothed with powder of the same sun-kissed tone, a touch of rouge high up on the cheekbones, a mouth brushed with the same geranium red, pearls in her ears and about her neck, sheer stockings, and shoes of the prevalent snake skin which she had bought indifferently enough yet never put on without a shudder of distaste. Her car had been ordered; she dropped the linked sable skins over one shoulder, touched the long stopper of a perfume bottle to the lobes of her ears, to the hollow of her throat, and presently left the house. Hildreth was off on concerns of her own, and Jack, of course, was not home. No one but Helma saw her go.

"Do I look well?" demanded Julie on an impulse.

She had never asked such a thing before, and Helma's china-blue eyes widened.

"You look beautiful," she replied. "You will dine at home, Miss Julie?"

"I won't be out long—"

Julie left, and the maid picked up the girl's carelessly flung clothes, her heavy mind busy with secret speculations. She had never seen her mistress take more pains with her dressing. Surely she was going to meet—a lover? Mr. Jordan with his smiling way and his fashion of tipping out of all proportion? Perhaps there would be a wedding and she could dress the bride. She was fond of Julie in her stolid, loyal way.

Julie drove to Naida's little house. In her flat snakeskin handbag was one of Cecile's infrequent letters, written in the accustomed *patois*.

"The farm is beautiful, my child," the crabbed characters ran, "and it has been long. When do you come back to us? Soon the cam s will be busy. The men are starting now. We have had cold weather—"

And so it read, with all the kindly gossip and news of the neighbors mingled with the loneliness that Julie could read between the lines. Somehow Cecile's letter gave her courage.

She almost turned back at Naida's door. But she set her teeth and went on, and presently she was sitting in the drawing-room, watching Mrs. Trevor's white hands over a squat, silver teapot.

They talked of nothing much—town and

## The Incredible Year

Europe and the weather and polo and trivialities. The tea was poured in the wafer-thin cups, and Julie just touched her lips to hers, and then set her cup down on the table with some abruptness.

"Why did you write me? You didn't ask me to come here for a social hour?" she remarked with her old bluntness.

After all, the offensive was the best move.

"No." Naida leaned back, thoughtful and grave. Her powder-blue gown, half negligée, half formal dress, fell into classic lines about her lovely, small body. "No, of course not. How clever of you to guess!"

At the covert sneer Julie stiffened. Her nerves sent a thrill of warning through her. Anger rose in a tide of hot, red blood. "What do you want?" she demanded bruskly.

"Nothing and everything." After a minute Naida went on slowly: "I am an older woman than you, Julie, and I've seen a great deal more of the world, its women and its—" she paused and went on—"men. I am giving you a little friendly advice. Leave Bruce Stepney alone. It's no use. No use at all, my dear."

Julie said hoarsely: "You talk like a fool. I haven't raised my hand to—"

"Thanks," interrupted Naida, color warm in her cheeks. "Of course, you haven't. But—he was mine, and you took him from me. You couldn't hold him. And he'd come back to me if you didn't try to—to put obstacles in my way. He's sentimental like all men—he imagines he still cares for you, perhaps—"

Julie's heart beat thickly—*still cares?* Had he said anything to Naida?

NAIDA continued: "You were—different when you first came here. Something he'd never seen before—outspoken, gawky—a country girl. Like most men, he had a romantic *penchant* for ignorance, innocence—call it what you will. You were unlike the rest of us, and so—well, you know what happened. You know what happened, too, when he found you were not so different, after all, under the skin; when he found you making a fool of yourself—excuse me for borrowing your expressive term—a fool of yourself," she repeated, "by aping the girls you saw around you every day. I don't blame you. I admire you for the rapidity with which you have absorbed your surroundings. You were teachable enough. And you'll be a lot more comfortable this way. Being different isn't a sinecure, nowadays. But it so happens that Bruce doesn't like the modern girl. You see, he was in love with one once, and they quarreled, and she married someone else. So you got him on the inevitable rebound. But you couldn't keep him, because you couldn't stay the girl he'd fallen in love with. So he went back to the first one—the one who stayed herself, for better for worse, who hadn't changed."

"If you have him," said Julie brutally, "why are you asking me to leave him alone? I haven't seen him in many weeks."

"I know. Nor I," replied Naida, controlling her anger. "But he returns soon. I don't ask anything of you but to keep off. You've had your chance and lost it—give me mine."

"A second chance?" suggested Julie.

"Perhaps. But he knows where he is with me. My dear, when all is said and done, Bruce and I are friends of long standing, aside from having once been lovers. He is of my world, of my class. If he puts you out of his head once and for all—well, he'll go far. I've the money to finance him, to put him wherever he wants to be placed."

"So have I," said Julie.

Naida shrugged. "Not so much. And I've more to give him, Julie. I've known him so long—I understand him. We were foolish children—passionate, quarreling children—"

"Oh," cried Julie, exasperated beyond control. "Quarreling! And you ran off and married for money—do you call that a quarrel? You can't whitewash what you did, you *can't!*"

Naida was pale with anger. "We quarreled


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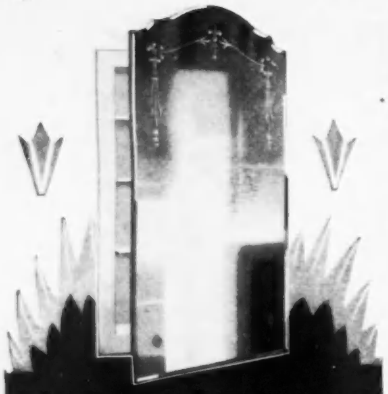

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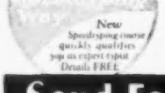


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## The Incredible Year

first," she said with difficulty, and she lied. "And I married—the other man—in a blind sort of effort at revenge. Well, I regretted it."

Julie let her eyes wander about the beautiful, luxurious room. "This doesn't look much like regret," she commented.

"What did you expect me to do?" asked Naida, shaking a little. "Throw Trevor's money away?"

"If necessary. And come to Bruce with clean hands, if you came at all," Julie told her, and all the compromises and makeshifts and evasions and excuses she had learned to accept fell from her in that moment.

Naida Trevor laughed shortly. "If I'd done that, I'd be what you called me a little while ago. I *earned* that money!" she said suddenly in a low tone somehow thick and subtly evil.

Then, as Julie drew back her chair a little, she added:

"Give him up. Put him out of your head. There's Pat—he's mad over you, and you've been talked about enough with him. If you marry Pat," advised Naida, smiling, "you'll help get your friends the Desmonds out of a hole."

"What do you mean?" asked Julie alertly.

"Nothing. Ask Hildreth."

Julie rose. "I see no further need of staying here," she told Naida, who, still seated, reached for a cigarette, lighted it, and looked up at her guest on the first intake of smoke; "none at all. We aren't getting anywhere. I—I haven't tried to—hold Bruce Stepney," she said proudly. "I—" She stopped and said as simply as a child, "He doesn't even *like* me any more."

"No," said Naida, "he doesn't." She added, with her curious wisdom: "But he's still enchanted by the dream he had of you. The reaction from me—from all I stood for. Don't think I'm blind. You care for him—it's written all over your face, it's in your voice now—in your hands—I know! But don't think he'll come back to you. Why should you be the dog in the manger? Let me have him. He was mine first. Destroy that dream. Set yourself out of his reach—go back to your wilds—marry Pat Jordan—anything—only *leave him alone!*"

Desire, greed, envy were coarse in her delicate face. Julie looked once at her and then turned away. The house door closed after her. She climbed into her car, sank gratefully into the driver's seat. Her knees were shaking. She drove back home . . .

Nothing had been gained by that strange, naked half-hour with the woman who loved Bruce Stepney. Nothing. And yet everything. She knew a tremendous pity for the man she cared for and had lost. She knew the nadir of remorse. She had killed the most precious thing a man could possess—his dreams. Naida had killed them once before. She'd been no better than Naida in the last analysis—and yet she had loved him all the way. The thing she'd done had been, mistakenly, for his sake.

SHE went upstairs and marched into Hildreth's room. Hildreth, at her desk, looked up from a welter of unpaid bills. Her checkbook lay there, and there was ink on her fingers. Jack sat near by, slouched into a chair, his attractive face dark with worry.

"Here," demanded Julie, as they looked up, startled and discomforted, "tell me, you two, what's wrong?"

A look passed between them. Hildreth said, low, "Jack, she'll have to know."

The man nodded—threw away his cigarette. His time had come. Halting, stumbling, for very shame not daring to meet the girl's clear, steady eyes, he told her.

It was a long time before he made her understand—what with the excuses he made, the evasions.

"You see, Julie, it was a *sure* thing . . . You understand, Julie, Pat swore it would be all right . . . I didn't mean . . . I—I swear I thought I was playing safe . . ."

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But finally she knew. Knew just where he stood, just where her father's money had gone. She sat in a deep chair, still dressed for the street, her chin in her hands. She was quite unmoved.

These things—the financial loss, the shame, the jeopardy—meant far less to her than the knowledge of Desmond's ethical dishonesty. Her old code operated once more. She had less to fear than they. She had more courage with which to meet the sudden big issues.

Let them crawl out as best they can, she thought scornfully.

But then she thought of her father. He had trusted these young people—had cared for them. Were he here, he would help them. And they had been good to her, after their fashion.

Jack said hopefully, huskily: "Jordan—Jordan's in it, too. But he did it for your sake, Julie. He's crazy about you. Wants to marry you. If you married him—"

Julie raised her hand. "Please don't. Let's not discuss that. I'm not interested in his troubles—only in yours. There must be some way," said Julie, thinking aloud. "I'll be of age soon, and then— But in the meantime?"

She was silent. They looked at her with the eager hope of forlorn children.

Hildreth was crying, "Julie, I'm so sorry, so *sorry*."

Jack, his hand flung out to his wife, was swearing under his breath.

Out from the brilliance of rouge and lipstick, out of the conventional smartness of clothes and the grooming and veneer, the old Julie looked at them—the wild, honest Julie, with her hunter's instinct and her quick sensing of danger, her brusk solution of situations.

"Don't worry," said Julie. "This is up to me. I'll see you through. But you'll have to put yourself in my hands. All the way. Is it agreed?"

They nodded.

"Now," Julie went on, pulling off her hat, flinging coat and furs aside now, "let me see your bills. Write it all out for me, Jack—what you owe, how deep you're in the hole—*now*."

When the dinner hour came, they were still at work.

(*To be concluded*)

## The First Caddy

(*Continued from page 58*)

man, an unhappy man, sometimes a cruel man.

It was an education in human nature such as sometimes makes little boys old before their time. But there was one saving influence that kept our lad's face shining and his faith secure. David was a "square-shooter," and Jonathan was a "peach." A boy would give anything if he could grow up to be like David or Jonathan. Just to be around with either one of them was to know that there still are heroes in the world. It was wonderful to get out of the oppressive atmosphere of the court and tramp the fields with these great friends who were too big for jealousy, too strong for fear.

So on this morning of the feast the lad was watching every movement of Jonathan, and when the king's son picked up his bow and quiver and looked around for a companion, the boy jumped to his feet. Jonathan handed him the quiver and strode out ahead. He was going out for sport, but there was no happiness in his eyes. The life of his dearest friend might depend upon what happened in the next few minutes.

For Jonathan and David had arranged a code. Jonathan shot as he walked along, and the boy, running ahead, picked up the arrows and brought them back. They went unsuspected. Not even Saul could see any danger to his throne in such a commonplace proceeding. But when they were out of sight of the court, they went toward a rock named Ezel, accessible from the wilderness and not far from the road. There David had hidden,

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In using advertisements see page 6

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# The First Caddy

and there he was straining his ears for the words that might mean life or death.

If Saul had shown no displeasure at his absence, Jonathan was to make short shots as he approached the stone, and call out to the boy,

"The arrows are on this side of thee, gather them and bring them back to me."

But if Saul was angry, Jonathan was to shoot far and call,

"The arrows are beyond thee."

Jonathan had need of his longest shots. Again and again his voice rang out, "The arrows are beyond thee." And David, crouching behind the rock, knew that the words were his sentence.

THE stratagem worked better than either of them had hoped—so well, in fact, that they were able to venture further. Jonathan sent the little boy back with the bow and arrows and turned to the rock for his last meeting with David. Each of them knew it was the last. From that moment David must be a fugitive and a freebooter. Even if Saul should die, the separation would continue, for Jonathan was heir to the throne and could not abdicate.

As soon as the lad was gone out of sight, they threw themselves into each other's arms. They kissed and wept, but they could not afford to be long about it. David must flee; Jonathan get back to court. They spoke their parting words, "Go in peace; Jehovah shall be between us." One last embrace, "and David arose and departed; and Jonathan went into the city." Presumably he walked fast and overtook the weary boy, so that they arrived at the palace together. At any rate he had not been missed. No one had suspected.

What became of the little boy? Did he grow up to be an armour-bearer in war, as he had been a bearer of the bow and arrows in peace? Was it he, possibly, who, when the tide of battle had run so strongly against the armies of Israel that all hope of escape was gone, refused to kill Saul when Saul commanded him to do so, but also refused to live after Saul and Jonathan were dead?

"Then said Saul unto his armour-bearer, Draw thy sword, and thrust me through therewith; lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through, and abuse me. But his armour-bearer would not; for he was sore afraid. Therefore Saul took a sword and fell upon it.

"And when his armour-bearer saw that Saul was dead, he fell likewise upon his sword, and died with him.

"So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armour-bearer, and all his men, that same day together."

Was our boy this armour-bearer? He might have been. To graduate from the field of sport into the field of battle was a natural evolution, and there were probably years enough during the period of strife between David and Saul. But I like to think that before this awful day the boy had grown tired of the routine and intrigue of the court and gone home, and that later he stood at David's side in battle, and was one of those who helped to conquer the enemies of his people and establish the throne in peace.

It is the perpetual charm of boyhood that the boy is father to the man. And boyhood and maturity are not so very different. "The arrows are beyond thee," said Jonathan, and the boy ran after them, entirely unconscious of the significance of the scene in which he was playing a part. "The arrows are beyond thee," says the voice of Duty to the man, and he also runs and does his best, though the ends which he serves are often hidden in the mists of future events. Sometimes the shooting and the running seem aimless; but those who are strong do not stop to question nor refuse to draw the bow. There are plans and purposes beyond our vision. Always, for those who live to the utmost, the arrows are beyond.

*Next month, "The Prince Who Was Hidden"*

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## The Hired Man

(*Continued from page 37*)

the back, his clothes somehow gave him the aspect of a very ancient man, seen in perspective. As he never kept strings in his shoes, they flopped idly as he walked, and their shape being ambiguous, a casual glance might not reveal which way he was going.

But Little Wully had a soul. And that soul now survived for Aunt Sary alone. His impassioned aim was but to be the prop of her declining years. Her own numerous grandchildren were not altogether satisfactory to Aunt Sary. She permitted only the briefest visits, and as soon as they were well in, began delicately leading up to the subject of their departure.

"They aren't nothin' as innicent as a chile," she would say, "an' nothin' so pesky around a house. Innicent an' pesky."

But Wully did not seem like a child. He had a rather paternal air, or something of the condescension of an affable grandfather. And upon the whole, at Aunt Sary's time of life, it seemed as well to have the chores done by other hands.

"Hit leaves a body more time fer studyin'," she would say. "My mind was always great to git to studyin' about one thing and another. And then agin the hired man reads to me out of the almanac, which comes handy, seein' as I never was learnt—bein' on the run and on the jump with work the hull plumb time whenst I was a gal."

It transpired that Wully's first wages had gone for an old fiddle of Duck Hinderman's.

"He come in with that there contrap as biggety as ye ever seen," said Aunt Sary to Daffen, who had heard about it several times before, "and him with his little toes a-peekin' out of his little shoes. And, Law, he would have been a musikan in a week or two ef I could *jest have held out*. But what with the screechin' and yawlin' and hell-yelpin' and the neuralgy, I jest give out and swopped her off casual for a pair of human boots for his pore little foots. And hit seemed like he was sort of relieved."

"Aw hesh!" said Daffen. "I'd a-thought he'd take on."

"That's the great of hit," she rejoined. "Hit seemed like he was jest trompin' around ca'm in his little new boots. And restin' kinda easy after the distress."

Daffen had risen from the upping block, remarking that he must be "punchin' the gravel along towards the post-office." It was observed that he paused a while where the hill road turned off at Aunt Sary's fence to wind upward by the little graveyard.

"The folks youse lookin' for has jaunted up to the store and got on a new basque," piped Aunt Sary significantly, and Daffen made off with marked signs of not having heard.

As she continued to fling bits of unrequested information after him, he threw back the long, black hair that curled down his neck, and rakishly chanted,

"Hit's time to quit ram'lin'
Hit's time to quit gam'lin'
Hit's time to quit foolin' with cards."

AS HE crossed the foot-log, Aunt Sary's voice was still audible, monotonous and pensive as a rusty hinge. He only smiled and accelerated his gait.

When Daffen smiled, it was a smile to startle the eye of him who made the mouth corners of the Gioconda. Any painter would have been arrested by such a face, but Grindle County "took it easy." It was acknowledged that Daffen was "purty," but no one stood to wonder before that fine, narrow mask of purest color, down each side of which the dark hair fell in regular waves almost to the shoulder.

He had never seen the phenomenon himself until he was seventeen. There was no mirror in his mother's house. But at last by accident he had glanced into a broken piece of looking-

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In using advertisements see page 6

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Ask your dealer to show you Sanette Waxed Bags to fit these cans. Save wrapping of garbage. Keep can clean.

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★ SANETTE


## The Hired Man

glass at the post-office. He had started back with an exclamation, and a painful blush had stained his cheek. He never looked again. When the time came for shaving his beard, he used the bottom of a dishpan.

He now fell into a soft, slouching panther step, with his young, bent shoulders of a hunter, his long, slender thighs, and his sloping waist to which his ragged coat clung all moving delicately and sure, like the members of a beast of prey.

As he passed the last ford, the three cabins that were the mill, blacksmith shop, and store of Scrabble-dam came in sight. He then became aware that the inconsiderable figure of Little Wully was trotting along abreast of him through the field, and as he trotted, his tears pattered behind him.

They entered the store together, and Daffen saw that Uncle Babe Spearman was standing by the stove, and Little Wully, approaching with a tragic mien, sat down on an upturned pail and fixed upon him the eyes of a squab that has learned the bitterness of life.

Daffen turned away from the sight of a figure in a new basque that purchased coffee, coal-oil, and china buttons at the little counter. For oh, it was a shameful thing in Grindle County to take notice of a girl at the store.

He took on the nonchalant air that befitted public assemblages, and demanded his mail of Jake Reever, the post-master. This was a mere formula, for nobody ever wrote to the Heathlys, but it was a fine thing to get an advertising circular. Many thoughtful people sent their names to patent medicine houses so as to have something in their mail. There might even be a sample bottle to be triumphantly consumed by the family. There was one old fellow who had been greatly benefited by "Lydy E. Pinkenham's" Vegetable Compound. It had "made a new man of him."

Daffen conversed with the men about the door, while the basque gathered up her purchases and disappeared down the road. Then he sauntered forth and, taking the cross-cut by the fields, shortly appeared before her, turning handsprings as he came.

Little Wully had observed the lovers' departure and knew that they would make for the trysting-place in the graveyard. He would have enjoyed trotting down the road to announce their arrival there to Aunt Sary. She always brightened up wonderfully and smiled upon her minister, as she tiptoed out across the field to the buck-brush through which she watched them.

It seemed she had a phenomenal interest in the goings-on of a pair of "chubs," which was a Grindle County word for "sweethearts." But little Wully hoped against hope that there was nothing sentimental in it: simply the natural, healthy pleasure any one feels at an unseemly sight, such as a man's falling down or getting his clothes on hind-side-before.

But he knew he must forego heralding this diversion to his lady. A crucial work was before him. He had formed a desperate plan. Uncle Babe must be dissuaded from his wooing at any cost. Wully was resolved to turn that elderly suitor's holiest sentiments to gall. Within his desolated breast there beat the implacable heart of an Iago; he remained fixed upon his upturned pail.

HE HAD a bad cold, and when any one spoke to him he could not help but hope it was observed how hoarse he was. But his interest in this was sadly superficial, for his mind and eye were pasted upon Uncle Babe. Nor did he move until his victim allowed that he must be hitting the road; then he rose and sternly attended him like a Fate.

Uncle Babe was a mild man, but high from the ground. He would have been considerably higher if he had not undulated so much. His shoulders hunched forward, but such was the outward curve of his back that in a rain the middle vertebrae would be sopping wet, but it was said that no matter how heavy the pour,


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the full of his trousers was always dry as dry. Not that there was anything serious the matter with his build, but Uncle Babe was languid.

He was not looked upon as a really handsome man, being bald and without especial features, but he frequently explained with tenderness how he had come by his name because of an extraordinary beauty as a child. The full title was Babe Rose. And it seemed that the phrase "purty as a rose" had been in that earlier time on everybody's lips. He was always deeply moved when describing the yellow curls that had graced him. There was a tintype to prove them.

"Hullo, Wully," he now addressed the little figure trundling beside him along the road. "Ye look kind of deviled. Wife and children all porely?"

THE Squab deigned no direct reply. There was a deadly struggle going on within him. He thought of how fair Aunt Sary was; of those graces of mind and person that had enslaved him. And he knew that he could not live to see them the possession of another. When he spoke, it was as one who throws down his last card to Fortune.

"Aunt Sary ain't a very likely-lookin' worman, is she?" he remarked with the careless air of a man of the world.

It was evident that Uncle Babe was rather taken aback.

The Squab continued with adroit cunning, "Kinda slouchy and slumped like, ain't she—looks sorto like an hour before day."

The enemy stared with mild, watery eyes.

Wully deftly pursued: "I heern of a feller down the crick sayin' her face was more like a possum's than he liked to see a-growin' on a baptized worman. I'd ruther as not as for, than to marry sech a ornery, pore-lookin' female ef hit was me. I shore would!"

He shook his head and appeared to meditate on the unblest lot of Aunt Sary's possible husband. He thought that Uncle Babe began to wear a discouraged look.

"I'd hate hit powerful," he added, "to think as folks was lookin' out of the winder to git shet of the sight of my worman."

"Wall, purty ain't everything," Uncle Babe now made out to retort. "Lots o' folks as is the hardest to look at has good hearts."

And then Little Wully found that, goaded to desperate measures, he himself might disparage that loveliness, but it was beyond his strength to hear another slight it.

"Purtiest worman on the crick!" he burst out. Then, remembering his stern task, he added: "She's as good as any of 'em on looks. Hit's her cookin' that's so goshed pore. Had a mis'ry in my inside ever since I ben thar. I'm gittin' awful gaunted. Seems like that crittur gits the vittles all pizened up, one way or another."

"Wall, I declar'!" gasped Uncle Babe.

"An' she smokes powerful!" added Wully frantically. "Seems like hit ain't purty in a worman to smoke more than reasonable. An' chaw terbaccer, an' spit! Ay Law! An' she ain't hearty—kinda pulin' like. Ye hev to run fer the faintin' bottle frequent. An' swear! Law, hit's a sight! An' she's biggety an' stiff-hearted. I've an idee no man o' hern'll ever git his say-so. An' she's the kind of folks that'll trade and then rue back. An' eat! Gawd, I'd hate to hev the contrac' to keep that female fed up. An' them's the words with the bark on!"

He warmed to his work. "An' fer quorlin' an' carryin' on, cussin' an' h'istin' things around, I never seen the beat. She'll hurt a body's feelin's and fire objicks at ye an' r'ar back and hit out—"

But Uncle Babe had fled. Across the footlog he flew like the chamois and rapidly retreated on the other side of the Cat.

"Law, but his eyes bugged out!" mused Wully with the sad complacency of the artist.

He stood in the middle of the road watching to see if the figure would still turn in at Aunt Sary's gate.

It came abreast of the house, it looked intently the other way, it passed on. Little

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In using advertisements see page 6

# When pearls lose lustre ··beware of *Acid Perspiration*

**and what it may mean...*

ACIDOSIS in its many forms, not only causes low vitality but seems to throw open the body to various common ailments, often creating conditions personally disagreeable to the sufferer. Among them, *acid perspiration*.

This form of Acidosis produces "sweat-burn" under arms and on the feet and usually carries with it an objectionable odor. Silk hose and undergarment manufacturers state that "sour-sweat" causes the rapid deterioration of good silk.

It is also scientifically known that pearls lose their lustre when worn by people suffering with acid perspiration. These danger signals should be heeded.

Acidosis is traceable to faulty diet. *Eat less* acid-forming foods such as meat, fish, eggs, bread and cereals, and *eat more* alkaline-reaction oranges, lemons and other fresh fruits, fresh vegetables and milk. If you follow this advice from a high medical authority you will preserve the body's necessary acid-alkaline balance. Otherwise Acidosis is certain.

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Any family can readily use simple but effective anti-acidosis measures. Delicious California Orange Juice or Lemonade in liberal quantities daily; orange salads (with other fresh fruits if desired); orange desserts.

If you are half well most of the time, "loggy," tired long before the day is done, take the advice of Medical Science. Drink fresh Orange Juice or Lemon Juice and water or Lemonade. If your case is of long standing consult a physician.

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You should know what Acidosis means. It is intimately and clearly discussed in "Telling Fortunes with Foods," a booklet approved by an eminent diet authority. We will send it free if you mark and mail the coupon. This booklet contains a chapter on Safe Reducing as well as normal and anti-acidosis diets and gives a list of alkaline-reaction and acid-forming foods. Send the coupon for your copy immediately.

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Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes With Foods.*

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## The Hired Man

Wully sat down on a stone. He had blighted Aunt Sary's life.

The mail-carrier came plodding down from the post-office, his bags flapping on the ribs of his ancient horse. His coat was green as grass from riding in the rain.

The Squab from his stone observed the trudging figure with agitated eyes. Then, with a sudden movement, he drew from his coat a new almanac, precious thing that he intended to read for Aunt Sary from cover to cover. Tearing off a margin, he produced a pencil of the dimension of half an inch and wrote a letter on his knee.

As the mailman came by, he handed the missive up and pointing to the disappearing form of Uncle Babe, asked that it might be delivered as the horseman passed. It read,

"Deer Unkl Bab. It ant soe. Yoor rispekibl frin, Willy."

HIS elaborate scheme had come to naught. The Squab was not a first-rate Iago. The mailman pushed his horse along, and Wully remained on his stone, weeping. And as he wept he whistled to pass the time. It is all very well to be noble, but it does not help a broken heart.

After a little, however, he began disconsolately to count the trees on the other side of the Cat. He had reached fifty-two, when he espied a cap and sunbonnet among the tangled bushes of the graveyard.

He was up like a shot. Here, at least, he could win one smile before the end. Once more he would exhibit his lovers. Who could tell that Aunt Sary might not yet be turned from amorous thought by that unreasonable sight. He, himself, when witnessing it, could only by immense self-command refrain from shying a stone.

He slid across the foot-log and cantered up to Aunt Sary's door. "Daffen and Doldy is in the graveyar' agin," he gasped, grinning.

"Rully!" said Aunt Sary with interest.

She knocked out her pipe, and the two picked their way across the field to the fence and pleasantly seated themselves on neighboring rocks where, obscured by the buck-brush, they could command an agreeable view of the cemetery.

They had enjoyed this spectacle all the spring, and to Aunt Sary, who felt that she had few diversions in life, the brush and the lovers seemed to have been nicely adjusted by an amiable Providence. She was not insensible either to Wully's consideration in keeping an eye out to report when the game was on again.

Daffen Heathly and the basque were sitting at opposite ends of a fallen gravestone, but they leaned toward each other like two slender young trees that droop together to entangle branches. A nanny-goat was strolling near them among the graves, followed by a white kid. Doldy had taken the youngling into her lap, and the two leaned across it with a kissing look. Nearer and nearer their faces drew, speechless but with entreating lips. Nearer—almost a touch, and then the girl recoiled.

Daffen fell back with a sort of moan, as if his heart had stopped. A spot of color came into each of Aunt Sary's cheeks. She was glad to observe that Wully was engaged for the moment in prodding a bug. For the first time it seemed to her a pity that any outsider should witness a thing like this.

Doldy sat quiet, holding the baby goat in her lap, the new basque palpitating with the wild heart inside. Her eyes were gray and rimmed, the dark edges marked as if a line had been drawn round them with a brush. There were dimples at the outer corners. The skin on her lips was like a slightly bruised rose-petal that shows its delicate veinings. She smiled perpetually into Daffen's face like a child transfixed by some shining object, and he gazed at her mouth with longing and fear. Her beauty was a poor thing by the side of his, but of this he had no suspicion.

After a moment he recovered himself and slid nearer on the stone. "This here is close-

## The Hired Man

ter?" he explained with a fine infantile smile.

He leaned his elbows on his knees, communing with himself, and slowly the blood rose up about his eyes. Then suddenly he seized her, and their kiss, inevitable, primal, and profound, was consummated in the black curtain of his hair.

The Squab, looking up from his bug with the remembrance that he must keep an eye on things, discovered Aunt Sary scuttling home across the field. Her little, bent back was all in a flutter; small strings belonging to undergarments had emerged at the waist and flew behind like little banners. In the flurry he was pleased to find he could count all her petticoats. There were five.

When he caught her up, the red spots were splendid on her wrinkled cheeks, and she was talking to herself.

"Babe ain't as new an' shiny as Daffen," she murmured, "but Ay Law! I've a-wrastled and a-threatened to up and do hit—an' wrastled agin; and studied an' fooled around an' balked an' contraried 'til hit seems like my ole contrap of a heart's plumb twisted—"

Then somehow the Squab knew that he had been betrayed. The sight of the chubs, from which he had hoped so much, had wrought his ruin. Aunt Sary scuttled into the house, and he remained in the rear, bewildered and chopping wood with desperate devotion.

The next sign he had of her was that she had her shoes on, and as she stepped, she held herself up as much as possible, as they were being saved for the Fourth of July.

She had evidently descried the undulating form of Uncle Babe, which now once more approached from down the road, for she waited with deliberation at the gate and tied her best sunbonnet with care; to cap all, she was drawing on slowly a pair of gray woolen mittens.

The desolate Squab, watching wildly from afar, saw her communicate something to Uncle Babe and noted that he seemed rather taken aback. But he drew from his inner pocket a crumpled document that Little Wully knew to be the marriage license, purchased long ago when Aunt Sary had been in a melting mood. Then they trotted briskly up the creek in the direction of the Squire's.

THE Squab stood alone. All was over. Objects ranged themselves all about him, chickens, trees, fence-rails, but he had no heart to count them; it seemed to him he would never count anything again. He had no tears left nor appetite for grief. Passion had perished within him. His downy, white hair, that stuck up in unexpected places, was nipped by the bloomy breeze. The same breeze fluttered his clothes, once the property of an uncle and deftly cut down for him by the fair hand of Aunt Sary; it flung pink petals about the minute and wrinkled boots for which she had traded his fiddle.

He went in, looking like an ancient man seen in perspective. He got his "beauty-pin" and mouth-harp and wrapped up his belongings in a bundle the size of a healthy apple, then departed from that house of love and grief.

Coaly, already looking upon him as a stranger, attached himself to the hinder parts of his garments, and it was with some difficulty that the gate was attained.

Once outside, however, he remembered that he must take care of the house until Aunt Sary's return. So he sat down in a corner of the zigzag rail fence and waited like an orphaned hop-toad by the road, insulted by the unprofitable light of day and the swaggering of birds. A cardinal dropped from a cedar and dandered about, a flock of little azure butterflies danced round a puddle.

It seemed hours to wait, for that discarded one beside the fence. But at last they came. He saw them cross the foot-log and advance. They sociably smoked, and Uncle Babe had a stiff and experimental arm about Aunt Sary's waist, as one should say,

"I was a great hand at this, back in the eighties."


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In using advertisements see page 6

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5—Lasts a lifetime, for it is made of heavy cast aluminum.

6—Endorsed by leading health authorities, home economics experts, and dietitians. Ask your local dealer to show you the NATIONAL Pressure Cooker.

CAUTION

Do not confuse Pressure Cookers with other utensils which are advertised to cook without water. A National Pressure Cooker is made of heavy cast aluminum. It has a steam tight cover, clamped on by locking bolts. A true Pressure Cooker must have a steam gauge and relief valve on the lid. It must cook and can at 15 lbs. pressure, in one-third or less the time of any other method. If the cooker offered you does not have all these things, it is NOT a Pressure Cooker and will NOT do what a National Pressure Cooker will do.

National
PRESSURE COOKER and CANNER
62 Spring St., Eau Claire, Wis.

## The Hired Man

Wully turned from the heartrending spectacle and went rapidly down the road, carrying his little bundle.

He never knew how far he had gone, when he first caught a sound of galloping at his back, looked over his shoulder, and beheld Uncle Babe careering after him. The towering figure bore down upon him with frightful velocity, but coming to a pause, it sat itself upon a log and mildly filled its pipe.

"Wall, ain't the birds a-hollerin' purty!" Uncle Babe off-handedly remarked, and the Squab austerely agreed.

"But hit looks as if the perliticle sitooation of this yere country gits more fistey every blamed year." Uncle Babe seemed to feel that the occasion demanded a little abstract discourse. "Everything's gittin' so new-fangled-like. Folkses idees ain't what they used to be. Now the fellers up to the store tells me thar ain't no hell."

"'Sthat so!" said Wully politely. "First I heern."

"An' then again," the other pursued, "folkses health ain't like hit was in them ole days. Here's me, went up to Waddle County to drink them waters they say's got medical propensities. Rheumatiz wuss an' wuss! Kin jest git over the groun' an' that's all I *kin* do. Jest *got* to have somebody to he'p me with my chorin'. I'm a-movin' into this place on the side-hill." He indicated Aunt Sary's cabin. "An' hit seems like I cain't undertake hit onlest I kin find me a hired man. Jest so he's willin', I don't care about he's bein' as big as all outside. Fact is, I'd ruther hev 'em small, ef hit was me, they don't spread over an' clutter up so much groun'. Now, ye don't happen to know of any, do ye?"

Uncle Babe's regard was mild and vacant and impersonal. The Squab fiddled with his bundle and absently produced his mouth-harp. As they sauntered back to where Aunt Sary was waiting on the porch, he briskly played a tune.

She still wore her bridal sunbonnet, but she had removed her shoes. Her corn-cob pipe was going nicely, and she was rocking pleasantly in her splint-bottomed rocking chair. The ironic dog seemed at first not to grasp the situation, but he sat down and gazed at the Squab with respect, when Aunt Sary said with her usual languor:

"Go 'way, Coaly. Don't ye devil the hired man."

## Summering in the Clouds

(*Continued from page 33*)

but the continental method of saying 5:15 P. M.). Berlin became our air headquarters. From there we radiated by plane northward to remote, ancient, little Reval in Old Russia, and southward across the Alps to Milan, Rome, and the Mediterranean. Every week, and often every day, had its special trip, averaging about 500 miles per day . . . Let us go northward:

We didn't sleep the night before, and when we were called at 2 o'clock in the morning to take the 3 o'clock plane, we were ready and waiting. Berlin is quiet at 2 A. M. The only noise was the purr of the engine of our car taking us to the airport. We made our way through fog and got into the plane under a searchlight. "Aw-w-w-w-wah!" sang the plane's motors, and we rose upward into dark, damp oblivion.

The dawn came at us head-on. We met it an hour out of Berlin, when the sun crashed through the fog and lighted our way to Danzig. Four countries reeled under us in a few hours. A stop at Koenigsberg, where Colonel Davis lectured at the University of Koenigsberg, then we were on our way a day later to Reval—where ended a journey that was to have taken us to Petrograd.

Which was just as well. We were told at Reval that we could not go on to Petrograd. An official told us in broken English that three

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Spinach, Carrots, Asparagus, String Beans, Peas, Beets, Tomatoes, Prunes and Apricots, are all scientifically prepared from carefully selected materials, especially for growing babies and are immensely liked by them.

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**In Enameled Colors**

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**for Kitchen Efficiency—**
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Paper and pencil at hand when you need it most. Hung on the wall or on the side of your kitchen cabinet; the handiest little device (just 4 x 12 inches) you ever used for kitchen efficiency. Jot down the items just as you think of them; tear off a slip when your grocer calls, when you telephone, or when you go shopping.

**COLORS**

Furnished complete with pencil and 2 rolls of memo paper; enough for 18 months ordinary use. Roll holder is nickeled; base beautifully enameled on steel, in choice of 6 colors —Apple Green, China Blue, White, Orange, Red or Black. Ideal for gifts and prizes; a marvel for your own home efficiency use.

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**BURGESS MANUFACTURING COMPANY**
**Dept. G5, BEAVER FALLS, PA.**


was some "business" of some kind going on in Petrograd then which "would not permit of foreigners, if you please, thank you." The "business" we learned later was a series of executions. It was highly desired that no foreigners be present or near these functions—and we did not in the least mind the blockade, under the circumstances.

We found plenty to amuse us in Reval. Reval is Old Russia personified, a town of stone; cold, aloof, rather hostile to foreigners, we thought—a city with a mausoleum-like atmosphere. Wherever we went, two or three persons followed us, eyeing us curiously. The large Russian waiter at our hotel gave us service grudgingly. We were strangers out of a strange country; we might suddenly do anything—and he was ready for anything. Down with a plate of cold meats, without fresh vegetables—it was the only thing on the menu we could make him understand—and he would retire to a corner to look at us covertly. Not even a tip equal to his month's salary could assuage his suspicions.

WE CHARTERED the town automobile, there being, apparently, only one for general public duty; the Revalians prefer horses. When the car chugged up, we recognized it as a fellow countryman. It was a Dodge-o-vitsky! From Detroit-o-vich.

Reval is a city of some size, but we drove through street after street, all narrow, and at times didn't see a soul. In those tense times everybody seemed to be staying at home, tending to his own business.

One of the institutions we inspected was a centuries-old stone church. The edifice itself seemed to smack of the privations of the people contributing to their ideal. Here was woven the spiritual history of the community since time began to be reckoned in the medieval ages; the christenings, the weddings that must have taken place here. The custodian extended his palm. Colonel Davis started to shake it, wondering at this sudden congeniality. It wasn't pleasantry the man wanted; it was what he finally got—a tip.

A day later we took a hydroplane, crossed the northern end of the Baltic, and landed in the harbor at Helsingfors in Finland. Eight thousand miles from home, and suddenly, as we walk down the streets, a voice calling,

"Hello, Colonel Davis!"

So it is "a small little world after all." The man was Colonel Davis' tailor, from Los Angeles. He had gone back to his old home.

We complimented his city, his people, and himself.

"You'll like it here," he said with a wink. "It'll be jus' like home. We got prohibition!"

We had fog, as we flew away from Helsingfors toward Stockholm, but this soon cleared, and I looked down on a landscape and coastline escaped from some artistic genius' imagination. The beauty of the islands that fringe the Swedish shore and of the inlets is not to be described. A housewife's attempt would be a recipe for Million Islands salad dressing, made by beating up archipelagoes into the clear, green sea water of the North and flavoring with a dash of fjords.

We were still traveling in a hydroplane—a craft built only for landing on water. But there were so many estuaries that we could have come down without trouble if a forced landing had been necessary.

Ducks! There were ducks everywhere. What a hunter's paradise! They whipped across our bow often, shooting by us like feathered bullets.

In a great, miles-long, sweeping curve we finally turned southward toward Stettin. For hours we were out of sight of land. Then the national trade-marks of Germany—red-tiled roofs and smokestacks. This was Stettin. We had traveled in our hydroplane a distance equal to that traveled by Ruth Elder in her attempt to cross the Atlantic.

Stettin is the Chicago of that country, a great metropolis lying at tidewater at the northernmost end of a flat, long area. It is only


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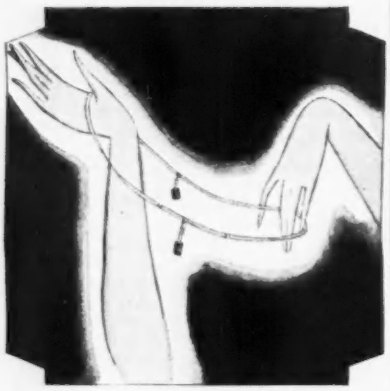
G.H.6


In using advertisements see page 6

# New Personal Belt



**Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.**

**Dainty, soft, silk elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.**

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**In colors—to match your lingerie. A charming and acceptable "little gift." Price $1, three for $2. Write today.**

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*Check Colors Desired* ☐ *Orchid* ☐ *Peach* ☐ *Flesh*

Name _____

Address _____ A-212


## Summering in the Clouds

an hour and ten minutes by air from Berlin. But in that hour and ten minutes we had a unique experience. We had to dodge thunderbolts.

Dark clouds were ahead of us, and our pilot lifted the nose of the great, cabined plane to go over them. For a few minutes we were rolling on top of a caldron of fog and darkness. Then—

BANG!—*sssssssssip!* I don't know how lightning is measured, but there must have been a billion volts or amperes, or whatever they are called, in that thunderbolt. It seemed to smack us in the face. It was so brilliant that even through the fog we could see the dim outlines of landmarks and fields below us for an instant. A few seconds later more electrical demons broke loose. They held a carnival of lightning. I expected the plane to be pierced any moment. But it was fascinating. There was nothing to do but try to breathe—and watch it.

We emerged from the clouds. The demons seemed to reach out of the dark, umber clouds as we escaped; they threw a long, streaked fork of lightning after us. *Pop—BOOM!* The bolt missed us. With a laugh the pilot flipped the rudders of the plane at the angry elements and then settled down once more to the business of getting us to Berlin.

OUR next trip was even more adventurous, though it may be summed up in a sentence: We went to Moscow. Our stay was just long enough to refuel. A man at the airport had signaled as we approached, and we thought the signal a friendly greeting. He was waving us away.

The military attaché at the American embassy in Berlin had warned us about going to Moscow. "If you get in there at the present time, we can't guarantee to get you out," he said.

We had taken the chance. It was apparent, as soon as we landed, that something was going on there. We learned later, after we had been ordered out of the city, that twenty Polanders had been executed by Soviet order for the assassination in Poland of a Soviet minister.

"War!" Colonel Davis exclaimed. "Let's go clear down into the other end of Europe—down among the peaceful Bohemians, for instance. Or let's go to Constantinople!"

I was enthusiastic. I wanted to see the city that was so easy to spell. Its name was the first "big word" they had taught us in our spelling classes at school. We flew back to Berlin, bound for Constantinople.

Dresden was the terminal of the first lap of our projected trip into the Balkans. The name Dresden, you will recognize; it is on the chinaware on at least a million dinner-tables in the United States. But Dresden is famous in still another way: It is the abiding place of what I believe is the most enthralling piece of art in the world—the immortal Sistine Madonna.

You can not view the Sistine Madonna, with its great spiritual appeal, without feeling a stricture of the throat. It sends a pain of—of what?—of bursting appreciation through your whole being. Your mind can not contain it all in a few minutes. I saw a man walk in there, look up at that great painting, gasp with deepest reverence, "My God!" and then sit down weakly in a chair to gaze spellbound for an hour. That is the way I felt. It is worth a trip across the ocean to spend one hour in the presence of that uplifting, soul-stimulating masterpiece. It is a woman's ideal of what an ideal woman should be, a sermon in purity, an adventure in beauty, a flash of the great genius which it is possible for the mind of a mortal man to attain.

The next morning we took off for Prague, unaware of the fact that we were really bound for Vienna, not Constantinople. Our route was along the many winding turns of the River Elba. Deep shade of trees—well-kept fields—thick forest stretches—innumerable villages and small cities.

Incidentally we especially enjoyed our

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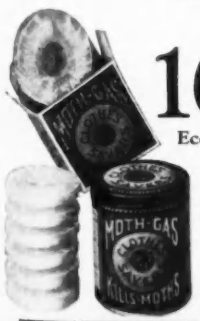
"Moth-Gas" (the vapor from Clothes Savers) saturates the material and forms a blanket of gas around it. Moths, eggs and larvae cannot exist in this atmosphere. It is harmless to humans; does not stain. Convenient. Its aroma vanishes quickly.

### Moths are Busy Today!

They never stop doing damage. Each day you are running a risk if you haven't the protection of Clothes Savers. You can get them at Drug, Department or House-furnishing Stores. Take no chances. Buy them today.

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flights along the great rivers of Europe—the Danube, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Elba, across the Seine and the Meuse and innumerable others. With an airplane you can see a river's reason for existence—why it is where it is, the places where it helps the countryside, and the places where it destroys. I think I should like to be a rio-ologist, which is my best California Spanish for collector of rivers.

Each river has its "personality"; the Elba is peaceful, picturesque—quite in contrast, for instance, with the industrial, smokestack-studded Rhine.

Prague's municipal headquarters are housed in a great castle that spreads over many acres of a high hilltop. That castle, on its high perch, is your introduction to this old city as you approach in the air.

At the Prague airport there was great activity. A plane was taking off or landing every five or six minutes. I observed that every so often those in flight would bank and drop some object overboard.

"What kind of antics are those?" I asked my husband.

"We seem to have run into the outskirts of another war," he replied. "This is a deuce of a place to hold a honeymoon! Those are *bombing planes*, holding maneuvers!"

Through further inquiry he learned that those planes were all going into the Balkans. How about our trip to Constantinople? No, thanks. It was then we discovered that we wanted to go to Vienna, after all.

And it was in Vienna that the gods of whimsicality laughed at our efforts to find some place where there was peace and quiet—where we could be away from the sound of guns.

BUT let's pause here over the beautiful blue Danube. If Strauss had viewed the river of his inspiration from the air, he could have written at least another hundred marvelous waltzes on that theme. But—while it is really beautiful, it is not blue; it is brown, a tan-colored sash wrapped around the waist of Bohemia!

The river was a beautiful and poetic introduction to Vienna. It seemed to suggest romance. Its sinuous thread brought us, presently, to Vienna, where we saw thousands of bathers lolling on its beaches. Serenity, at last!

We took quarters in the Bristol Hotel, facing on the Ringstrasse, a thoroughfare that circles and embraces the business part of the city. The next morning I looked out the window on beautiful shade trees, men pushing carts in the peaceful pursuits of century-old endeavor, and just two blocks away, Vienna's opera house, where Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink had her debut more than forty years ago. The opera house seemed a touch of home, in its reminder of Schumann-Heink—our former neighbor in Coronado, California.

We spent the day motoring, visiting the Gardens of Schoenbrunn, going through the Emperor's Palace, and shopping, and that night we went to the opera, "*La Bohème.*" The honeymoon had really begun.

Two days later, on the street, we noticed that people were stepping about briskly. They looked worried. Something was in the air—a tenseness. We didn't know what it was, but there is a psychic bond between human beings which conveys such things, even when they do not state conditions in so many words.

But I was going to buy a gown, a watch, and a beaded bag. The gown was bargained for, but it was never delivered. Things began to happen soon after we stepped into a little shop to buy the watch and the bag.

The storekeeper was nervous. He looked distracted. His smile came on a second too slow, each time; absent-minded nod, stare—and then the smile. "Yes, yes, yes, Madame."

He all but shoved the bag at me, all the time keeping his eye on the back door. When the purchases were completed, he came from behind the counter and took my arm. I thought I heard four or five automobile tires blow out just then somewhere up the street.

"If Madame will, please," said the store-

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**....*Tintex is* so easy to use, too.... takes a minute or two to restore faded color or give new color to everything washable in wardrobe or home-decoration.**

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**....See the Tintex Colors on actual samples of silk. Ask your dealer to show you the Tintex Color Card!**

***Whitex*—the modern bluing—is another Tintex product you will want to use. It restores shimmering whiteness to *all* yellowed white materials—especially silk and wool.**

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*Tintex Color Remover*—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

at all drug, dept. stores and notion counters... 15¢

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In using advertisements see page 6

# Take Your home for example

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Then plan to install a Johnson Automatic Oil Burner now and realize this wish. Furnace tending is ended forever. Your home is always warm—at just the temperature you like—no matter what the weather.

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The Johnson Automatic Oil Burner brings cleanliness by eliminating all dust, dirt, the coal bin and ash cans. Your basement may easily be transformed into an *extra* room.

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## Summering in the Clouds

keeper, "out the back door with the gentleman. Hurry—please!"

Without knowing just why, we ran out into the alley. The blow-outs were happening swiftly now. There was no mistaking them; they were the rattle of gun-fire. There were distant screams. We came out of the alley—and brought up face to face with a man with a smoking revolver in his hand!

I believe there was another man prone on the sidewalk.

"Don't look; run!" Colonel Davis commanded, and I didn't look.

Automobiles and taxicabs were dashing about, apparently with no definite destinations. One ran up on a sidewalk, and the driver jumped out and kept on going. Doors slammed up and down the street. The air sounded full of bees! *Whizzzzz! Whizzzzz!* Machine-gun bullets! More people began to run into buildings. Some darted out and sought other places of refuge. Everybody—and everything, it seemed—was going somewhere.

A man far down the street, running, suddenly stopped, threw up his hands, stumbled and fell, face down.

It was Black Friday in Vienna. About three hundred people were killed in the rioting that day, and more than two thousand were injured.

COLONEL DAVIS lost no time calling Berlin by long-distance telephone to inform the Luft Hansa corporation of the situation. A few hurried words, a promise of a relief plane immediately—and the wires went dead. This was the last telephone call out of Vienna during that week. All telephone lines were severed; telegraph wires were torn down; all planes were commandeered by the Austrian government. Nothing was moving—except the nervous population. We marooned ourselves in our room and waited for word from our plane.

Three days later the messenger came with the word. We made a dash for the airport. The engine of the plane had not been shut off. In we climbed, and hardly before the cabin door was shut, we were in the air—escaping—free!

But, like Lot's wife, I looked back. I saw smoke arising from several buildings. The Palace of Justice was on fire! And a great, milling mob was swarming between the opera house and the Palace of Justice, a crowd estimated at a hundred thousand people. It was the largest crowd I ever saw. I could not help but feel sorry for the women and children in that riot-mad maelstrom.

We ran into rain and storm on our way back to Munich, and the heavens were streaked with lightning off to our right—all very eerie.

We did not return to Berlin, for in Munich one thinks of Rome. Munich is a sort of aerial cross-roads for German airlines: Munich to Milan, Munich to Innsbruck, in the heart of the Alps—the once almost inaccessible Alps; Munich to Venice and Rome.

The thought that we were to cross the Alps appalled me. It was a matter of but three hours. The breath-taking majesty of the Alps has often been dwelt upon by writers. I leave to your imagination the awesome heights of those cloud-crowned, snow-topped peaks, and you may give your imagination latitude with no likelihood of doing the Alps an injustice.

As I looked down on those great gorges, lost in the mists below, I could not help but wonder in which of those Hannibal and his men might have rested on their historic trek, and I found myself trying to picture Napoleon and his Legions making their way over that tortuous landscape. Imagine being set down in such a place to shift for oneself! Possibly that is what one of our passengers had in mind; he had on a mountain-climbing rig, a knapsack on his back, and an alpenstock in his hand. Possibly he expected the plane to crash, and wanted to be prepared to make his way out.

He arrived in Milan safe and sound, with the rest of us. His outfit looked incongruous in such a languorous city.

*Below (left to right)*
Butterfly Table 518-0
Duxbury Arm Chair (*Flagg Seat*) 2080-5
Windsor Cricket 2011-W

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*Name* .....
*Street and No.* .....
*City and State* .....

We spent the night in Milan and the next morning proceeded to Rome.

Now, Rome upset all my ideas about it. Frankly, my mental symbol for Rome was a graveyard; I visioned a city of old, forgotten times, weatherbeaten and grass-grown. One always sees the deserted amphitheatre of the Colosseum by moonlight if possible, but there was no moon that night, and we saw it by starlight. And while we strolled we heard the whirr of a motor—a night flyer passing overhead! Aviation in one of the oldest cities in the world. *That* is Rome today; modern, progressive, a new Phoenix out of ancient ashes.

Like Munich, Rome is an aerial cross-roads. "All roads lead to Rome"—even in the air. Air lines go from Rome to Brindisi, at the heel of the Italian boot, and thence across the Mediterranean to Cairo, Port Said, India, and the Orient.

One sees Rome, if one does it efficiently, in two ways these days, on the ground and in the air. We saw it both ways and greatly enriched our appreciation of the Eternal City. On the ground, you see the past; in the air, you see Rome's today and future. The Appian Way, the Palatine Hill, the Roman Forum, the Royal Palace, the Pantheon, Castel San Angelo, the Campidoglio, St. Peter's and the Vatican, the Janiculum—wonders to remember. What a far, far cry from these to the prairies of Oklahoma back there in another world—in another life one has lived, it seems: for the dreams, becoming real, are inverted now! What was real once seems now unreality; and what was unreality is now real and vivid.

Rome—then one must see Venice. Especially on a honeymoon. One must ride in a gondola, accompanied with soft music, on a warm, moon-lit night. Pay your tip, please! Boatmen and musicians must live. They can't live on love—entirely.

(No, hydroplanes are not required for the air trip to Venice. Venice has an airport—some distance from the canals, of course.)

A DATE on a calendar had crept up on us, we discovered much to our surprise one day. We had to get back to Geneva. Colonel Davis was due to attend the Disarmament Conference.

Switzerland is another country that does not disappoint one's anticipations. But it is so small and, traveled by air, seems even smaller than when traveled by Simplon Express. It is hardly a "whistling post" for the main airlines. Yet, like its famous watches, it is comprehensive. It is a pocket edition of European scenic effects. It even makes France and Italy share the Alps.

I walked with my husband to the League of Nations building and saw him go inside to attend a meeting of the Disarmament Conference. Then alone I strolled back down the street.

On the spur of the moment, I found myself laughing. For I had looked down at my pretty Viennese watch, and the beaded bag—souvenirs of war and revolution, destruction and death and danger . . .

And back there in that building the fathers of the nations were met to discuss disarmament!

Aunt Dora was right. The leaves in the tea-cup told the truth.

## *Once More*

*We call your attention to our Vacation Special—a short-term subscription plan to enable you to receive Good Housekeeping during the summer months, wherever you may be. You will find the details on page 230*


# SCRANTON
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# "Mum" is the word!

# This Thing Called Luck

(*Continued from page 89*)

in a barn—cattle could make a different sound from that which drifted to South Street sometimes from packed cattle cars standing in the yards. It was part of her childhood, somehow, that gentle sound of cattle lowing in a barn.

The stir of white chickens—there must have been hundreds of them. Trees, which were bright with bloom or heavy with fruit. Snow, which seemed always clean. A woman with white hair, to whose skirts she had clung. A huge fireplace with the shine of copper near by. A tall, gentle man whom she had last seen carried through a dingy doorway upon a stretcher . . .

All these were irretrievably jumbled in her memory, and she sifted them out in the evenings she spent beside the lake, seeking a key which would solve all these rags and tags of recollection into a harmonious whole.

And all the while the restlessness was growing, and Hilda was no longer content to work and sleep, to sleep and work.

BERNARD SAXE came to Mrs. Crowley's then.

Bernard was a newcomer to South Street. He came from a city a few hundred miles south of Chicago, whence he had departed hastily because of an unpleasant and unforeseen crisis in his affairs which concerned police and the small matter of a bullet through the fleshy part of his upper right arm, where it would constitute a revealing record until its ultimate healing.

All in all, it had seemed wiser to go elsewhere immediately and await that healing, and Bernard had caught a noon train at a station on the outskirts of the city and ridden as inconspicuously as possible through an afternoon in which he was philosophical about his situation. He was lucky not to be doing a stretch in the pen, but he'd have to lay low—and cheap—until he could turn a trick which would refill his pockets, and neither prospect appealed to him.

He had all the dislike for living low which comes of a life inevitably doomed to brevity and which should, therefore, be merry to compensate for its shortness. And he had all the hatred for poverty which comes of too prolonged and too intimate acquaintance with it. His preference was for the great city hotels, where he could live pleasantly indistinguishable in the mass around him, and where he could enjoy the shifting kaleidoscope of hotel life while he hunted quarry as ruthlessly as a wolf scents meat.

Now, however, because of a proved error in judgment, he was banished for a time from his favorite haunts. The police of the city farther south would communicate with this city and others. He was known; his picture was on record in a dozen cities; in the steel files of this particular city even his fingerprints were available. There was no doubt whatever that he would have to live low for a while.

A month. Two months. His wad wasn't big enough to take care of him that long. There was equally no doubt that he would have to turn something and turn it quick.

Brooding over his problem as the train wheels clicked toward Chicago, he planned his campaign. Two things were quick, a stick-up or the rube game. With vivid memory of hot steel scorching through his upper arm, Bernard decided against the stick-up. The rube game was always easy pickings and fairly safe. Even the police were apt to smile tolerantly over the fleecing of a rube out to see the city sights, and it was simple to manage. Bernard grinned his knowledge of how easy it was.

The train entered the depot, and he stood up, following the other passengers to the end of the car, stepped down quickly, and melted away into the shadows.

Five minutes later, seeking a base from which to operate, his roving eye was caught by

## This Thing Called Luck

the flutter of Hilda's spotless curtains. Swiftly Bernard checked up immaculate curtains with well-scrubbed steps. That meant a clean bed and fairly decent cooking, because usually these went together, and from the sign in the window the place was cheap.

A cheerless hall. The smell of cooking, although that, he was relieved to observe, was appetizing. Oilcloth on the floor. A dismal parlor with a sagging sofa. A glimpse of an ugly dining-room with a long, narrow table and two rows of chairs facing each other.

He was familiar with just this sort of place and just the type of landlady who greeted him in the person of Mrs. Crowley, but it was all clean, and he engaged the room to which he was led, paying a week in advance because he had no baggage.

A week would see him out of here, he thought, whistling in utter good humor as he washed with the bowl and pitcher on a stand in the corner.

No dark, greasy ring on *this* bowl, and the water was fresh—out of intimate knowledge of a hundred such places Bernard congratulated himself.

"I'm lucky!" he chuckled. "This beats iron bars fifty ways to the post."

Half an hour later he congratulated himself again at the dinner table, where Hilda dawned upon him in her fresh pink gingham, her pink and white face, her wealth of wheat-colored hair, her strong and perfect body.

"*I'm a positive fool for luck!*" said Bernard Saxe to himself fervently out of his overwhelming surprise.

Hilda served him as a goddess might have served him, remotely, with her dreaming blue eyes unconscious of him, and Bernard lingered over his meal, contriving to be the last to finish.

"I'm a stranger here, a *lonesome* stranger," he began smoothly when he was alone with Hilda. "What do *you* do evenings?"

He contrived to let a tender emphasis creep into his voice, but Hilda answered him matter-of-factly and impersonally as she refilled his water glass.

"I sleep," she said in departure and with simple statement of the truth.

THE nerve of this impudent Svenska! raged Bernard Saxe, his intuition identifying Hilda's parent race as easily as his eye had identified the smoothly perfect column of her white throat and the curve of her splendid shoulders. Appreciation dimmed his rage. What a woman! He'd been over-confident to think such a woman would fall for him straight off. Plenty of men must have tried to date her before this, and it was no wonder she was cagy.

Cannily he wondered if Hilda were as good-looking in the daylight as she seemed to be under the tawdry electric chandelier of the dining-room, but morning produced a Hilda even more dazzling. There was the freshness of child-like slumber about her skin, the clearness of infancy in her eyes, and Bernard Saxe stared thirstily.

"'Tain't true," he marveled to himself. "They just don't grow like that."

Bernard was used to girls who were fidgety. Girls whose too ready laughter hovered perpetually upon the edge of a shriek. Girls who smoked endlessly with yellowed fingers and talked interminably of nothing at all in a thin, brittle chatter. Hilda's quiet, her ease of motion, her ignoring of himself fascinated him.

He stood it until dinner of his second day. Then, once more alone with her in the dining-room, he seized Hilda's firm arm.

"You gotta meet me tonight, you *gotta!*" he insisted. "I'll meet you anywhere you say, but you gotta meet me. You an' me got things to talk about."

He could not have told just why Hilda fascinated him, except perhaps that she was a riddle which must be solved, nor could Hilda have told why she hesitated, looking at him with blue eyes which were on a level higher than his own, unless perhaps it was because Bernard's

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MOST people do not understand the cause of the painful sunburn from which they suffer every summer in order to acquire a becoming tan.

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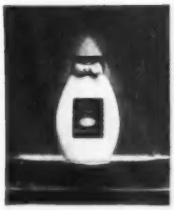

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In using advertisements see page 6

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# This Thing Called Luck

difference from the men who usually came to Mrs. Crowley's appealed to her imagination, and because all day she had felt the pressure of tears at the base of her throat. If another sat beside her on that narrow, curving strip of shore where the water rolled in endlessly and where the stars hung far above in a dusty fringe, would tears come then?

"There is a place I go beside the lake," she said to Bernard Saxe. "You can go there with me tonight."

Bernard squeezed her arm. "I'll be waitin' at the corner," he promised and ran up the steps to his room exultantly.

No use letting the old woman know what he was about. In his experience old women were invariably meddlesome, so he waited in his room until sounds ceased in the kitchen, surprised at his own impatience, and then stole quickly down the steps.

Hilda had on her pink gingham, with a shawl across one arm, when she joined him, and Bernard eyed her in moody dissatisfaction. *Bernard Saxe squiring a dame in gingham!*

"Don't you never wear nothin' but cotton?" he demanded sullenly.

"I like it," said Hilda placidly. "It suits me best."

And so it did, but Bernard wanted her in something finer.

TOGETHER they walked along at a smooth, swinging pace which did not seem to be rapid, but which left Bernard Saxe breathless.

"You can *walk*," he conceded grudgingly.

"I could walk *forever!*"

As far as he could see, she meant it, and likely she could, thought Bernard ruefully. He was glad when they reached the sheltered little cove beside the lake, where Hilda had been spending so many evenings lately. A bit of all right, this! Water in front of them, a bluff in back of them to provide perfect seclusion—Bernard let his fingers sink appreciatively into Hilda's arm.

"You were a smart girl to find this place!" he approved.

"I walk—" said Hilda vaguely, gesturing up and down the shore, and he gathered that she had found the cove in her aimless rambles.

They sat down. Bernard Saxe talked, and Hilda listened.

The lake wind was blowing in her face, but tonight it brought no hodge-podge of memory, because the voice of Bernard Saxe and the things of which he talked were alien to those half-remembered pictures. She was scarcely aware of what he said, until suddenly she realized that he was talking of herself.

"I'd like to see you in *silk*," declared Bernard with emotion in his voice. "I'd like to see you in a fur coat. I'd like to see you wear diamonds. Oh, what's the use of stalling? You've *got* me, and I don't fall easy."

He would get her anything she wanted, just *anything*, promised Bernard over and over, with his mind creating pictures for him. He'd take this jane down to the town he had just left and show her off to the gang, all dressed up fit to kill, as soon as he'd made his clean-up. She'd knock 'em all cold down there, just as she'd knocked *him* cold already. But if anybody tried to make up to her, he'd knock 'em cold for keeps—something sinister came out in the eyes which were too small for Bernard's face, and abruptly the voice recounting to Hilda the glory of furs, of diamonds, of automobiles, choked.

"*I'm crazy about you!*" said Bernard Saxe, and kissed Hilda full upon the lips.

He was amazed to find himself caught in the grip of an emotion of which he would not have believed himself capable.

"*I'm crazy about you!*" he repeated in a tone of profound wonder, and knew that he had at last committed the error of errors.

*He had fallen in love, and with a jane in gingham!*

Now he could understand why Tommy Grigsby had come back and faced death rather

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In using advertisements see page 6

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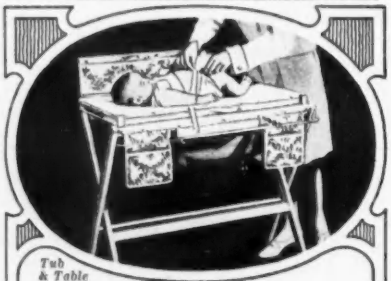

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**E. M. TRIMBLE MFG. COMPANY, 166 Jay St., Rochester, New York**

*As Tub*

**TRIMBLE Bathinette**


# This Thing Called Luck

than leave his girl; why Black Jack Cavelli had killed his sweetheart when she turned to another. A man in love couldn't help himself. Bernard Saxe reminded himself of that with a touch of despair as he released Hilda.

Hilda drew away. Raised questioning fingertips to her mouth. Saw something glistening upon Bernard's cheek and touched her fingers inquiringly to that cheek. Tears—and she knew how very bad tears were. Knew all about the sharp thrust of agony just back of them.

Hilda gave a low, crooning sound of compassion and put both arms about Bernard Saxe.

"*No*"— she said over and over. "*No—no—no—*" until it was almost a song, low and indescribably tender, transforming Bernard Saxe, so that he made a different set of pictures for Hilda.

"We'll be married—we'll have a flat somewhere together—you'll never have to work again, Hilda."

Hilda's arms slackened in astonishment. In the hodge-podge of memory there had always been work. Happy work. Joyous work. Work with singing close back of it, but always work. What did one do with all the heavy hours unless work lightened them?

Hilda pondered, while the stars grew paler and a cold wind came up over the lake, so that Bernard Saxe said they must go, and raised his head reluctantly from Hilda's shoulder, wrapping the shabby shawl about her.

"Must take care of you, Gorgeous," he said tenderly, kissing her again.

Hilda submitted to the kiss. She even liked being kissed, but the something which ran endlessly in her in a current as deep as nature itself recognized a lack in that kiss. She had had no experience in kissing, but perhaps because of that she could gage a kiss accurately. A kiss should be an elemental bond creating a pact between two people—Hilda felt this as deeply as she felt the pictures which came to her out of her childhood, knowing that kissing was meant to be a part of her as the pictures were a part of her, but knowing that this particular kissing lacked meaning.

Together they walked again down the street, Hilda in her shawl, Bernard Saxe in his narrow-shouldered, narrow-waisted clothes, and all that night Bernard lay twisting and turning in his bed, planning. He'd get busy on the clean-up right away. Then he'd buy Hilda a ring. He laughed aloud in the darkness at vivid perception of what a big ring it would have to be. Some Venus, Hilda. Almost a double-sized Venus, but what a woman!

WHEN it was daylight, he hurried out and had breakfast at the depot. Time to play and dream when his work was done. Eating his food, he scanned the room carefully.

Nothing much in the way of prospects here unless it were the young farmer at the next table. His eyes examined the farmer searchingly. Good clothes, though unmistakably country. Good shoes. A good bag on the rack above his head. Bernard's eyes lingered speculatively.

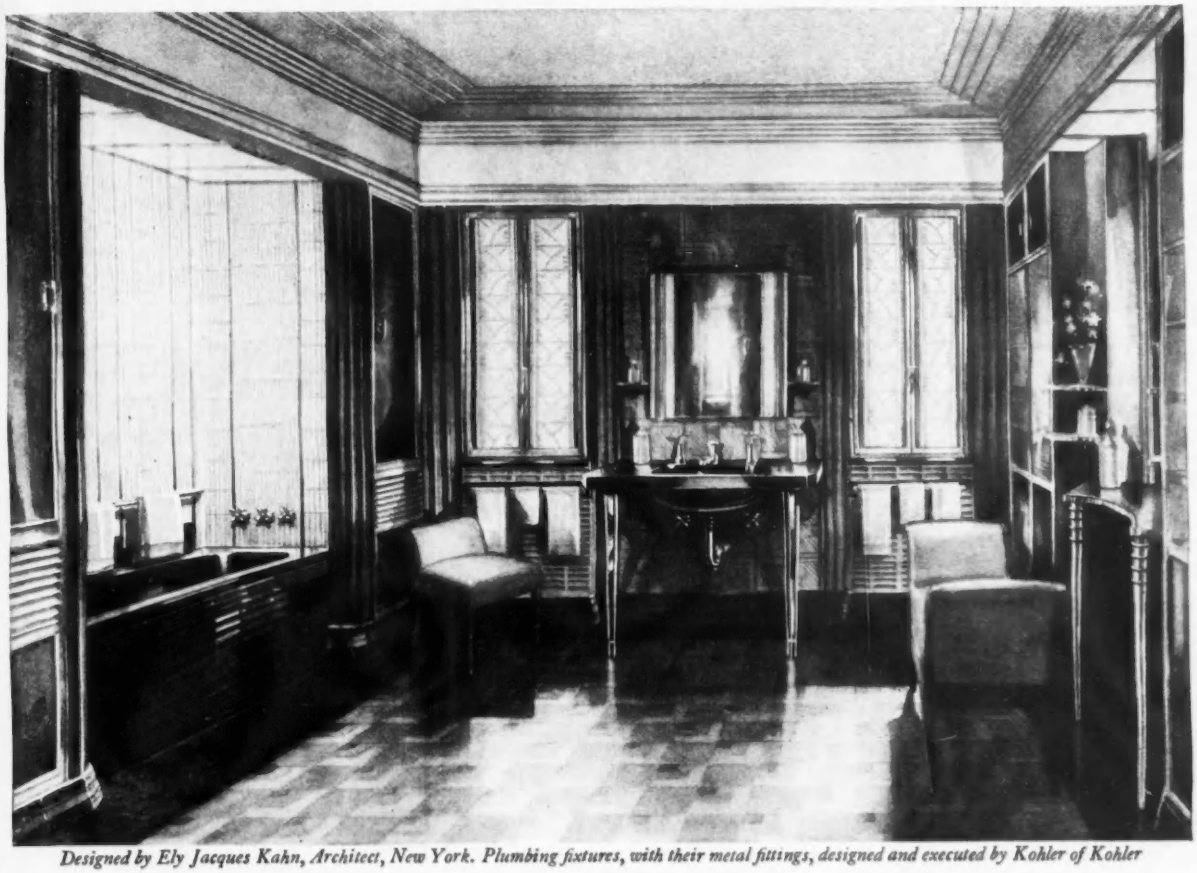
He saw that the farmer paid for his breakfast from a well-filled wallet, and immediately his pulses sang with the familiar thrill of scenting quarry. A farmer out to spend wheat and corn for bright lights. Well, he'd known many another and had helped them spend, charging exorbitantly for that help.

He managed to leave the restaurant at the same time, passed the other, and stood in the entrance lighting a cigarette.

Fortune favored him. The farmer spoke to him, asking a place to stay. It must be clean, he said, and not too expensive.

Bernard grinned at this candid voicing of his own wants of a few days previous. "Best place *I* know is right where I'm staying," he informed pleasantly.

Ice-blue eyes palpably measured him, and Bernard strove to make his expression ingenuous. "Take you there if you want," he offered.



*Designed by Ely Jacques Kahn, Architect, New York. Plumbing fixtures, with their metal fittings, designed and executed by Kohler of Kohler*

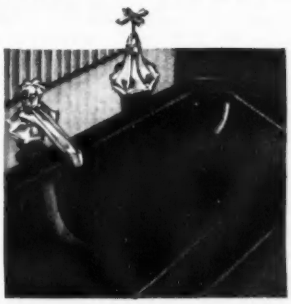
# *In the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

## *—Exhibition of a modern bath and dressing room*

THE new importance of the bathroom as a place of beauty in the modern home could hardly be more strikingly emphasized than it is by this room by Mr. Ely Jacques Kahn in the current Exhibition of American Industrial Art at the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

That the bathroom was chosen as one of the typical rooms to be shown in this internationally important exhibition is in itself an eloquent fact. The manner in which this room unites artistry with logical simplicity demonstrates the wisdom of the choice.

The walls are of glass. The floors are of special yielding rubber. Radiators are recessed behind tiled grilles, and over their warmth hang the towels. Such thoughtful details throughout illustrate how comfort parallels beauty.



*Chromium-plated Kohler fittings in the Cellini pattern enhance the distinguished beauty of the jet black Kohler fixtures*

Into this setting are introduced a Kohler bath and lavatory of gleaming black, with chromium-plated fittings — faucets, handles, and escutcheons — also of Kohler make, in the graceful *Cellini* design. These Kohler contributions are in patterns available to all.

Kohler fixtures of modern style and beauty —in lovely color or lustrous white—are made for simplest bathrooms as well as costly ones. Write to Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis., for a free 72-page book, in color, showing fixtures for bathrooms, kitchens, and laundries, with color schemes, floor plans, and prices.

KOHLER CO. *Founded 1873 • Branches in Principal Cities • Shipping Point,* Sheboygan, Wis.

# KOHLER OF KOHLER

*Plumbing Fixtures*

© 1929, Kohler Co.

In using advertisements see page 6

The DOO-KLIP

The New Grass Shear with the Up-and-Down Movement

Only $1.50

Look for the Green Handle

TRIM your lawn in *comfort* with the DOO-KLIP. Its natural *up-and-down* operation is easy on the wrists and fingers. Keeps the hand above the dirt. No more barked or skinned knuckles when trimming closely around walls, trees, walks, etc. Self-sharpening. Rust resisting. Lasts for years. Money-back guarantee.

Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you, use coupon below.

The Alliance Mfg. Co., Alliance, Ohio G. H. 6-29

Enclosed find $1.50. Please send me one Doo-Klip Grass Shear.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

ENGRAVED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS INVITATIONS

To save money, you must get our new low prices on genuine engraved wedding stationery. Finest quality, ultra-fashionable, socially correct—yet inexpensive. Valuable free packet of 36 specimens permits selection at home and lowers cost. Send today—booklet "Wedding Etiquette" will be included.

ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS AS LOW AS $1.50 PER 100

Cathedral of Engraving, Inc.
21 Langenberg Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

kills ants

in their nests

DONT bother with these unsightly, destructive pests . . . get them at their *source* with this new method.

The Antrol system includes a complete set of patented glass jars that are partially filled with Antrol syrup and placed about your home according to simple directions. Ants carry the syrup as a food from the jars to their nests and soon the whole colony is destroyed.

See your nearest dealer about this modern, effective method, or write us for booklet on "Pest Control." Do it today!

GARDEN PESTS such as cutworms, snails, slugs, grasshoppers, earwigs, etc. are quickly destroyed by sprinkling our famous meal on the ground under the plants and shrubs. Ask your dealer about

SNAROL

Antrol

Gets Ants in their nests

The Antrol Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. B-6, 651 Imperial St.
Los Angeles, California

Give Your Roses a Chance

100% Effective

Roses, and other flowers, can not thrive when infested with Aphis or Plant Lice. Keep them flourishing and healthy by spraying with

ROSE —TRADE MARK— NICOTINE

Get a bottle of "Rose Nicotine" from the nearest drug store. It has been the standard flower spray for a quarter of a century. Vitrol sprays will NOT kill Rose Aphis—you MUST use Nicotine.

Three Sizes
40 Cents
75 Cents
2 Dollars

C. E. JAMIESON & CO.
Mfg. Chemists Detroit, Michigan

EXPERT ADVICE *on* GARDENS

Good Housekeeping's GARDEN CALENDAR

Good Housekeeping's "Garden Calendar" is a unique and expertly prepared course of instruction in practical gardening. It gives you a month by month schedule for doing exactly the right thing at the right time. Authoritative, practicable. Decoratively bound in grey covers, green silk cord. Price 50c.

Send stamps, money-order or check (not cash) to
Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service
57th St. *at* 8th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Exercise for BABIES

*The Modern Theory*

Exercise makes babies' tiny muscles grow strong and develop in the natural way that makes straight, sturdy little bodies. Babies love to play in this fascinating Circus Pony Shoofly, which gives them the exercise they need to be strong and healthy, and keeps them safely occupied, relieving mothers for other duties.

CIRCUS PONY SHOOFLY

Is suitable for children from six to thirty-six months old. Built to stand the usage of romping children. It has a playbox to hold small toys and under the seat is a solid foot rest. Attractively finished in ivory, red and black.

This plaything will be sent to you direct from the factory, if your local dealer cannot supply you. Delivery guaranteed. Your money back if you are not satisfied after a week's trial. Just send name and address with $5.00 ($5.50 Denver and west); or write for beautiful, illustrated catalog, free, of this and other playthings, to The Mengel Company, Toy Department, 1904 North Market Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

MENGEL *Playthings*


# This Thing Called Luck

"It's near here, and you can decide whether you want to stay or not."

Broad new shoes fell into step beside his own narrow patent leathers.

Although Bernard did not know it, the countryman was judging him. This was a fox, the farmer was thinking as they walked along. But the city was full of foxes, and he could take care of himself. A man who took his living from the soil and knew the ways of the forest could always fend for himself.

Presently they were climbing Hilda's well-scrubbed steps.

It was dark in the hall which yawned beyond the door which opened to them, but the air was sweet with the fragrance of baking bread, and instinctively the farmer recognized cleanliness as an integral part of his surroundings.

"I stay," he said to Mrs. Crowley, who had hobbled out to meet them, and carried his new bag up to the room beside Bernard's.

While the countryman unpacked his possessions, Bernard idled beside the window, scheming busily behind his bright, ferret-like eyes and striving to promote a friendliness which would be entirely to his own advantage.

What was his newly met acquaintance doing here? he questioned smoothly, in an attempt to gain useful information, and shook with mirth at the ready reply.

He was looking for a wife, this preposterous fool of a farmer! Of all things, he had come to Chicago to shop himself a wife as matter-of-factly as though he had come to buy a bolt of cloth or supplies for his kitchen!

Jealously estimating the breadth of wide shoulders, the curve of a mighty chest, the depth of deep blue eyes, Bernard decided that he would beyond doubt have found his wife if he had not encountered Bernard Saxe first.

" 'S'matter with the women up *your* way?" he jeered, bright eyes twinkling with furtive scorn.

There *were* no women, except those already married, explained the farmer in his deep voice. It was a new farming territory, that in which he lived. A man tilled his land first, living in any kind of shelter he could erect. Then he built his house, using the strength of his body and the skill of his hands to build it. After that he went out and found his woman, and the house became a home.

"I have my land. I have my house. Now it is my woman I must have," said the strongly accented voice. "But that will not be too easy, for I am hard to please. She must be big, my woman. She must be strong. She must love the land, and such women are not easily to be found."

He did not speak his innermost thought—that his woman must have a capacity for loyalty and love which would carry her high above the necessary hardships of frontier life.

BERNARD SAXE barely heard him. There was a door between this room and his, he was thinking. In the dim, small hours of the night when a man slept soundest, it would be entirely possible to slip from his room to this, to slip back again, to slip out of the house—he must see that the door was unlocked.

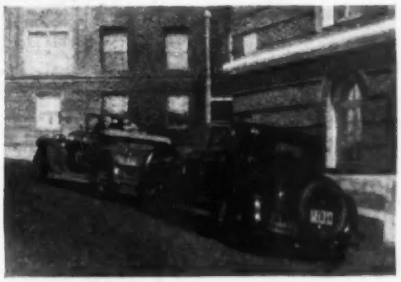
Involuntarily he glanced toward the connecting door and was immediately surprised. The door was open, and Hilda stood in the doorway, listening, her serious gaze intent upon the countryman.

Bernard grinned. How long she had been there and how much she had heard, he did not know, but suddenly he was seized with a perverse desire to make the farmer ridiculous before her.

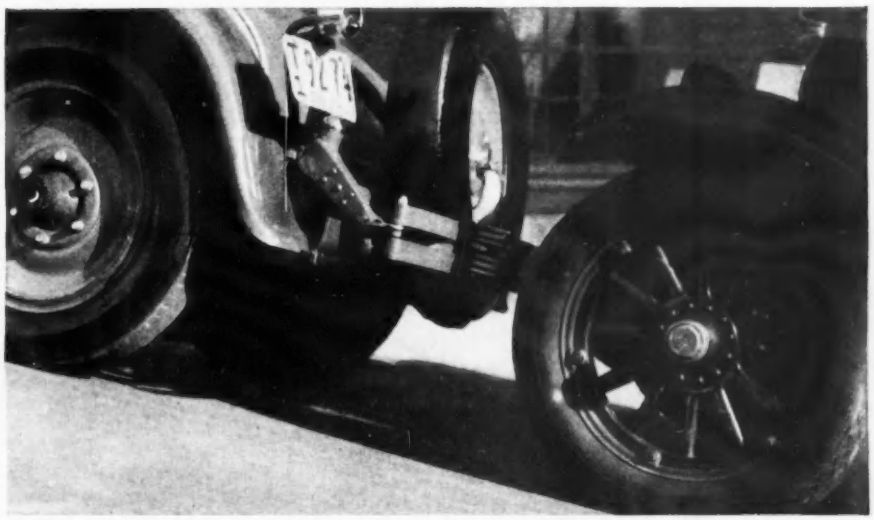
Hilda in pink gingham, crisp and immaculate, with her heavy wheat-colored hair wrapped in braids about her beautiful head, with the splendid column of her throat bare, was so exactly what the farmer had pictured. Big, had he said? Strong, had he said? Well, here was Hilda, but Hilda was *his*.

"So you came down here to find a *wife!*" he said slowly, knowing the other had not yet

1 *She thought she could make it in high, but the car began to "knock" and . . .*



2 *She tried to shift to second but missed . . . and stalled . . . and began to roll backward . . .*



3 *Bang! She crashed into the car behind. It certainly was humiliating! . . . If she had been using Ethyl she wouldn't have had to shift.*

# You have better control—*with* Ethyl

WITH Ethyl Gasoline she could have taken the hill in high. There would have been no need to shift and run the risk of stalling the engine at this critical time. The extra power which Ethyl would have brought out of her engine would have carried her smoothly up the grade. In such emergencies Ethyl gives the added *control* which contributes immeasurably to driving confidence and comfort—and sometimes means the difference between danger and safety.

Instant obedience to your foot on the accelerator—full power when you need it most. That's what Ethyl means to any car. The reason is that Ethyl is good gasoline which has been turned into *better gasoline* by the addition of Ethyl fluid, the anti-knock compound containing tetraethyl lead.

So greatly does this compound increase the efficiency of gasoline that leading oil companies throughout this country, Canada and Great Britain mix it with their gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline, which, now, you will find available wherever you go at pumps marked ETHYL.

If you drive one of the new high-compression cars you need Ethyl, which was developed expressly for this type of engine. It is the standard high-compression fuel. But in any car of average compression Ethyl brings out additional power impossible to obtain with ordinary gasoline.

Start riding with Ethyl today.

ETHYL GASOLINE

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION • 25 Broadway, New York City
56 Church Street, Toronto, Can. • 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, Eng.

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In using advertisements see page 6

# Moths? they won't eat your clothes

## *not if you really moth-proof the wool*

can't even *begin* to eat. Larvex completely stops him. And don't confuse Larvex with insect-killers. Larvex is a mothproofing agent—a real mothproofing agent.

The idea of genuine mothproofing is a new and revolutionary idea. Formerly, you filled your closets with strong odors, not knowing perhaps that the hungry moth-worm has no sense of smell. Or if you were *very* careful, you put all your woolen clothes into chests or big bags, and fastened them in for the summer. Yes, and you fastened something else in too—the moth-eggs! When these hatched into moth-worms, they couldn't get out if they wanted to, and they didn't want to, for wool is what they eat—and how greedily!

That was the usual moth story, unless you were very lucky. It became a job for the scientists to find a better way. They went at it from the cloth end, not the moth end. They developed a genuine mothproofing agent. It is called Larvex, and once a woolen fabric has been treated by it, the damaging moth-worm

This is truly a wonderful discovery for the worried housewife. By thoroughly spraying Larvex once on all her woolen and mohair fabrics—clothes, rugs, furniture—she is assured of a whole year's protection.

### *For washable woolens there is a special Larvex*

A different form of Larvex is now available for use on *washable* woolens. It is called "Rinsing" Larvex and it comes in powder form. You simply dissolve it in water and place the sweaters and blankets in it—just like rinsing and just as easy. Then, until they must be washed again, you can use or store your precious woolens anywhere without worry about moth-holes.

Both forms of Larvex—Spraying and Rinsing—are odorless, non-injurious and non-inflammable. They put an end to all moth damage and moth troubles. Sold by drug and department stores everywhere. The Larvex Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### IT COMES IN TWO FORMS

For coats, suits, rugs, upholstered furniture and all other fabrics that cannot be washed. $1 for a pint or, with atomizer which lasts for years, $1.50. Also obtainable in half-gallon and one-gallon sizes.

**SPRAYING LARVEX**

For blankets, sweaters, woolen stockings, baby clothes and all other *washable* woolens. In powder form to dissolve in tub before immersing the woolens, 50 cents a package—enough for two tubfuls.

**RINSING LARVEX**

FREE BOOK—*write today for interesting book "Outwitting the Wily Moth." You will be glad you sent for it when you see how it helps save your best clothes and finest rugs. Just fill out the coupon.*

69-1 THE LARVEX CORPORATION, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me, free, your book "Outwitting the Wily Moth," that tells me how to end moth damage.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....


## This Thing Called Luck

discovered Hilda, and with malice just below the smoothness of his tone, so that the countryman suspected its presence and flushed brightly.

"It must be lonely up your way, and wives must be hard to keep. Sure you haven't already *had* a wife who ran out on you?"

No, he hadn't been married before, informed the farmer seriously. And it *was* lonely, unless you loved the land. Nothing but acres of standing wheat running out to meet the far line of the blue horizon. And the nights came early, only the stars seemed very close and friendly.

"And it rains a lot?" gibed Bernard Saxe.

"When it rains, there is fire upon the hearth."

Bernard brooded upon the picture created for him. A man plowing, as he had often seen them from passing trains. Rearing one more of the ugly wooden houses to be found in prairie farming centers. Choosing a woman to produce a crop of towheaded children as inevitably as the land produced its yield.

"*What a life!*" he said aloud, out of the cynical disgust of those who live by their wits for those who labor.

"*You* wouldn't like it, but what *else* is there?" demanded the farmer, and suddenly perceived Hilda.

IT WAS almost incredible, what happened then. Or at least it was almost incredible to Bernard Saxe, who lived by scheming and planning, and could not comprehend that all the really big things happen with a seeming suddenness which has long been prepared for.

Blue eyes looked into blue eyes and read the call of like to like. As simply as that, a question was asked and answered. Aliens in a land no longer to be alien, they saw, these two who were so alike, the long pattern of futurity begin to uncoil in a pattern so precisely dictated by the desire of clean hearts that it could be accurately foretold by the vision which rests in such hearts.

It had to do with land, that future. And with a little house out on a wide prairie, where the light shining from under deep eaves would be always welcoming. With a strong, silent woman with wheat-colored hair who would move from table to stove in complete happiness. With a brood of children who would lie drowsily before a fire in the quiet of early evening, with young eyes bright with dreams. With a man who would bend his back to each day's toil in glad content.

A radiance of welcome grew in the two faces, and glancing from one to the other in incredulous amazement, Bernard Saxe saw what he had done. Hilda *wanted* what this boob had to offer! Hilda wanted it far more than she wanted what *he* had to offer!

Beholding that radiance in Hilda's face which was gratitude and release and wonder all tied together, with humility at her great good fortune, Bernard Saxe experienced a sudden change of emotion.

"Why, I'm *lucky!*" he discovered. "A jane who likes gingham and the things which belong with it ain't for Bernard Saxe. Because when you get right down to it, gingham ain't my speed!"

"I owe you thanks, my friend," said the deep voice of the countryman. "This is what I sought, and but for you I would not have found her."

"Don't thank *me*," returned Bernard Saxe airily. "Perhaps you did *me* a little favor, and we're quits. That's the little joker about this thing called luck: you can't always tell *who's* the lucky guy!"

Jaunty as always, he passed from the room, leaving them together, his mind already busy with a future entirely untainted with gingham, and behind him Hilda spoke for the first time.

"We—go?" she said questioningly, almost gropingly, as though she herself scarcely realized what had happened.

The farmer nodded, his eyes reassuring. "We go," he confirmed quietly.

## Around the World

(*Continued from page 51*)

you wanted some further information from me."

"Oh—yes—yes," said Mr. Albans, coughing behind his hand, "but I was going to tell you first about a silk shawl that was stolen on our cruise last year. I received the complaint at half-past four in the afternoon. *I told the captain* at a quarter to five. The captain gave the necessary orders, and that shawl was returned to its rightful owner before six o'clock."

Again he raised his hand as a complaining voice was heard in the outside office.

"Is Mr. Albans in?"

"He is very busy, madam," replied the healing voice of the assistant director, "but I am in charge of Information and Complaints this afternoon."

"Then I wish you would tell him, please, that the occupants of the stateroom over Mrs. Peterby's—Mrs. Wallace J. Peterby's—are constantly throwing refuse through their open port-hole—some of which is constantly blowing down through my own open port-hole. Yesterday, for instance, a grape-skin and two burned matches entered my room; and this morning, before rising, a banana skin came sailing through and only narrowly missed me."

"Thank you, madam," said the assistant director. "I will speak to the steward who has charge of the stateroom above."

"You see?" continued Mr. Albans after Mrs. Peterby had retired. "All day long. And—oh, yes—two years ago, a lady on this same cruise lost a fine platinum wrist-watch. As soon as the complaint was made to me, *I told the captain*, and in less than two hours the platinum watch was back on the wrist of its rightful owner."

AT THIS repetition of the emphasized phrase, "*I told the captain*," Mr. Buhl gave Celia a look of anxious inquiry.

"I suppose the captain always has to be told in case of a search like this," he carelessly remarked.

"Naturally, yes," Mr. Albans as carelessly responded. "He being the only one who can issue orders to the sergeant-at-arms."

Celia began to see the point then—began to see why she had been invited to Mr. Albans' office.

"It seems to me that everybody on this ship is going to know yet," she sighed, little dreaming how the spirit of prophecy had descended upon her at that moment.

"Oh, no! No, no!" said Mr. Albans in a shocked voice. "But the captain is different."

"And the soul of discretion, they tell me," said Mr. Buhl.

"Scotch!" whispered Mr. Albans. "And close with his information! Not only that, Miss Van Heusen, but since your first appearance in the dining-room, I don't mind telling you that you have been quite a favorite of his. 'If that second steward had the sense of a gnat, he'd have put Miss Van Heusen at the captain's table,' he told me the other night. So if you like, we'll drop up and see him now, and get those letters back where they belong."

Again it was possibly the thought of Mrs. Blanchard and her two superior daughters which shifted the gear of Celia's mind from neutral into low.

"I suppose Mr. Buhl could see him," she said, "without my going."

"I think it would be better if we all went," said Mr. Albans earnestly. "You especially, Miss Van Heusen, so you can describe the letters."

"Well," she hesitated, "if—if you'll let me describe them, please, in my own way."

By that time the *Empress* was well out of the harbor and comfortably plowing her furrow in the open sea. Captain Wadsworth led them into his private office and rubbed his hands with pleasure as he glanced at his visitors, and especially when he glanced at Celia.

"What is this you are bringing me?" he


# 302° Cooking

## *Brings New-Type Bathroom Paper*

### "Cooked" Bathroom Paper Advised by 243 Health Commissioners in 40 States

NORTHERN TISSUE

***Soft As Fine Linen—Snow-White—20 Times Sterilized in Manufacture***

NOW you can avoid menacing disorders traceable to the common use of a wrong type of bathroom paper. Caused by the irritating particles of raw wood found in cheap yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—"toilet papers" . . . papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

That is why 243 Health Commissioners in 40 states and scores of practicing physicians say: "Use a paper like snow-white Northern Tissue, instead of cheap raw ground-wood toilet papers."

Hospitals use it. Tens of thousands of homes have adopted it—especially homes where there are children. *Today "Northern Tissue" is the choice of the most discriminating Mothers.*

***Cooked at 302° 20 Times Sterilized***

This new-type paper contains only pulp cooked at 302°.

That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been eliminated. And the paper made white as whitest linen.

Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized in the making—emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed; producing an unglazed bathroom paper free of infectious germs.

**10c *A Roll***

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use cheap yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—toilet papers. Obtain today at any grocery or drug store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue."

***Ask for***

NORTHERN TISSUE

***with the Blue Core***

**FREE TRIAL ROLL**

Julia Neidle, Nurse,
Northern Paper Mills, Dept. 26
Green Bay, Wis.

Dear Miss Neidle:

Please send me the free trial roll of soft, white, 20 times sterilized, "Northern Tissue"—the paper free from raw ground-wood.

© N. P. M., 1929

Name.....

Address.....

State.....


In using advertisements see page 6

# GOOD THINGS TO EAT

## *and many other things*

Delicious things to eat, and how to prepare them *with success*—home-making problems solved by tested methods—these bulletins by Good Housekeeping Institute will save your time, energy and often money, too. You can use many to advantage. Fully illustrated, clear directions.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ☐ Salads and Salad Dressings | 25c | ☐ Canning Methods Up-to-Date | 25c |
| ☐ Vegetable Main Dishes | 25c | ☐ Cooking with Electricity | 25c |
| ☐ Frozen Dishes and Iced Drinks | 25c | ☐ Laundry Equipment and Methods | 25c |
| ☐ Full Flavored Vegetables | 25c | ☐ Kitchens Planned for Convenience | 25c |
| ☐ Time and Temperature Cooking Chart—on Oilcloth | 25c | ☐ House Wiring and Lighting for Service | 15c |
| ☐ Recipes by Chart—Bride's Cookery Primer Schedules, Series 3 | 25c | ☐ The A. B. C. of Electricity for the Housekeeper | 25c |
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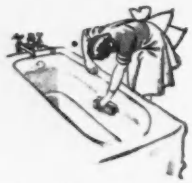
| ☐ Cooking for Large Groups | 25c | ☐ Balancing the Day's Meals—for Adults and Children (Hanger Card) | 10c |
| ☐ The Etiquette of Serving Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner | 50c | ☐ Daily Diet Diary—4 copies for | 15c |
| ☐ Desserts in Variety | 25c | ☐ Heating the American Home | 25c |
| ☐ Sandwiches and Hors d'Oeuvres | 25c | ☐ Selecting and Installing an Oil Burner | 25c |
| ☐ Pies and Pastries | 25c | ☐ Household Account Record | 25c |
| ☐ Jellies, Jams and Pickles | 25c | ☐ Step by Step in Budgeting the Income | 10c |
| ☐ Fish and Shellfish Cookery | 25c | ☐ Household Devices Tested and Approved | 15c |
| | | ☐ Artificial leather binder for bulletins you already have | $1.00 |

*Check those you want. Send stamps, check or money-order (not cash) to Good Housekeeping Bulletin Service, 57th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.*





'T*is pity she scrubs this dirty, dirty tub*—but last night her husband took a bath. And left a sticky ring. The water was hard. Her husband used lots of soap. The soap combined with the hardness in the water and made scum. That is where the sticky ring came from. But softened with Melo, hard water becomes a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap.

Two or more tablespoonfuls in the washtubs make the clothes easier to wash and give whiter clothes. Two or more tablespoonfuls in the bathtub give husbands a pleasant soft-water bath. One or more tablespoonfuls in the dishpan make the dishes glisten and save ⅓ to ½ the amount of soap ordinarily used. Melo makes soap much more effective, wherever used.

Melo costs only 10 cents a can. At that price buy 3, and keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
*Manufacturers of Sani-Flush*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MEL'O

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

10 *cents*

*The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water from your faucets delightfully soft and pleasant to use.*



# Baby-Bottle-Kit

Carries any make nursing bottle.

A VITAL necessity in the preparation and care of your baby's food. Designed by a baby specialist to aid busy mothers and *safeguard babies' health*. Quickly sterilizes bottles, nipples and utensils. Pasteurizes too! Holds six 8-oz. feedings. Always ready. *No spilling.* Handy for visiting. Pack it with ice—carry it anywhere. Seamless aluminum, beautifully polished. Includes all items illustrated. $6.00 postpaid. (West of Mississippi $6.50. Canada and foreign $7.00.) Money back if not satisfied. Order today. Folder free.

THERMA PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. 6-1136 Ohio Bldg., Toledo, O.



# Those Who Dance . .

MUST pay the piper—and all who suffer the misery of dancing in new or tight shoes know it.

But why suffer such misery? If you shake into your shoes some Allen's Foot-Ease you can dance all night in comfort.

This antiseptic, healing powder for the feet takes the friction from the shoes, soothes hot, tired, aching, perspiring feet and makes walking or dancing a real joy. People who enjoy foot comfort are using Allen's Foot-Ease daily. Try it.

Sold at all Drug and Toilet Goods counters. For *Free* trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll address Allen's Foot-Ease, LeRoy, New York.

Allen's Foot-Ease

AT ALL DRUGGISTS


## Around the World

asked Mr. Albans, his eyes twinkling. "Don't tell me she's a little stowaway, for I've seen the young leddy before."

"No, it isn't a stowaway that we are bringing, Captain," said Mr. Albans. "It's a problem."

"A problem," repeated Captain Wadsworth. "And what kind of a problem, pray?"

"A problem in missing letters."

"Ah? Now that sounds int'resting!"

"Miss Van Heusen had two filing boxes filled with letters when we left New York," explained Mr. Buhl. "She placed them in the wardrobe of her stateroom, No. C 39. She has been occupying another room, and C 39 has been kept locked. An hour ago Miss Van Heusen went there, unlocked the door, and discovered that the letters had been taken from the wardrobe."

"Perhaps the stewardess took them."

"No; she asked the stewardess."

"But why should any one wish to steal two filing boxes filled with letters? Had they a value, these letters?"

"Indirectly, yes. They would be valuable as evidence in an important court proceeding in which Miss Van Heusen is interested."

"And so it isn't likely that they've been destroyed?"

"That's the point exactly."

"But to be stolen here on the ship—" mused the captain, his bushy brows almost concealing the brightness of his eyes. "You mean me to inferr that Miss Heusen's adversaries have a representative aboard?"

"Yes," said Mr. Buhl.

"And you know who it is?"

"Yes," said Mr. Buhl.

"But we aren't sure that he's the one who took the letters," said Celia.

"He sounds a likely customer, though. I'll send for the serrrgeant-at-arms, and meanwhile it might be a good idea, Miss Van Heusen, if you would write down a concise but vivid description of the missing letters, so that any steward or stewardess would recognize them at a glance."

Thus challenged, Celia took pen and paper and presently achieved the following:

"Two cream-colored cardboard boxes for filing letters. Each with the word 'Letters' printed across its back, and underneath 'Letters' a faded typewritten paster, 'Van Heusen Estate. Special Inquiry Far East, 1906-7.' Each box packed full of letters, arranged geographically.

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SHE had just finished this when the sergeant-at-arms arrived, a quick-moving, keen-eyed officer with four military ribbons on his rounded chest.

"Very good, sir," he smartly saluted after receiving the captain's orders and reading Celia's instructions. "Any particular point of suspicion indicated in the 'istory of the case?"

"Yes," said Mr. Buhl. "Mr. Perry Marchand is distinctly open to suspicion."

"But mind you," said the captain evenly, while the sergeant was making a note of the name, "you're not to rest there. If Mr. Marchand hasn't the letters, you're to find them elsewhere. You're to give instructions to every steward and stewardess on board. In other words, Sergeant, you're to get those letters. You understand me?"

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant, smartly saluting and briskly disappearing.

"And any other time that I can be of sairvice to you, Miss Van Heusen," continued the captain, rubbing his hands again, "I shall be delighted. I hope to have good news for you tomorrow."

Miss Dorcaster—the Ship's Gossip—didn't

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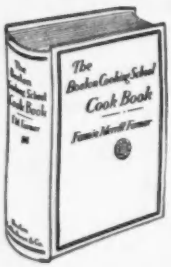


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## Around the World

have to wait till the morrow for *her* good news. It happened that she was looking over the rail near the doorway marked "Captain" when the sergeant-at-arms came out.

"Mmm," thought Miss Dorcaster, glancing over her shoulder. "Sergeant-at-arms. Been to see the captain. In a hurry. Now what's that all about? Tt-tt, I should have followed him, and now he's out of sight. Wait a minute, though; here's some one else coming out. Who can *this* be?"

It was Celia, walking between Mr. Albans and Mr. Buhl.

"Now what do you make of that?" Miss Dorcaster asked herself in growing excitement. "I won't forget to follow this time. Perhaps I'll pick up a word or two."

But Mr. Albans had seen her first, and with a warning gesture to the others he said in his best cruise catalogue manner:

"Have you noticed that the stars grow brighter the farther south we go? The night we left New York they were comparatively dim—pawnshop jewels, you might say—but by the time we reach Colon, they will remind you of that childhood prayer which speaks of diamonds in the sky."

By that time he had reached the doorway which led to the Cruise office; and stopping, he ceremoniously held the door open for Celia and Mr. Buhl to pass through.

"Ah-ha, my lady!" he thought, looking after the retreating figure of Miss Dorcaster. "You didn't get much from that!"

In this, however, he had reckoned without the extractive qualities of the ship's First Gossip.

"Mmm . . ." reflected Miss Dorcaster. "I didn't catch it all, but there was something about pawnshop jewels and diamonds on the sly. Now why did they go to the captain about pawnshop jewels and diamonds? And *why* was the sergeant-at-arms called in? Mmm . . . There's something mysterious going on aboard this ship—and I'm not going to rest till I fathom it out!"

### CHAPTER XIV

DINNER that night was a rather breathless affair—for Celia.

First, there was the excitement of having Mr. Marchand at the table, sitting at her right. For some strange reason his hair had never seemed so curly, his chin so keen, and no matter how Celia tried to steel herself against these things, she simply couldn't imagine him unlocking a door of some one else's stateroom and hurrying guiltily away with a stolen letter-file beneath each arm.

"But if *he* didn't, there must be two on the ship," she told herself—her language somewhat confused, but her meaning clear enough. "And if there are two, who's the other?"

She glanced thoughtfully around the dining-room, and it wasn't long before she became aware that both Mr. Albans and Captain Wadsworth were keeping a watchful and not too friendly eye on the curly-haired young cruiser by her side.

"It's the queerest thing," she told herself after thinking that over for a few minutes, "but the more everybody turns against him, the more I feel like taking his part. And yet I know that he comes from Mrs. Blanchard's lawyers, and that he sits at this table, and goes around with me all he can—just so he can—just so he can—"

She didn't finish that—or perhaps it would be more exact to say that she finished it with a sigh.

"Did you speak?" asked Mr. Marchand, leaning and smiling.

"No," said Celia. "I was thinking."

"Which leads to an interesting question—a pearl that I have never yet quite dissolved in the pure vinegar of reason," said Mr. Graham. "Which comes first? Speech or thought? Were words fashioned to tell our thoughts? Or are our thoughts nothing but silent speech?

## Around the World

In other words, without a vocabulary, would our thoughts be any more extensive than those of the birds of the air or the beasts of the field?"

While the men were discussing this, Celia found herself marveling at the change which had taken place in Natalie. She was not only wearing the Spanish shawl which she had bought in Havana that afternoon, but also an enormous and yet picturesque tortoise-shell comb which she had evidently also acquired in the course of her shopping.

"And somehow," thought Celia, "she looks different. I don't mean her clothes—I mean her whole attitude—her manner. She looks—oh, I don't know!—poetic and romantic, as though she had just been standing behind one of those iron grilles and throwing a rose through the bars!"

And that, she presently told herself, raised another question which had possibly never yet been quite dissolved in the pure vinegar of reason. Could clothes awaken moods which would otherwise remain dormant? Did Romance wait on Costume? And if so, could certain dresses be regarded as among the most important factors of a girl's life?

"It doesn't seem reasonable, somehow," she thought, "and yet—"

She followed Natalie's glance across the dining-room and suddenly caught her breath, as she saw the tall young Spaniard who had been so attentive to Natalie on the tender.

"Oh!" she gasped, something telling her that in her rôle of chaperon of Miss Dana's young ladies, she was soon to be extremely busy. And looking around her own table, she couldn't help adding: "What a good thing I have these men to help me! I must warn them as soon as I can!"

THE young Spaniard himself was losing no time. When Celia and her flock walked up the stairway into the foyer above, she found him waiting—tall, grave, and handsome—with Mrs. Basserville, the senior hostess.

"Oh, Miss Heublein," commenced Mrs. Basserville at once, "I want to present Señor Carrara to you—Miss Sigsbee. And last but not least, among the young ladies," she added, ignoring Celia, "Miss Natalie Wills, who certainly looks as though she had dressed for the part this evening. Or did a little bird bring her news?" she archly continued; and then, with even more sprightly humor, "Or am I, perhaps, the soul of indiscretion in mentioning our diminutive warblers?"

Even an archæologist could have seen that the young Señor was satisfied as soon as he had been presented to Natalie. So Mrs. Basserville ran over the names of the men as rapidly as she could:

"Mr. Buhl—Mr. Graham—Mr. Marchand—Mr. La Roche—I want you all to know Señor Carrara. So pleased to have seen you all again. Ta-ta! Ta-ta!"

"In her haste of departure," said Mr. Graham pleasantly, as the senior hostess whisked away, her other social duties to perform, "Madame Ta-ta left undone those things which she ought to have done. Miss Van Heusen, allow me to present Señor Carrara to you. To know the rest of us without knowing Miss Van Heusen, Señor, is the same as knowing the history of Europe without having heard of the kingdom of Spain."

"Miss Van Heusen," said the tall, dark young man, with one of those bows which are seldom grown to full maturity in the temperate zone. "Possibly Señora Basserville did not regard me as worthy of so much honor."

Gracefully straightening to the perpendicular, he added: "I have never regretted more that I am not plural. But being only one—" he bowed again, this time to Natalie, "Señorita, you will permit me to promenade the deck with you as a gentle exercise of both the body and the mind?"

"I'd love it," said Natalie, drawing her shawl more closely around her as they started for the door.


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## Around the World

"And you, Miss Van Heusen," said Mr. Graham, noticing Celia's look of quick concern. "Perhaps you, too, would like to promenade the deck in search of that gentle exercise of which the young Don speaks with so much eloquence?"

Celia shot him a glance of thanks, and soon four couples were gently promenading the deck, Natalie and Señor Carrara in the lead, and Fanny Heublein and Bud La Roche bringing up the rear. In some respects it might have reminded you of an extract from the grand march of an old-fashioned dance. When the leading couple walked slowly, they all walked slowly. And when the leaders went fast, the others went fast, too. If you had been there, you might have observed that neither Celia nor Natalie was enjoying it to any great extent, but the other girls were having a lovely time!

"I wonder if he's going all the way around the world with us," said Mr. Graham after a particularly fast circuit.

"Not at this rate, I hope," said Celia. "And what are we going to do with him when the dancing begins? If we don't look out, he'll be dancing with Natalie all evening."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Graham, gently but firmly. "He's going to rotate—the same as the rest of us."

"But *will* he rotate?" asked Celia anxiously.

"You leave that to me," said Mr. Graham in quiet confidence.

"But how are you going to tell him?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Graham, mysteriously smiling and holding up his finger as though for silence.

HE WAITED until they were all walking slowly, and then he called out,

"Gentlemen! One moment, please!"

The grand march halted.

"A pleasing thought has just occurred to me," continued Mr. Graham. "The night is warm. The southern stars are overhead. While the ladies are resting a few minutes, let us find the orchestra and see if we can not prevail upon them to pitch their music racks on the open deck tonight instead of in the ballroom."

"What a splendid idea!" exclaimed Celia admiringly. "You'll find us in the lounge."

The four men moved away together until they reached the lee of the veranda.

"Señor," said Mr. Graham, pausing there, "we have a custom in our party—a custom which we call rotation. We have four young ladies, and it is written among us that we dance with them in this order—one, two, three, four—an agreeable custom and one in which we ask you to join us—that is, of course," he largely added, "if you wish to join our party."

"But yes, Señor!" the young man eagerly exclaimed. "I would like nothing better."

"You understand, then? One, two, three, four!"

"One, two, three, four! *Sí*, Señor! One, two, three, four! One, two, three, four!"

"If the evening lasts as long," said Mr. Graham gravely. "And now let's find the orchestra."

The orchestra being willing, they danced on the sheltered side of B deck—the waves below, the stars and moon above. And whether or not Natalie was at all surprised, after he had danced the first dance with her Señor Carrara danced next with Celia, and then with Betty, and then with Fanny. But with the fifth dance he had reached Natalie again—and again Celia was disturbed at the welcome which was waiting for him in the depths of Natalie's dreamy eyes.

"Do you know," said Natalie, when the evening was over at last, and she and Celia lay in their berths, thinking of this and that and listening to the gentle slap of the waves on the *Empress's* side, "I think Carlos Carrara is the most wonderful man I ever met in my life!"

"'Carlos'?" repeated Celia. "He didn't tell me his name was Carlos."

"He told me, though," said Natalie proudly. "I wouldn't think too much about him, dear, if I were you."

"Why not?" asked Natalie in a moment. "Don't you agree that it's nice to think of pleasant things? Don't you believe it has a good effect upon the mind?"

Before Celia could reply, the strains of a muted mandolin were heard outside the stateroom door. Breathlessly Natalie slowly raised herself on one of her elbows.

"La Paloma!" she breathed. "He—he's serenading me."

Celia didn't know whether to laugh or be angry, and ended by lying still, wishing with all her heart that Miss MacVeigh had been more cautious in stepping over that icy strip of sidewalk.

"Nina, my own, if never again I meet you,
Then shall I send a snow-white dove to greet you.
Open wide then thy window, for it shall be
My soul from above come back—come back to thee—"

"Wasn't that beautiful!" whispered Natalie when the music at last faded into silence.

Celia almost responded, "No; it was silly," but she caught herself in time. Perhaps instinct told her that her task would only be harder if she made a rebel of Natalie and a martyr of the young man with the mandolin. So instead of speaking sharply, she managed to put a sympathetic inflection in her voice.

"It was a sweet idea," she said, "but I think you'd better tell him, dear, not to do it again. This ship is simply crowded with gossips; and if Señor Carrara wishes to be friendly with us, he couldn't start his friendship in any worse way than by giving the rest of the passengers a chance to laugh at you—and shrug their shoulders—and say all sorts of things behind your back."

"Oh, I don't mind gossip," said Natalie. "I think it always springs from jealousy, don't you?"

"Not always, dear," said Celia. "It might even spring from an indiscreet young man serenading a girl in a ship's corridor at midnight."

NATALIE didn't answer, which may have been due to a desire for silence or to the fact that Celia's disapproval was growing more and more discernible in the tone of her voice. But the next morning, when the other two young ladies from Miss Dana's hurried into the room before breakfast was over, it immediately became apparent that whatever emotions may have caused them to rise too soon, disapproval was not among them.

"Did you hear him last night?" asked Betty Sigsbee while she was yet opening the door.

"Of course, I heard him," said Natalie in tranquil satisfaction, sitting up in her berth and pouring cocoa.

"I could hardly believe it at first," said Betty. "Fanny was asleep, so I threw one of my slippers at her. 'Wake up!' I whispered. 'Señor Carrara's serenading us!' "

Natalie stopped pouring the cocoa long enough to give Betty such a look. " 'Us'!" she seemed to say. "What do you mean by 'us'?"

Celia, already dressed, finished her breakfast as soon as she could and hurried out.

"Natalie won't be dressed for half an hour," she thought. "Perhaps I can find Mr. Carrara and speak to him myself."

The young serenader, though, seemed to be sleeping late, but Mr. Graham and Bud were playing tennis on the boat deck.

"It is apparently true, then, that music hath charms," said Mr. Graham after Celia had related the adventure of the previous evening. "I'll sing the young man a song myself as soon as I see him—the chorus being that none of the girls in our party wishes to have musical publicity thrust upon her."

Bud thoughtfully frowned from the height of his six feet, three inches. "I can't sing," he

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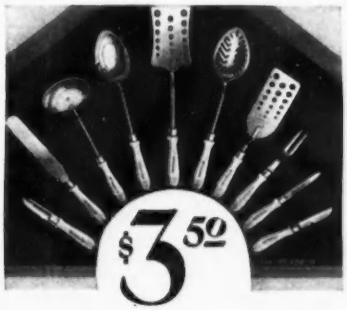


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## Around the World

said, "but I'll play the drum on him if he needs it. There's too much gossip on this ship already, and there's nothing I hate more."

Celia gratefully smiled at them both, happily untouched at the moment with any gift for telling the future.

"And you'll speak to Mr. Buhl when you see him?" she continued. "And you'll all be sure to—well—to concentrate on Natalie today?"

"You leave it to us," said Mr. Graham and Bud in faithful chorus.

Indeed, if anything, they did it too well—applying themselves so assiduously to Natalie that Bud neglected Betty, whom he was supposed to have that day. Perhaps the young Señor—tall, grave, and handsome—perceived this neglect, for when the hour arrived for bouillon, and Betty was missing, she was presently discovered in the crow's-nest with the gallant Don Carlos, gaily waving her handkerchief to her friends on the deck below.

"I didn't notice that she was gone," said Mr. Buhl.

"No," said Natalie, in a voice not far from trembling. "You were all so busy with me."

"Oh, dear!" thought Celia with a sinking heart. "Now we shall have to concentrate on Betty!"

The incident of the serenade, she discovered, was already being passed around among the deck-chairs. Miss Dorcaster had been one of the first to hear about it and was now hurrying around on sprightly feet, stopping with her torch of information wherever she saw a combustible pair of ears. "My dear, have you heard the latest?" or varying this with a more kittenish opening: "Ah? Waiting for your morning serenade?"

CELIA'S party was still staring up at the crow's-nest when Mrs. Basserville, the chief hostess, happened along.

"You girls seem to be having a beautiful time," she said. "Too bad that Miss Dana isn't here. I'm sure she would enjoy it!"

Celia, telling herself that this called for no answer, made none, but continued to watch the two in the crow's-nest.

"I don't see how they found their way up there," said Mr. Buhl.

"I showed them," said Mrs. Basserville, beaming. "The mast is made of hollow steel, and there's a darling little ladder inside. It's quite a favorite place, you'll find. Cupid's Bower, I believe it's called among the officers."

Celia gave her one of those looks.

"Did you speak, Miss Van Heusen?" asked Mrs. Basserville, still trying to beam, but bridling more instead.

"Not yet," said Celia quietly. "I was wondering whether or not to thank you—for showing them that 'darling little ladder.' "

Mrs. Basserville's mask-like countenance reddened, it might be said, in spite of itself. "We hostesses are thanked so little," she said, "that we have grown accustomed to it—as you yourself will find as soon as we leave Los Angeles."

She departed at that with as much of a flounce as the current styles permitted.

"A friendly soul," said Mr. Graham, looking after her with a meditative eye. " 'Doing good for the sake of good, and asking odds from no man.' "

Betty came down in time for lunch, rhapsodizing about the view from above. Natalie listened in a silence which can only be described as ominous—a brooding calm which left Celia more worried than any speech.

"Though what I'm going to do—" she thought with a helpless inability which wasn't far from despair.

The solution came during lunch. Bud La Roche was breaking his roll at the moment, and it may have been the sight of his mighty hands which caused the flush of inspiration to warm Celia's cheeks. She waited until they were filing out after lunch, and then she touched Bud's arm, and they dropped a few steps behind the others.

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## *turning it - - burning it*

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**NO BURNT TOAST!**

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That cannot be said of any other toaster made. Please remember this. Protected under U. S. Patent Laws, there is no other toaster "like" the Toastmaster.

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3 *Pop!—it's done. The exact shade of toast ordered perfectly toasted on both sides—current cuts off automatically.*

In using advertisements see page 6

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## Around the World

"Do you remember the first day on board, how you helped me?" she asked in a careful voice.

"Pshaw, that was nothing," he said. "You've more than made out—letting me in on your party."

"Indeed it was something," she earnestly told him. "And you did it so well, I'm going to ask you to help me again. Though this will take longer and — well — it may even be dangerous."

"Good!" said Bud with his majestic frown. "I'll bet I know what you want, too."

"What?"

"To keep an eye on that Spaniard!"

"Sh! Yes. I can't tell him to stay away from us—that would be dreadful, and probably useless, too—but—I wonder if you'd mind joining him every time he speaks to one of the girls—joining him and staying with him—so that instead of his being one of a duet (you understand?) he will always find himself in a trio."

"With me singing bass," said Bud, his frown more majestic than ever. "All right, Miss Van Heusen, you count on me. I can give you one piece of good news about him: he's going only as far as Panama. There he comes now, making for Natalie. I'll just slip in on the other side of her."

Celia sighed with relief at the success of her plan and in her newly-found freedom stopped at the Cruise office to see if Mr. Albans had any news.

"Not yet," he reported, "but it won't be long now. Just a little patience, Miss Van Heusen. I wouldn't be surprised if you hear from the captain any minute now."

But she didn't—neither that day nor the next. Yet without a doubt the search for the missing letters was going on. Opening the drawer of her wardrobe one evening, Celia was sure that its contents had been taken out and replaced in her absence. And a woman on E deck told a strange story of returning unexpectedly to her room and finding her steamer trunk standing in the middle of the room wide open—a trunk which five minutes earlier had been left beneath the berth, securely locked. The woman on E deck happened to tell Miss Dorcaster, and the next day the story was all over the ship.

On the morning following this Celia heard a rap on her door just as she finished dressing.

"Who is it?" she called.

"Captain's steward, Miss. Captain's compliments to Miss Van Heusen, and will she please step up to 'is office at the earliest possible moment."

As you can guess, it didn't take Celia long to get there—though when she reached the doorway marked "Captain" she walked more slowly, as though half dreading what she was about to see.

Indeed it was a curious scene. As she entered the office, the first one she saw was the captain, seated at his desk and attentively looking over the contents of one of the missing letter-files. The next figure she saw was that of the sergeant-at-arms, standing proud and upright and apparently guarding a prisoner who sat in a chair at the desk opposite the captain. And perhaps you can imagine Celia's astonishment when she moved another step into the room and perceived that the sergeant-at-arms' prisoner, so proudly, so jealously guarded, was no one else than the Rev. Mr. Graham!

### CHAPTER XV

"TAKE a chair, Miss Van Heusen," said the captain gravely.

Celia seated herself and couldn't help staring incredulously at Mr. Graham as she did so. As soon as he saw her, he had arisen, and for the first time since she had known him, she thought he looked embarrassed.

"This is one of your missing files?" continued Captain Wadsworth, holding it across the table.

## Around the World

Celia glanced first at the box and then at the top letter inside—a letter from a missionary in Aden stating that he could "find no record or recollection of the marriage of Robert Van Heusen of New York and no information regarding the birth of a daughter, whether named Celia or otherwise."

"Yes," she said in a muffled voice, remembering how attentively the captain had been looking through the file when she had entered the room. "That—that's one of them."

"Then perhaps you'll tell us noo where the otherr one is," said the captain sternly, turning to Mr. Graham.

"But, my dear sir," protested Mr. Graham, "I have already told you that I know nothing about 'the other one,' as you call it. For that matter I knew nothing about *this* one until I happened to see it on top of my wardrobe this morning."

"About what time, please?"

"About seven o'clock."

"About seven o'clock, yes. Then on your own admission you had it in your room two hours, and in all that time you failed to repoorrt it to your steward—failed to take the slightest step toward turning it in at the office. What is your explanation of that, Mr. Graham?"

"I am surprised, sir, that it doesn't occur to you."

"A vera cleverr answer, no doubt," said the captain dryly, "but I harrdly see how it sairves to establish your good faith in the matter. A stolen letter-file has been found in your room, and when I ask you for an explanation, you give me an evasion instead."

"Not at all," said Mr. Graham patiently. "I have already given you a straight answer. You asked me what I knew about this letter-file. I told you that I knew nothing about it until I happened to see it on top of my wardrobe, sticking up above the life-preservers, at seven o'clock this morning."

"And you didn't report finding it?"

"No, sir."

"Although the steward was in your room at least three times this morning, you said nothing to him about it?"

"Not a word."

"As a matter of fact, I understand that when the steward first entered your room this morning, you were examining the contents of this file."

"I had taken it down from the wardrobe only a few moments before," said Mr. Graham, more to Celia this time than to the captain, "and naturally I looked inside."

"And when the steward entered, you tried to hide it?" continued the captain.

"Yes, sir. I slipped it behind my pillow."

"You slipped it behind your pillow," sternly repeated the captain. "And when the sergeant-at-arms appeared at five minutes to nine and demanded the box, where had you slipped it then?"

"It was in my steamer trunk," said Mr. Graham, again half turning to Celia.

"Locked!"

"Securely locked."

"Any explanation?"

"A most obvious one," said Mr. Graham, beginning to speak sternly himself. "And again—permit me to say, sir—I am surprised that it doesn't occur to you."

THEY were interrupted by a rap on the door. The sergeant answered it, and after a whispered conference on the other side of the panels he reappeared and said to the captain:

"Begging your pardon, sir, but could I speak with you in private for just a moment? I think we're on the track of the other letter-file."

The captain joined the whispering conference, and Mr. Graham immediately turned to Celia.

"Of course you don't believe that I've gone in for shoplifting, or letter-lifting, or whatever one calls it?" he said in a low voice.

"Mr. Graham," said Celia gently, "even


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June 1929 Good Housekeeping


## Around the World

though I had seen you taking the box, I wouldn't believe it."

"And of course you understand—"

But here Captain Wadsworth returned, and Mr. Graham looked relieved when he saw that the captain was alone—the sergeant having evidently been started on the track of the other file.

"Now, Mr. Graham," said the captain. "Twice you have referred to an explanation which should have occurred to me. It may well be that theology requires a sharrrper mind than navigation, but will you be good enough to let me know your private reasons first, for not repoorting the stolen box; second, for hiding it behind your pillow; and third, for locking it in your steamer trunk?"

"My reason is simplicity itself, sir. I wished to save Miss Van Heusen's name from gossip."

"Thank you, Mr. Graham," said Celia in her quietest voice.

"As soon as I read the first few letters," he continued, "their meaning became obvious. They refer to the search of a marriage certificate for a Mr. Robert Van Heusen and a birth certificate for his daughter Celia. What a rich morsel for ship's gossip! Do you wonder that I hid the letters from my steward? That I locked them in my trunk?"

"And now Mr. Graham knows," Celia was thinking with a heavy heart, "and the captain knows—and Mr. Albans knows—and Mr. Buhl knows. It's just as I said the other day—*the whole ship will know yet!*"

"And what were you going to do with them?" asked the captain. "Keep them in your trunk?"

"Only until I had seen Miss Van Heusen."

"And you have no explanation—which should have occurred to me—of how they rrreached the top of your wardrobe?"

"None whatever. They were probably there the night before but could be seen only in daylight."

AGAIN they were interrupted, and with a heart heavier than ever Celia saw Miss Dorcaster enter the room, followed by the sergeant, who was proudly bearing the other missing letter-file. Evidently the captain had already met Miss Dorcaster, for he seemed to wince a little when he recognized her.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "I must say you have a queer idea of manners on this ship, Captain Wadsworth! It's bad enough for a stewardess to come gliding in and out of a person's room at any hour of the day or night, but when the sheriff, or whatever you call him, comes bouncing in, looking like a human ribbon counter—"

"Just a moment, madam, please," said the captain. "This letter-file which was found in your room—will you please let me know how it came there?"

"I'd like to know myself!" cried Miss Dorcaster. "But with everybody on this ship gliding in and out of a person's room and pulling their trunks out and opening them, I'm just about ready to give up. All I can tell you is this—that when I went back to my room after breakfast this morning, I found this box inside my wardrobe, and heaven knows it wasn't there half an hour before!"

"Have you any suspicions who put it in your wardrobe?" asked the captain.

"I could name a good many," said Miss Dorcaster darkly, "but I don't like to talk."

Mr. Graham's question went deeper. "Have you looked in the box?" he asked.

"Of course, I've looked in the box," she said. "I hope Mr. Sturtevant, or whatever his name was, finally found the right certificates, Miss Van Heusen. He certainly went to trouble enough. Though why those letters were placed in my wardrobe—!"

"Do you mind if I tell you?" asked Mr. Graham gently.

"Mind? Of course, I won't mind."

"They were put there by some one who hoped that you would talk about them," he

told her. "They were put there by some one who had little faith in you—some one who believed that you couldn't keep a secret—some one who thought that you had such an atrophied sense of delicacy that you would read a file of confidential letters and broadcast their contents all over this ship!"

Miss Dorcaster's lips tightened twice—once at the word "atrophied," and again at the word "broadcast."

"You mean that some one stole those letters out of Miss Van Heusen's room and put them in mine?"

"Exactly!"

"Thinking I would talk?"

"As if you would!" scoffed Mr. Graham anxiously.

"Mmm . . ." said Miss Dorcaster. "It looks to me, Miss Van Heusen, that there is some one on this ship who would like to make trouble for you."

"It looks very much so," sighed Celia.

"Mmm . . . You leave it to me, and I'll fathom it out. Sometimes a word dropped here—a word dropped there—"

She arose, as though already keen for the task which she had set herself. "You leave it to me, Miss Van Heusen," she said again at the doorway. "I'll keep my ears open—and I'll keep my eyes open."

"I believe the same thought is in all our minds," said Mr. Graham, trying to relieve the general solemnity after Miss Dorcaster had disappeared.

"You mean about keeping her mouth open?" grimly asked the captain. "Ah, well! At least we have your letters back, Miss Van Heusen. You'd better put them under lock and key this time, or they may get themselves distrrributed again."

They all arose, but Captain Wadsworth was not yet through. He cleared his throat, looked at Celia's troubled face, cleared his throat again.

"In glancing inadvertently over the letters," he said, "I gather they refer to some sort of search for a legal record."

"Yes," said Celia. "My father was married by a Christian missionary—but—we haven't been able to find him yet."

"And judging from the fact that you brrought the letters along, you are going to see if you can find him yourself?"

"Yes."

"Then maybe I can help a bit, for I know the Far East as well as the next man. We'll talk it over after we leave Los Angeles, and meanwhile I'll be turrning the matter in my mind."

CELIA locked the letter boxes in her trunk, but couldn't help thinking about the stable door and the stolen horse.

"You feel certain that Marchand had nothing to do with it?" repeated Mr. Buhl when they talked it over together.

They were playing shuffle-board, and Celia looked at the curly-headed one at the other end of the alley.

"I'm sure he didn't," she answered with quiet conviction.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Buhl—he who had once been labeled Efficiency Expert and liked to see a reason for everything.

"Because—he couldn't," said Celia—hesitating, it is true, but only for choice of words.

"Couldn't? Why not?"

"I know this sounds dreadful," she replied, gathering the wooden discs together with her cue, "but I don't believe any man could have done it—you know what I mean—putting one of those files in Mr. Graham's room because he sits at the table with me—and putting the other in Miss Dorcaster's room because she talks so much."

"You think, then—?" he asked.

"I'm not going to tell you what I think," she answered, carefully preparing for her first shot. "You must put it in words yourself."

Mr. Buhl, advancing with his cue, looked baffled. And yet it was clear enough. If a man hadn't done it—

He looked along the deck at the chalked oval which was to be his target—looked along the deck and saw more than his goal. He saw Miss Dorcaster, for instance, bending over between two steamer chairs, industriously fanning two pairs of eager ears. And almost at his side he saw Mrs. Basserville, the chief hostess, approaching—Mrs. Basserville of the masked features and confidential speech, of whom it was said that she could eat her dinner without opening her mouth.

"Good morning, Mr. Buhl. Good morning. Miss Van Heusen," said Mrs. Basserville, "You are both enjoying yourselves this beautiful morning, I hope?"

## CHAPTER XVI

THE next day they reached Colon; and, truth to tell, Celia was relieved at the prospect of getting away from the ship, if only for a few hours.

Miss Dorcaster, dropping a word here, dropping a word there, had possibly dropped a few more than she had intended.

"Do you notice how every one is looking after us?" Celia had murmured to Mr. Graham, as they strolled through the corridor lounge the night before.

Mr. Graham, seeking to soothe by the gentle application of humor, had elected to answer obliquely. "I have often heard that girls have eyes in the backs of their heads," he replied in the same low voice, "but I've never yet seen it proved."

"All right," said Celia. "When we get to the library door, let's suddenly turn around, and I'll prove it to you."

So they suddenly turned around.

"Well?" asked Celia, when they had turned again and entered the library. "What did you see?"

"Watchful eyes and whispering lips!" he had dramatically whispered.

This time Celia managed a small smile. Following Mr. Buhl's advice, she had taken Mr. Graham fully into her confidence—even to Judge Stuyvesant's cable about Perry Marchand.

"I'm glad I have you at Colon tomorrow," she said. "If I ever begin taking this thing seriously—!"

"Tomorrow will be a busy day," he had comfortably nodded. "I expect to gain much health tomorrow."

It's a question, though, whether Celia did.

The morning of their arrival at Colon, for instance, she was still dressing when she heard a mysterious and yet excited knock upon the stateroom door.

"Perhaps that's Carlos," said Natalie hopefully.

But it wasn't. It was Miss Dorcaster. And the moment Celia saw her, she knew that Miss Dorcaster had important news to tell.

"Can I see you *alone* for a minute?" she breathlessly began. And putting her head inside the door, she continued, "Are you *alone* in here?"

"No," said Celia, almost sternly. "I share this room with Miss Wills."

"Does she—*know?*" was Miss Dorcaster's next question, phrased silently with the lips, but coming through as clearly as if it had been spoken through a megaphone.

"No," said Celia, already sorry for the severity with which she had just spoken.

Prepared for every emergency, Miss Dorcaster opened her handbag, took out a blank bridge score-card and a pencil.

"The detective is up on B deck," she wrote. "Light brown stockings and striped four-in-hand tie. Mr. Marchand ! ! ! Sits at your table ! ! !"

"I was up early this morning," she added, speaking in a loud, sprightly manner, evidently for Natalie's benefit, "anxious to get my first


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# Around the World

glimpse of our Isthmian possessions. Oh, my dear, please don't think I'm in the habit of lisping! And—that was my first glimpse!" she added again, in some subtle manner seeming to point to the note with her eyebrows. "I thought you'd like to know! Do come up as soon as you can."

And finally, with another *double entendre* which spoke of diligent practise: "It's really a wonderful view—you shouldn't miss it—and I don't know how long you'll be able to see it—from B deck. Well, I must run along now. I want to see it again—ha-ha!—before it fades from view."

"Was that the Broadcaster?" asked Natalie in a languid voice as Celia returned to her dressing.

"Yes, dear."

"I thought I recognized her voice. What did she want?"

"She says there's a wonderful view—on B deck."

"A lot *she* cares," scoffed Natalie. "She probably wanted to see the inside of our room. I wonder why."

Celia didn't answer, too busy at the moment with a rising wonder of her own.

"'The detective is up on B deck. Light brown stockings and striped four-in-hand tie,'" she read again from the bridge score. "Now how on earth did she know that?"

And yet, as soon as it occurred to her, the solution was simplicity itself. That note which Judge Stuyvesant had written on the pier in New York Celia had slipped in one of the letter-files—evidently the file which had been placed in Miss Dorcaster's room.

"How carefully she must have read everything!" thought Celia. "And perhaps she broadcast that, too, yesterday," she added with a growing sense of alarm, "and they'll all be looking at Perry in his brown stockings and striped tie."

SHE had hardly finished this reflection when she heard that unmistakable shuffling noise which can be caused only by a letter being slipped under a door.

"Is that for me?" asked Natalie eagerly.

"No, dear," said Celia, looking at the name on the envelope. "For me."

"Who sent it?"

Again Celia didn't answer, busy opening the note. It was written, she discovered, on stationery from the writing room—a hurried but aristocratic hand.

"'Detective on B deck,'" she read. "'A Friend.'"

"Who sent it?" repeated Natalie.

"'A Friend,'" Celia thoughtfully answered.

"Oh, well, if you don't want to tell!"

"I can't tell," said Celia, crumpling it into a ball and throwing it through the port-hole. "It's one of those anonymous things."

"About me?" asked Natalie quickly.

"About you? No. Why should any one write an anonymous note about you?"

If Celia had been watching more closely, she might have seen that Natalie drew an unconscious sigh of relief.

"I think I'll get up now," she said. "You're about ready to go out, aren't you?"

Celia started for B deck, and on the stairs she met a cruiser.

"Oh, Miss Van Heusen," said this motherly old dear, desperately catching back at the manners of another age, "you don't mind my speaking to you like this? Without an introduction? But on shipboard, I've noticed—"

"Of course, I don't mind," said Celia warmly. "I've often wished I knew you."

"My dear! I am Mrs. Francis Hastings of Ottawa, and I'd love to know you. But what I want to tell you now—" She broke off, again perhaps partly confused by the age in which we live. "Of course," she continued, "I realize that Miss Dorcaster is a wonderful chatterbox—and sometimes it isn't wise to rely too much upon a chatterbox—but up on deck, near the front of the boat, there is a creature who sits at your table and who, I believe, you will be interested to see. A creature," she added, her voice dropping to a dramatic note, "a creature in light brown hose and a striped four-in-hand cravat!"

For the first time in her life Celia felt the approach of hysterical laughter, but checked it in time. "Thank you so much, Mrs. Hastings," she said. "I'm going up now to—to look at him."

"Is there any way I can help you? Would you like me to come with you?"

"No, thank you," Celia hastily replied. "I think I can take care of him."

She hurried up to B deck, and there, at the front of the boat, she saw the back of Perry Marchand, dressed as described, the tops of his ears as red as roses.

"Hello," she said, leaning her elbows on the rail by his side. "Up early this morning, aren't you?"

"Oh, hello," he said, turning toward her with obvious relief and showing Celia that the shade of his ears was only a sample of the color on his face.

"You look warm," she said as innocently as you please.

"I feel warm," he told her. "Listen. Do you notice anything queer in me this morning?"

"'Queer'?" repeated Celia, trying to look blank this time.

"Yes. Anything queer about my plus-fours—or golf stockings—or anything?"

"Of course, not," she told him. "Why?"

At the sound of approaching footsteps he took a hurried—almost a hunted—look over his shoulder. "Wait a moment," he said. "You'll see why."

Two grim-faced women were approaching, and when they reached the point where Mr. Marchand would be sure to hear them, one of them said to the other, "Talk about your wolves in sheep's clothing!" and the other said, "Nssss!"—not exactly a hiss, but not far from it.

By that time they had reached the further point, where they recognized Celia. "Good morning!" they exclaimed in friendly chorus, and the elder one pointed a significant finger at Mr. Marchand's back and then placed the same finger on her lips, as though to say,

"Be careful! Don't tell him anything!"

"There!" said Perry. "Did you hear them sniff?"

Possibly borrowing from Mr. Graham, Celia answered obliquely:

"Perhaps they have colds. Let's go up on A—we can see better from there."

TO REACH the stairway they had to walk along the deck for about two hundred feet, and even in that short distance Celia could see how busy Miss Dorcaster had been, dropping a word here, dropping a word there. But all the unfriendly looks weren't directed at Mr. Marchand. Now and then it was Celia who received the glance of disapproval.

"Wouldn't it be awful," she thought—again not knowing that the hand of prophecy was lightly resting upon her—"if all the *ship* were to take sides!"

At the top of the stairway Perry paused. "Did you notice anything?" he asked. "Or am I going dippy?"

"Of course, you aren't," she soothingly told him. "But—of course, this is only a wild idea—"

"Yes?"

"But—you remember what Percy said one noon—that there's always a detective on a cruise like this—"

"Ye-e-es?"

"As I said before, it's a perfectly wild idea, but some one told me that a detective came on board in a brown golf suit and a striped tie. Isn't that the weirdest thing? And perhaps the story is spreading."

"Great Scott!" he groaned.

# Around the World

"You could change, if you wished, and see if that makes any difference," she mildly suggested. "You know what I mean—before everybody on board identifies you with this particular costume."

It seemed to Celia that for about as long as it would take her to count five, Perry avoided her eye.

"I'll go and change," he said then. And with a bitterness which was too near tragedy to care a whit for grammar: "'Detective'!—Me!— What a name to fasten on a man!"

## CHAPTER XVII

MR. GRAHAM, thankfully rotating, had Celia at Colon. Together they rode to the Gatun locks and saw the ships being lifted and lowered in their watery elevators; saw the golf course by the side of the dam—a course laid out on twenty-one million cubic yards of dredged material from the Canal—the most costly eighteen holes in all the world.

"If I had brought my golf sticks and had plenty of time," said Mr. Graham in his grave and gentle voice, "I would still prefer to stay with you."

For that, Celia told him about Perry and the sniffing ladies, and Mr. Graham caught up on some of his lost laughter.

Returning to Colon, they rode in a *carometta*, hailing the driver by smartly clapping their hands, and shaking their right forefingers to indicate "No!" when Jehu named his first but not his last price per hour—three tricks which Mr. Buhl had taught them the night before. Then, of course, Mr. Graham bought a hat, Celia choosing the ribbon for him. And equally of course Celia bought one of those brightly colored hempen bags without which no feminine traveler has ever passed through the Panama Canal.

It was while they were bargaining for the bag—both of them briskly shaking their right forefingers at the moment—that Miss Dorcaster brought her second piece of news that day. She was passing the shop when she saw Celia inside, and she immediately entered, too.

"Oh, what a pretty bag!" she loudly exclaimed—this for Mr. Graham's benefit—and then, this a hurried whisper for Celia's ear:

"So glad I saw you! Mr. Marchand just sent a long cable—it must have been *at least* a hundred words! I happened to be going past the telegraph office when I saw him going in, and I thought I'd drop in, too, because some one *might* have been sending me a cable! But I couldn't see much of it—I had just read the address, 'Thyers & Neidlem, New York'—when the clerk simply *snatched* it down under the counter and gave me such an *impudent* look. . . . Yes, yes; the bags are lovely! But some of the ladies are only paying fifty cents for theirs!"

Thus Miss Dorcaster, sandwiching her thick whisper between two thin slices of fortissimo. Celia had hardly bought her bag and hung it over her arm when another cruiser entered. She was an elderly woman in a jaunty new Panama hat which didn't quite suit her, but there was more earnestness than jauntiness in her manner as she approached Celia.

"Oh, Miss Van Heusen," she said, "I'm so pleased I've met you. Miss Dorcaster is looking everywhere for you; and if she missed you and I saw you, she asked me if I would tell you that a 'certain party'—she said you would know whom she meant—that a 'certain party' had just sent a long cablegram to New York."

After Celia had thanked her, she somewhat hurriedly turned to Mr. Graham.

"Let's go to the hotel," she said. "I—I've finished my shopping."

They were to dine and dance that evening at a caravanserai overlooking the Caribbean. Celia's party sat together, and glancing around the table, it seemed to Celia that Natalie and the Señor were looking at each other with an expression which could hardly have been caused either by tomato bisque or fried chicken à la Maryland.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Celia. "Won't I be glad when we get to Panama tomorrow and Mr. Carrara leaves the ship!"

But much was to happen before then. While they were dancing that evening, for instance, in due course of rotation Perry became Celia's partner, and instead of leading her out upon the floor, he said:

"I wonder if you'd mind sitting this one out. I want to tell you something."

They went out into the garden, Celia calm and queenly to the eye but all breathless within, wondering what Perry was going to tell her. The new moon had already set, and the stars had the sky to themselves, shining on their indigo velvet like great, blue diamonds.

"Isn't it wonderful about the stars," said Celia, "how much brighter they seem in the tropics! Mr. Albans was telling me last night that this is the most southern point of our whole journey, except for Java, Singapore, and Ceylon."

Perry wasn't there, though, to talk geography. "I don't know whether you know it or not," he abruptly began, "but when I left law-school, last fall, I started in with Thyers & Neidlem."

"Yes?" said Celia, still looking up as though more interested in Sirius and Aldebaran.

"You probably know," he continued, "that they are Mrs. Blanchard's lawyers in the matter of the Van Heusen estate."

"Yes," she quietly nodded. "I do know that."

"Of course, you know, too," he continued, "that—well—if certain records should be found, the Blanchards would have no case at all, and you would come in for practically the whole estate."

"*If* they should be found," said Celia, nodding again.

"Exactly. So when Mr. Neidlem asked me to come on this cruise, it seemed legitimate enough. He knew that you were coming, and he knew why you were coming, and so it sounded reasonable that the Blanchards should also be represented."

"Why not?" said Celia in her quiet voice.

"That's what I thought. It wasn't decided till a few days before the *Empress* sailed, and there was a big rush getting passports and papers and cleaning up my desk. But just before we sailed, Mr. Neidlem told me certain information that he wanted me to get—certain daily reports that he wanted me to make—and —well, I didn't like it, and I told him so."

"I think you would," said Celia, smiling.

"I did! But, you see, it was so late that he couldn't get any one else. And—and I hadn't met you—then. But this is what I wanted to tell you. I sent Mr. Neidlem a cable today telling him that I was through—that I was resigning—that I had entered his office to be a lawyer and not—not a *detective!*"

FROM the bitterness of his voice it was evident that he had not yet forgotten his experience on the front of B deck that morning.

"Of course," he continued, "they will probably send some one else. They have plenty of time to get a man on board at Los Angeles. But so far as I'm concerned—well—I wanted you to know what I've just told you."

"Then—you're leaving the ship at Los Angeles?" hesitated Celia.

"I am not!" he exclaimed. "I'm writing Mr. Neidlem tonight, sending him a check for the amount he paid Mr. Albans, and I'm going around on my own."

They were interrupted by the brisk approach of Miss Dorcaster.

"Oh, there you are!" she said. And in a voice which simply dripped with mystery: "Oh, Miss Van Heusen, can I see you a few minutes *alone*, please? I have something *very, very* important that I must tell you *without delay!*"

*(To be continued)*

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Photos by Harris & Ewing.


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Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. A square gold box of loveliness for one dollar.


# The Studio Furnishes a Firesafe House

*(Continued from page 65)*

instead of keeping the finish of the walls the same, since each bedroom is a separate unit in any family, we made each room different. There are four bedrooms, two on each side of a central hall. The main bedroom in which there are two single beds was furnished for a man and his wife. This room has a charming paper in which there is a great deal of blue, with an accent of pink. Therefore the color scheme is one of pink and blue and yellow, with the furniture of brown mahogany and walnut in the feeling of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century. The single beds have a ribbon motif reminiscent of Chippendale for their head and foot board. The dressing-table of walnut, with the Queen Anne drops, is really a knee-hole desk used for this purpose. A chest of drawers with a mirror hung over it is just discernible in the picture. A sewing machine which closes up like a table is placed on another wall space, as is a plain side chair.

The draperies are of blue percale finished with a knife-plaited ruffle in pink. This pink is repeated in the mercerized silk bedspreads, with the contrast repeated by blankets of blue. A fascinating little overstuffed chair, small enough to be in scale with the room, is covered in a chintz which takes in all the colors of a garden, but with a predominating stripe of blue. A night stand placed between the beds holds an effective lamp with a parchment shade with a flower print let into it. Flower vases, scrap baskets, attractive silver bureau fittings —all add the intimate touch which the room should have.

The furnishings are from: Wallpaper, M. H. Birge and Sons Co.; Furniture, Berkey and Gay, Kindel Furniture Co., Charak Furniture Co., Singer Sewing Machine Co., Baker Furniture Factories, West Michigan Furniture Co.; Bed Accessories, Grand Rapids Bedding Co., Kenwood Mills, Esmond Mills, Pepperell Mfg. Co.; Rug, Mohawk Carpet Mills; Draperies & Upholstery, H. B. Lehman-Connor Co., Stroheim & Romann; Lamps and Accessories, Kanne and Bessant, International Silver Co., Stern Bros., Mayhew Shop, Harlow & Howland.

### A Bedroom in Pink and Yellow

Across the hall is a bedroom which could be turned into a nursery or be used by a young girl. The dormer roof comes into this room so that low furniture, on a small scale, looks better in it than heavy pieces. The bed is of metal. A table of Duncan Phyfe type is placed in front of a window, with a dressing mirror on it, while a chest of drawers is opposite a window. This room, like the others, has a comfortable overstuffed chair, a side chair, a night table, and a plain rug.

The paper used on the walls shows a small figure in which there is pink and yellow. The draperies, therefore, were of a solid yellow. The yellow of these curtains is repeated in the tufts of a candlewick bedspread on the green iron bed. The furniture itself is of mahogany, while the overstuffed chair is of a flowered chintz, picking up and accenting the yellows and pinks in the room.

The furnishings are from: Wallpaper, Robert Graves Co.; Furniture, Simmons Co., John Widdicomb Co., Maxwell-Ray Co., Baker Furniture Factories; Bed Accessories, Utica Steam & Mohawk Valley Cotton Mills, Grand Rapids Bedding Co., Kenwood Mills, Stern Bros.; Rug, Klearflax Linen Looms; Draperies & Upholstery, R. Carrillo & Co., Marshall Field Wholesale; Lamps and Accessories, R. Wallace & Sons, Towle Mfg. Co., Makanna Co., Olivette Falls, Harlow & Howland.

Next to this room, at the front of the house, is a room furnished in maple. This has a low four-poster bed, a charming bureau and mirror shown at the top of page 64, a bedside table, an overstuffed chair, a reed-seated chair, and is furnished in the Colonial feeling.

The wallpaper gives the feeling of pink and shows a tiny, red star on a cream ground. The floors are stained and polished, and covered with a plain brown rug. The draperies, bedspread, and slip-cover in this room are the same—toile de Jouy in a dull blue on a cream ground. This quaint, old, French figured pattern is particularly pretty with the maple furniture.

The silver candlesticks, silhouettes, simple bureau covers, and attractive scrap basket, of a solid yellow with a flower print for relief, are the other furnishings.

The furnishings are from: Wallpaper, Thomas Strahan Co.; Furniture, Harlow & Howland, Stickley Bros. Co.; Bed Accessories, Grand Rapids Bedding Co., Wamsutta Mills, Nashua Co., Kenwood Mills; Draperies & Upholstery, Stroheim & Romann, R. Carrillo & Co.; Rug, Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Co.; Lamps and Accessories, Foster & Co., International Silver Co., Reed and Barton, Kanne and Bessant, Stern Bros., Mayhew Shop, Olivette Falls.

### A Bedroom in Blue and Flowered Chintz

Outside this room, on the other side of the hall, is the other large bedroom of the house. A double bed could be placed in the room, although the Studio used a single bed only. A glimpse of this room is shown in color at the top of page 63, and two views on page 65. Again paper is used for the walls, with a yellow feeling predominating. The curtains are of solid blue moiré, which is also used for the bedspread. The rug is of two tones of brown.

The furniture in this room is particularly interesting. A low four-poster bed is placed out from one wall, a high chest of drawers (see page 65), with a gilt mirror above it, is in good design, and like the dressing-table in the opposite picture is of mahogany. Above the dressing-table is a mirror showing the fretted frame of Chippendale influence. An easy chair, a chaise longue, a sewing table, and a standard lamp are in the room, as well as the dressing-table bench. Enough contrast to the patterned wall was given by the plain blue moiré bedspread and curtains and the plain brown rug to permit the overstuffed chair and chaise longue being in a gaily-flowered chintz in which pink predominated. This chaise longue has pillows of lingerie, as well as of yellow, while the throw is of solid blue.

The furnishings are from: Wallpaper, Baeck Wallpaper Co.; Furniture, Lincoln Furniture Co., Berkey and Gay Furniture Co., S. Karpen & Bros., Furniture Shops; Bed Accessories, Frank A. Hall Co., The Karr Co., Grand Rapids Bedding Co., Pequot Sheets, Kenwood Mills; Rug, Mohawk Carpet Mills; Draperies and Upholstery, H. B. Lehman-Connor Co., Witcombe, McGeachin & Co.; Lamps and Accessories, Towle Mfg. Co., Makanna Co., Harris Interior Arts, Mayhew Shop.

In each room there is a closet fitted with a shelf, with a pole under it, padded hangers, hat stands, and garment bags to protect light dresses from brushing against darker clothes.

The bathrooms are two, in this house, one at each end of the hall upstairs. These have colored tile floors and colored tile dados, a color of which the tint is repeated in the shower curtain and the curtain at the window. There is every reason to follow a color scheme in a bathroom. Towels and wash cloths may either be monogrammed in the color that is chosen, or they can be bought with a striped border of the color. On the main floor next the kitchen, which is furnished with modern equipment, is a lavatory.

The furnishings are: Towels, Cannon Mills, Martex, Putnam Knitting Co.; Curtains, Vulcatex Co.; Toilet Supplies, Yardley & Co., Ltd., Lehn & Fink, Inc., Richard Hudnut, Elizabeth Arden, Inc.; Table Linens, Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, Derryvale Linen Co.; Quilts, Louisville Bedding Co.; Shelving, Waverly Prints; Garment Carrier, Knape & Vogt. A Eureka vacuum cleaner was used.

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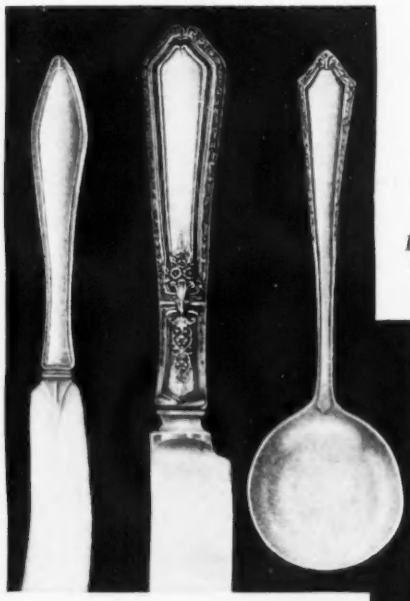

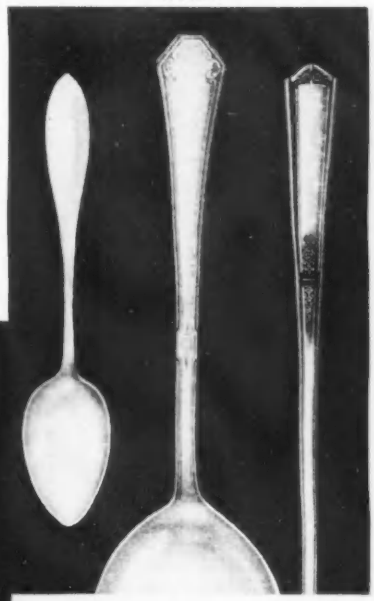

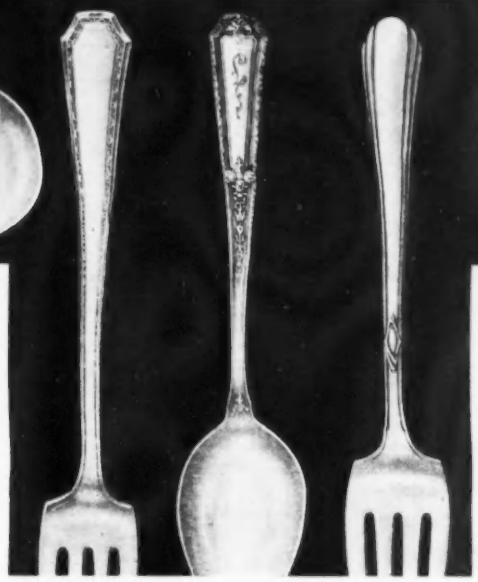

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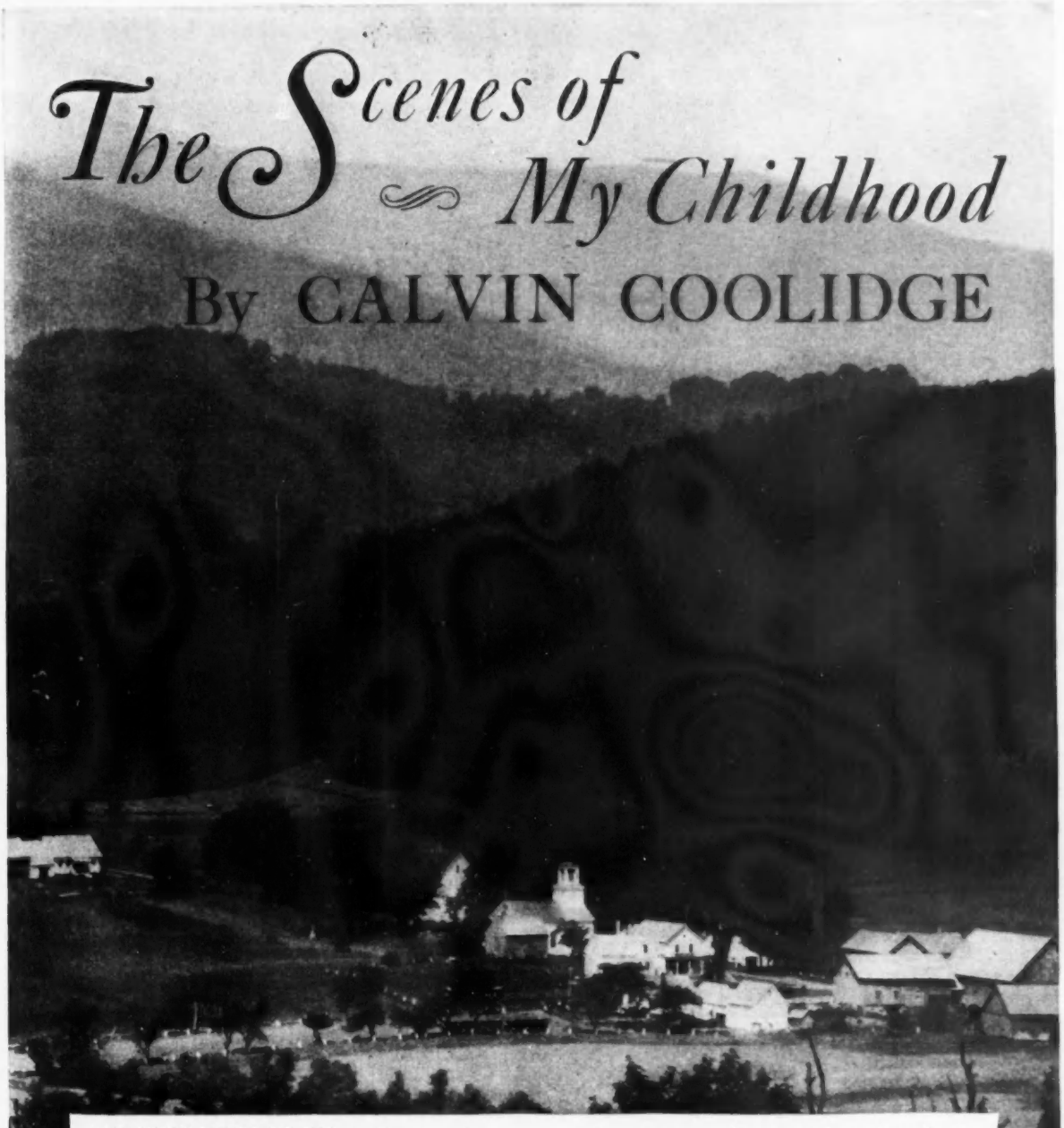

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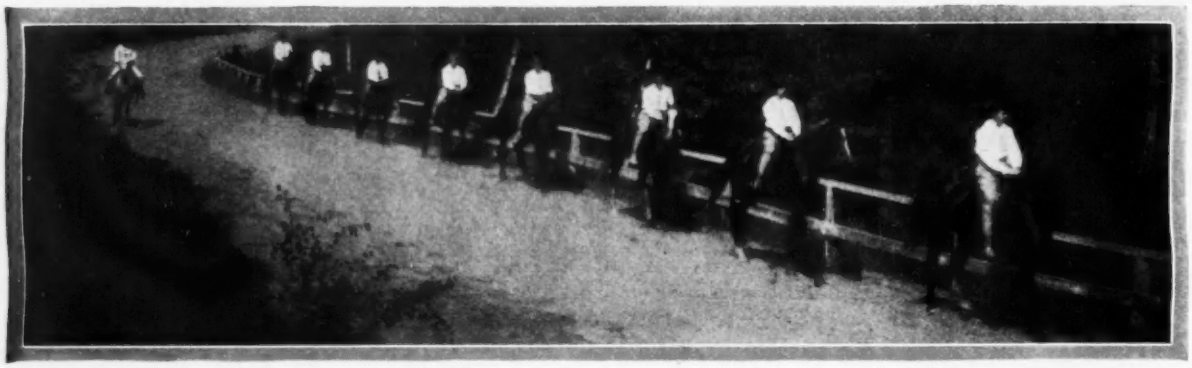

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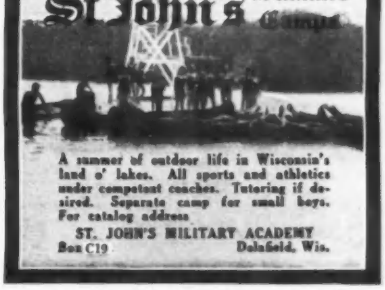

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In using advertisements see page 6

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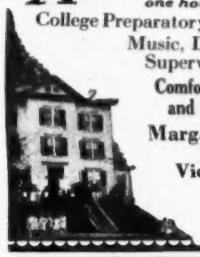

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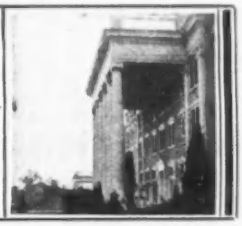

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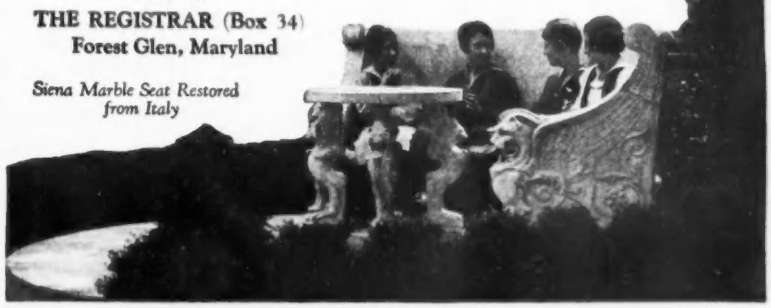

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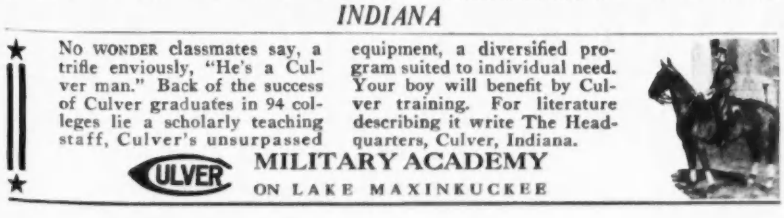

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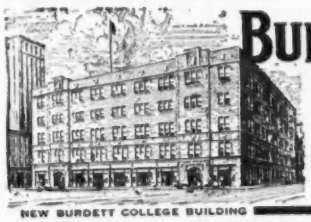

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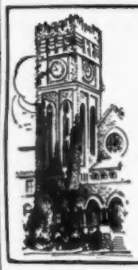

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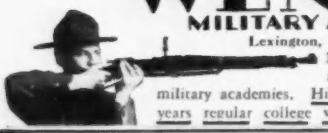

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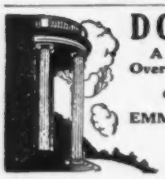
## NEW YORK CITY



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Catalog
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In using advertisements see page 6

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In using advertisements see page 6

## TENNESSEE

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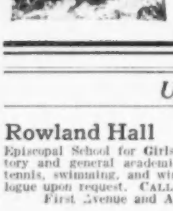

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## VIRGINIA

# AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

A school of old traditions—new equipment. $150,000 gymnasium just completed, glass enclosed swimming pool attached. Modern teaching aids in all classrooms

In the beautiful and healthful Shenandoah Valley . . . free from distracting influences. Intensive application under thoroughly equipped instructors responsible for success of students in many colleges. Accredited. Boys from 28 states. R.O.T.C. Winning teams developed through policy of athletics for all. 63rd year. Catalog.

**Col. T. J. Roller or Major C. S. Roller, Jr., Principals**
**Box G, Fort Defiance, Virginia**

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### Stuart Hall

Episcopal school for girls—Eighty-sixth Session. Rich in traditions of the past; alive to the needs of the present. Thorough college preparation. Outdoor sports. Address
MRS. H. N. HILLS, A.B.
Box B, Staunton, VIRGINIA.

---

# WARRENTON COUNTRY SCHOOL

In the beautiful Piedmont Valley near Washington. Planned to teach girls how to study, to bring them nearer nature, and to inculcate ideas of order and economy. Fixed rate. College Preparatory and Cultural Courses. Separate cottage for young girls. French the language of the house.
Mlle. Lea M. Bouligny, Box 6, Warrenton, VA.

---

ACCREDITED Junior College for young women in heart of healthful Virginia mountains. Two years high school, two years college. Music, art, home economics, secretarial science, physical education. New dormitories—every room with bath. All outdoor sports. Modern gymnasium, swimming pool, stage. Tennis. Nine hole golf course on 52 acre campus. Christian, non-sectarian. Home-like life. Catalog. W. B. Guerrant, President, Box 200, Abingdon, Va.

## Stonewall Jackson

---

### Massanutten

College preparatory. Accredited. Average class 12. Military for executive and physical values. Modern equipment—gymnasium—swimming pool—athletics. Shenandoah Valley, near Washington. Catalog.
DR. HOWARD J. BENCHOFF, Headmaster,
Box 40, Woodstock, VA.

---

### Mary Baldwin College

For women. Courses lead to B.A. and B.S. degrees. Music, art, spoken English, physical education. Gymnasium and field athletics. Modern equipment. In beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Founded 1842. Catalog.
Staunton, VA.

---

### Hargrave Military Academy

High scholastic standards at low cost. Prepares for college and business. Christian influence. Non-sectarian. Junior Dept. for boys 10-14. Excellent athletic equipment. Catalog.
A. H. CAMDEN, A.B., Pres.
Box G, Chatham, VIRGINIA.

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## *Catalogs—*

Any of the schools whose announcements appear in these pages will be glad to send you their catalogs and full information regarding their courses.

Please feel free to write the schools fully regarding your requirements and give them just as complete information as possible.

# Southern Seminary

A SCHOOL OF CHARACTER

**For girls.** In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, in the midst of almost Alpine scenery. Home life is that of a fine old southern family. College preparatory. Seminary and Junior College. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, Social Training, Physical Education and Secretarial courses. The school is noted for its mental and physical health. All sports. Golf. Gaited Saddle Horses. Indoor sunlight swimming pool. 320-ft. veranda. Mountain water. 62nd year. **Catalog.** Address:
**ROBERT LEE DURHAM, President, Box 944, Buena Vista, Virginia**

UNEXCELLED disciplinary training and superior academic work have given Staunton a nation-wide distinction among preparatory schools. High standards, traditions and high moral tone have helped immeasurably to fit graduates to succeed—at college, in business and in life. They may enter West Point or Annapolis by recommendation.

Located in the beautiful and healthful Shenandoah Valley. Altitude 1600 feet. Daily exercise in clean, dry, mountain air. Pure mountain spring water. Superior student personnel.

Separate buildings and teachers for younger boys. All students are given individual attention—have full advantage of our tutorial system. Five gymnasiums, swimming pool, and athletic park have been provided for manly sports. Fire-proof equipment. Catalog. Col. Thos. H. Russell, B.S., LL.D., Pres., Box G, Staunton, Va.

## STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

# VIRGINIA COLLEGE

**Accredited Junior College** for Young Women. Standard Junior College Courses. Also College Preparatory. 36th year.

**Special Courses** in Music. Art. Expression. Journalism. Library Science. Domestic Science. Physical Education. Secretarial Science.

*In the Beautiful Valley of Virginia. Modern Buildings. Large Campus. Supervised Athletics. Archery. Tennis. Riding. Soccer. Excursions to nearby Historic points of interest.*

**Mr. and Mrs. George Collen, Principals** — **Box G, Roanoke, Virginia**

## Danville Military Institute

A non-profit school training for college or gov't academies. Accredited. Mild climate year 'round. Piedmont section of Virginia. Modern equipment. All athletics, swimming pool. Christian atmosphere. Catalog.
COL. W. M. KEMPER, Supt., Box G, Danville, Va.

## Virginia Intermont College

ENDOWED Junior College and High School for young women, founded 1884. Accredited. Faculty of specialists. Spacious campus in healthful mountains. Outdoor sports, gymnasium, pool. Beautiful, homelike buildings, private baths. Music, home economics, dramatics, art, secretarial courses. Physical training. Girls from 30 states. Moderate rate. **H. G. NOFFSINGER, President, Box 122, Bristol, Va.**

## Fairfax Hall

*"Add in!"*

CHARMING life of the South with thorough preparation for the leading colleges. Elective courses and one year Junior college. Music, art, expression, secretarial science, journalism and physical education. Modern buildings on a 50-acre campus in the Blue Ridge Mountains, overlooking the Shenandoah Valley. Sports. Catalog. Box 6-G, Park Station, Waynesboro, Va. John Noble Maxwell, Pres.

## Virginia Episcopal School

Non-military. Founded to afford superior preparation for all colleges at moderate rate. Accredited. Healthful, beautiful location at Lynchburg in Virginia mountains. New buildings. High standard in scholarship and athletics. OSCAR DEWOLF RANDOLPH, RECTOR. Box 727 G, Lynchburg, VA.

## FORK UNION

A Non-Profit Military Academy under an eminent Board of Trustees. **Delightful home life in healthful Virginia environment.** Honor Ideals. Small Classes. Supervised study. Prepares for College or Business. Fully accredited. Able faculty of friendly masters. **New fireproof buildings.** R. O. T. C. All athletics. Moderate rate. **Catalog. Address Col. N. J. Perkins, President, Box G, Fork Union, Va.**

## Martha Washington College

**For young women. Located in a delightful southern climate at 2200 feet elevation. Accredited Junior College—2 years preparatory, 2 years college. Strong departments in Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Physical Education, Secretarial Science.** Swimming pool. All sports. 76th year. References required. Catalog. **C. D. CURTIS, Pres., Box G, Abingdon, Va.**

## SULLINS COLLEGE

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

"VIRGINIA PARK"—overlooking the city of Bristol in the healthful mountain climate of "Old Virginia." College Preparatory and Junior College; Music, Art, Dramatics, Journalism, Secretarial, Domestic Science, Character and Social Training. Students from 40 states and foreign countries. **Fully Accredited; member of both Southern and American Associations. 58th Year.** Modern new buildings, every room has a bath attached. Health record unexcelled. Fine outdoor life. Horseback riding, Swimming, and Gymnasium. 100-acre campus with beautiful lake and water sports. **Washington, D. C. advantages optional.** Early application advised. For CATALOG and book of views address:
**W. F. MARTIN, Ph.D., Pres., Box G, Bristol, Va.**

## RANDOLPH MACON School for Girls

*In the famous Piedmont section of Virginia*

**College preparatory and post-graduate courses. Accredited.** Superior advantages for study of Voice, Violin, Piano, Art, Expression.

Well-equipped buildings. Beautiful 11 Acre Campus. Modern gymnasium. Basketball, Tennis, Riding, Swimming, Track, Golf. Excellent Health Record.

Limited to 100. Moderate Rates. *For Catalog address*
**John C. Simpson, A.M., Principal, Box G, Danville, Virginia.**

## FISHBURNE MILITARY SCHOOL

**Aim**—*"Not the largest, but the best"*

IN EVERY class each boy recites every day. Contacts with schoolmates from all over the country. Graduates enter all colleges. Certificate privileges. Mild year 'round climate. Easily reached. Full athletic program supervised by experienced men. Modern equipment. Swimming pool. Col. M. H. Hudgins, Box G, Waynesboro, Virginia.
*Member Ass'n of Military Colleges and Schools of U. S.*

## Randolph-Macon ACADEMY

BEDFORD, VIRGINIA

TRAINING for college or business in high moral atmosphere, refined surroundings. Boys recite in small class, are graded daily, attend supervised study hall to strengthen weak scholastic points. Certificate privileges. Whole school under one roof. On main line railway and state highway in Shenandoah mountains. Large endowment. Gymnasium and swimming pool. **Col. Wm. R. Phelps, Prin. Box G, Bedford, Va.**

## MANCH COLLEGE

MUSIC
FINE ARTS
LANGUAGES
SECRETARIAL
INTERIOR DECORATING
PHYSICAL TRAINING
COMMERCIAL ART
FASHION DESIGN
DRAMATICS

**Amidst the mountains of Old Virginia in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. State authorized Degrees, 8 courses. Combine Cultural and Vocational training.** High School and College. A. B. and B. Mus. Golf, Horseback riding, Swimming, new brick buildings. Catalog (mention courses desired) address:—**President, Box G, College Park, Staunton, Va.**

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

## RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY

**FRONT ROYAL** — **VIRGINIA**

COLLEGE preparation for boys. Individual attention in small classes. Latest modern equipment in new fire-proof plant. Shenandoah Valley, 80 miles from Washington. Modified military training. Swimming pool. Outdoor athletics. 38th year. Moderate rate. Summer camp. Catalog.
**CHARLES L. MELTON, A.M., Principal, Box 417.**

## SOUTHERN Junior COLLEGE

IN THE HEART OF OLD VIRGINIA

EST. 1863

**For Girls and Young Women**
**Standard High School and Junior College**

Also Diploma Courses in Music; Dramatic Art; Home Economics; Journalism; or Secretarial. *Member American Association of Junior Colleges.* **Horseback Riding,** Golf, Swimming, Tennis, Country Club Privileges. All inclusive rate $800 yearly. ***For catalog address:*** Arthur Kyle Davis, Pres., 222 College Place, Petersburg, Virginia.

In using advertisements see page 6

## VIRGINIA

**Averett College** For Young women. Junior College and High School. Accredited. New Science and Music Buildings. Modern equipment. Gym. Swimming pool. Music, Commercial, Expression, Home Economics, Art courses. Moderate rates. Founded 1859. Catalog and view book. DR. J. W. CAMMACK, A.M., President, Box GH, Danville, VIRGINIA.

**Chatham Hall**

EPISCOPAL School for Girls in Southern Virginia. College Preparatory and General Courses. Special work in Home Economics, Music, Art, Dramatics. Accredited. Beautiful, healthful location. 175 acre estate; modern buildings; excellent equipment. Riding, swimming, golf. School dairy. Catalogue. **Rev. Edmund J. Lee, M.A., Rector. Box G, Chatham, Va.**

**Blackstone College** For Girls. 60 m. from Richmond. 5 hrs. from Washington. Old Virginia ideals adapted to the best modern demands. New fire-proof buildings. 4 years preparatory. 2 years college. Commercial and Fine Arts Courses. All sports. Reasonable rates. Catalog. Write Dept. G. W. B. GATES, A.M., Pres., Blackstone, VIRGINIA.

## WEST VIRGINIA

**Greenbrier College**

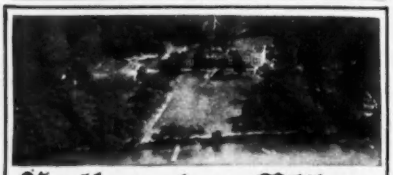
**FOR YOUNG WOMEN.** Junior College and last 2 years of High School. Conservatory advantages in Music, Art and Dramatics. Secretarial. Outdoor life, **Horseback Riding,** Swimming, Golf, Tennis. ***For information address*** French W. Thompson, Pres., Box G, **Lewisburg, West Virginia.**

**St. Hilda's Hall**

The Chevron School for Girls. (8 Miles from Harper's Ferry; 60 Miles from Washington, D. C.) Episcopal. In the Shenandoah Valley. College Prep.
MARIAH PENDLETON DUVAL, Principal,
Box G, Old Charles Town, W. Va.

If you cannot find in these pages the type of school you are seeking or one in the locality you prefer, write our School Department and we shall be glad to help you.

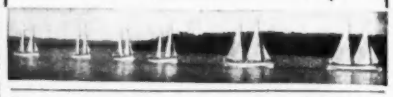
## WISCONSIN



**Northwestern Military and Naval Academy**

70 miles from Chicago. An Endowed College Preparatory School and Junior College. Its distinctive advantages will interest discriminating parents and appeal to the virile American boy who enjoys athletics, outdoor life, etc. Beautiful, new, modern buildings with every known improvement in heating, lighting, sanitation, etc. Fireproof. A visit to the school while in session is necessary to appreciate its superior location, equipment and student spirit. Catalog and information on request.

**COL. R. P. DAVIDSON, Superintendent**
**Lake Geneva, Wisconsin**



**Lawrence Conservatory of Music**

(A department of Lawrence College.) All branches of Music. Diplomas and Degree Bachelor of Music awarded. Superior public school Music course. Dormitories. Send for catalog. CARL J. WATERMAN, Dean,
Box G, Appleton, Wis.

## WEST VIRGINIA

**GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL**

Over 100 years in the "Old Virginia" town of Lewisburg. Healthful, mountainous location. (2300 ft.) Near Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs. ***New Modern Fire-proof Buildings.*** **System of rewards in discipline arouses ambition** and develops ***character*** and manly boys. Riding. Athletics: Every cadet can be on a team. Five courses lead to diploma, including business. GRADUATES ADMITTED TO COLLEGES WITHOUT EXAMINATION. Post Graduate. ***Also lower school.*** Delightful home life. R. O. T. C. Numbers limited to 300. Catalog:—

**COL. H. B. MOORE**
**Box G. Lewisburg, W. Va.**

LEWISBURG W. VIRGINIA

## WISCONSIN

**Every Inch a Man**

Clear-eyed, sturdy, keen-minded and **clean**-minded. Resourceful, courteous, dependable and honest. Such are the possibilities for the lad who places himself in harmony with the ST. JOHN'S method. The aim of St. John's training is high, the results gratifying. The men who direct it are men of experience. Problems that the average parent meets once or twice in a lifetime, they have met hundreds of times. Their judgment is sound, their vision broad. **Your** boy will benefit by contact with them. Give him the opportunity. St. John's Summer Camps. Send for catalog. Box 7F.

**Delafield, Waukesha Co., Wis.**

**St. John's Military Academy**
EPISCOPAL THE AMERICAN RUGBY

**Hillcrest** For Girls. Ages 6 to 14. Charming home life. Thoroughness in grade work. Music emphasized. Art, French, Dramatics, Dancing. Outdoor games and activities. 20th year. In healthful hill country, convenient to Chicago.
MISS SARAH M. DAVISON, Principal,
Box 4-G, Beaver Dam, WISCONSIN.

**Wayland Academy** College preparatory with high standards. Graduates in 30 colleges. All athletics. Music and Expression. A true home school with Christian atmosphere. Co-educational. Est. 1855. Endowment makes possible moderate rate. Catalog. EDWIN P. BROWN, Principal,
Box HC, Beaver Dam, WIS.

**WYLER SCHOOL for YOUNG BOYS**

**A Year-round home school for young boys. Primary and Grammar Grades.** Individual Teaching. Manual Training. Boy Scout Organization. Gardening. Lake. Water Sports. Winter Sports. Vacation School during July and August. **Moderate Rates. No extras.**

*For Information address:*
**W. H. Wyler, Box G, Evansville, Wisconsin**

## WISCONSIN

**Grafton Hall** Academy and Junior College for girls, at foot of Lake Winnebago. College preparatory. General courses. Dramatics, music, art, secretaryship, home economics, physical education. Invigorating outdoor sports. Pre-Academic, 6th to 8th grades. Catalog.
Box 35, Fond du Lac, WISCONSIN.

**MILWAUKEE-DOWNER SEMINARY**

**A College Preparatory School for Girls**

**Fully accredited. College trained faculty.**
**Liberal academic course for those not going to college.**
Courses in Music, Art, Domestic Science.
Careful instruction in small classes.
Complete equipment and recreational facilities.
Gymnasium. Moderate fees. *For catalog address*
**Miss Anna A. Raymond, A.M., Principal**
**Box G, Milwaukee-Downer Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin**

## WYOMING

**VALLEY RANCH SCHOOL FOR BOYS**

**Valley, Wyoming**

THOROUGH preparation for all colleges and universities. Small classes. Sound teaching by experienced instructors. Outdoor life free from distractions, full of interest. Polo, rifle practice, mountain trips and athletics under careful supervision. Develops health, mentality and character. Christian influence. Limited enrolment. Catalog.
**JULIAN S. BRYAN, *Eastern Director***
**70 East 45th Street, New York**

*A horse for every boy at Valley Ranch*

***— the largest number of schools and camps ever represented in any issue of Good Housekeeping***

400 schools and camps present their announcements to you in this issue. This is the largest number of school and camp announcements which has ever appeared in any one issue of Good Housekeeping.

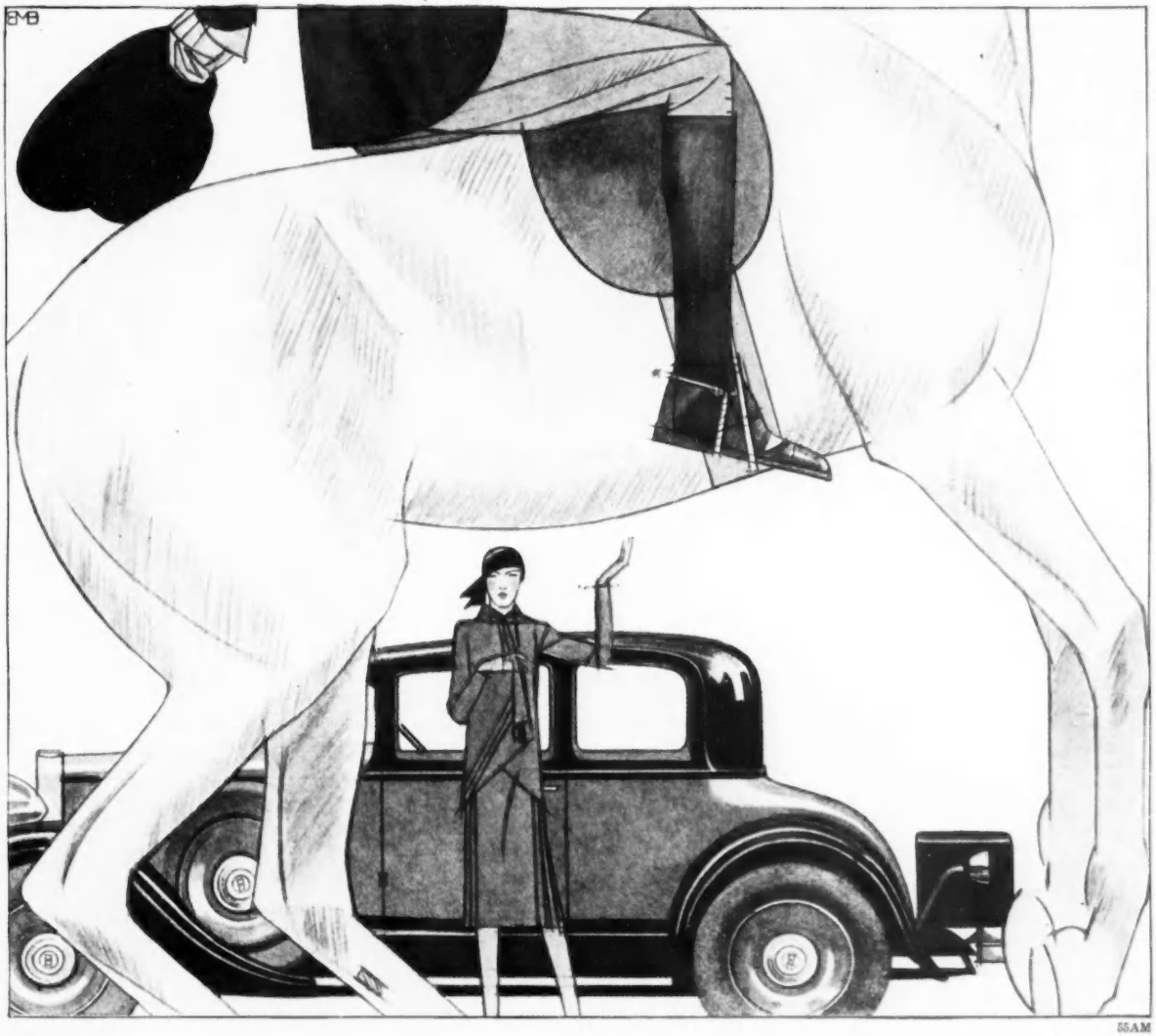
You will find in these pages the announcements of schools and camps of every type and representing 34 states, as well as the District of Columbia and Canada.

Good Housekeeping endorses all of these schools and camps and recommends each of them to you as meriting in every way your confidence and patronage.

Any of these schools and camps will be glad to send you their catalogs and full information if you will write directly to them.

# CREATORS OF THE MODE

HER FROCK BY WORTH . . . HER CAR BY HUPMOBILE



When the Prince of Wales appears in new style riding clothes, the world hears about it instantly. Because they are smart and right and there's authority back of them . . . It was that way with the new Century cars. Smart and right, and backed with twenty years of HUPMOBILE engineering authority. Other cars complimented the new Century style by fashioning after it. But HUPMOBILE remains a step ahead and an idea ahead. Surface details may be duplicated, but not the distinguished ensemble created by twenty years of creative designing in the automotive field. That remains wholly HUPMOBILE'S . . . and at this very tick of your watch, it is still dated twenty months ahead! . . . HUPMOBILE'S new program of expansion has reduced prices on all models. In this new schedule of prices HUPMOBILE excels even itself in value-giving. See your dealer.

## THE NEW HUPMOBILE

CENTURY SIX & EIGHT

# When he's been working on the railroad ~

ACTUAL VISITS
TO P & G HOMES
*No.* 18

ONE summer morning, in our journeys to find what women think about soap, we found ourself in a snug white town that wanders happily down to the sea.

As we were about to lift the first shining brass knocker, the door opened—and out popped Edward!

"I'm going to build a tunnel and run my train through it!" he announced. And, there, in his basket lay a battered train!

Just then Mrs. Baldwin*appeared, and as Edward marched off with his sister, we explained our mission.

"Soap!" exclaimed Mrs. Baldwin cheerfully, "Why, I use a fourth of a cake of P AND G Naphtha a day. And if you could see Edward by noon, you'd understand why."

"Though he plays in white sand," she added, "his overalls and white socks will be a sight! After his nap he'll be dressed again. But if his father wants to take him downtown, Edward needs another fresh suit.

"But, you know, I really don't mind. Every morning I wash out the children's clothes—socks, overalls, underwear, colored frocks and bloomers. P AND G loosens the dirt so quickly in lukewarm water that I have practically no rubbing to do!"

Yes, P AND G *is* wonderful soap. It loosens dirt just as quickly in cold water as in warm! So firm it doesn't waste away in the water. Why *does* such a good soap cost so much less? The reason really is: P AND G is used by more women *than any other soap in the world.*

This unequalled popularity means that P AND G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs less in proportion than small-scale manufacturing, a very large cake of P AND G can be sold for actually less, ounce for ounce, even than ordinary soaps.

So P AND G costs less *because it is so popular.* And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods* are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NG-69, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hold a smooth white cake of P AND G Naphtha. Compare it with any other laundry soap. Notice how firm and clean-scented P AND G is! And so *white.* Doesn't it seem *nicer* to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes?

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

*Not her real name, of course.

# The largest-selling soap in the world

# "New" Soups

## *make meals so much more tempting!*

OF COURSE you let the family enjoy frequently those delicious favorites—Campbell's Tomato Soup and Campbell's Vegetable Soup. But you give newness and an appetizing freshness both to your soups and your meals by serving other delightful selections from the 21 different Campbell's Soups.

"Let's have something new!" How often you've taxed your wits to do it! There are so many Campbell's Soups—all of the same splendid quality—that they can help you every single day to give your meals the charm of novelty.

Order a variety of the Campbell's Soups today and see how they simplify your meal planning! 12 cents a can.

**Your grocer will supply you with any of these Campbell's Soups**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Asparagus | Clam Chowder | Pea |
| Bean | Consommé | Pepper Pot |
| Beef | Julienne | Printanier |
| Bouillon | Mock Turtle | Tomato |
| Celery | Mulligatawny | Tomato-Okra |
| Chicken | Mutton | Vegetable |
| Chicken-Gumbo (Okra) | Ox Tail | Vegetable-Beef |

Healthy, wealthy, wise you'll be,
In happiness continue,
If this lesson you will learn:
Have Campbell's Soup within you!

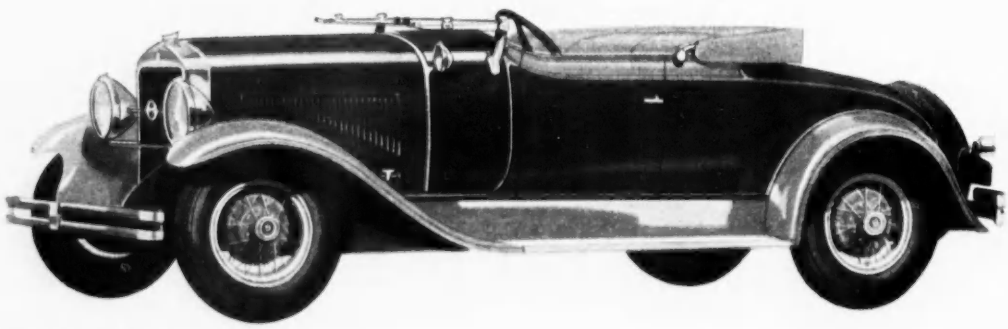
WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

INTERNATIONAL POLO MATCHES . . MEADOWBROOK LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

MEADOWBROOK, colorful rendezvous of fashion, fame and finance, is just as keenly appreciative of motor merit as of spirited horseflesh. At such famous play-places, championship performance, fresh styling, and restful riding have caused Studebaker's great new eights and sixes to become a familiar sight. Studebaker, holder of every official stock car record for fleetness and stamina, has preempted as well vigorous leadership in fashion. Artist and artisan—craftsman and engineer—have achieved a new and happy harmony. Lines are long and low. Colors are youthful and alive. Travel ease, docile obedience and supple suavity of power are thrown into still higher relief by Studebaker's One-Profit pricing. The car illustrated is The President Straight Eight Roadster for Four.

# Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS



*With every spoonful*

# "There's a Reason"

*right on the tip of your tongue*

*Grape-Nuts stands by you. With milk or cream, it supplies nourishment you need to keep going strong till luncheon.*

THAT'S A REASON



*Not only by itself, but in combination with other foods, Grape-Nuts is delightful. Try the delicious recipes on the package.*

THAT'S A REASON

*Grape-Nuts is made of wheat and malted barley — golden grains, plump with precious food elements your body needs for perfect health.*

THAT'S A REASON

*Children's teeth need exercise as much as their growing bodies. Crisp, crunchy Grape-Nuts encourages thorough chewing—giving little folks' teeth and jaws a chance.*

THAT'S A REASON

**Delicately tinged with rich malt sugar—these crisp, crunchy, golden-brown kernels are an inspiration to appetite. Nut-like in flavor—there's nothing else quite like them. Nothing else quite so good.**

THAT'S A REASON

★

# Grape-Nuts

***Buy it today for breakfast tomorrow***

# Only such rich suds can *last* until dirt is loosened

Chipso can do the really hard part of washing *for* you, because it gives a very special kind of suds. Not airy, puffy suds that "die" the moment you put clothes or dishes in them . . . No! Chipso suds are *rich* suds that last until the task is done. (As you have probably discovered —the richer your soap is, the longer the suds last, and the quicker and easier the dirt comes out.)

### *Quick, of course—but they LAST*

Though Chipso's thin flakes billow up into a foam of suds when you run hot water over them, the suds stay up until every garment is clean.

If you soak clothes for 20 minutes in these rich suds, they will loosen *all* the dirt. If you prefer to soak overnight, you can "build" Chipso suds up again with more hot water—there's no need to make a fresh suds. Then you need only squeeze the suds through the clothes a few times, rubbing lightly on the extra soiled spots. *Rich lasting* suds *do* make an easier washday!

***These lasting suds soak dirt free:*** A 20-minute soaking in rich, lasting Chipso suds loosens even greasy dirt quickly without harming colors or fabrics. (You can soak overnight, if you prefer.)

**Soaks clothes clean—**
**Dishes ⅓ less time**

© 1929 P. & G. Co.

# The most amazing success in

## They "stand up" in the machine

Chipso is an efficient and convenient soap to use in the washing machine too because its rich, instant suds *last throughout the run.* They won't "fall down" shortly after you put in your clothes as the suds of some soaps do.

Many women have found that it helps to give their clothes a 20-minute Chipso soaking right in the machine before they start the motor. By this method, even the greasy dirt becomes thoroughly loosened before the machine starts. Then, in half the usual time, and with much less power, clothes become absolutely clean.

## Quicker dishwashing with *rich* suds

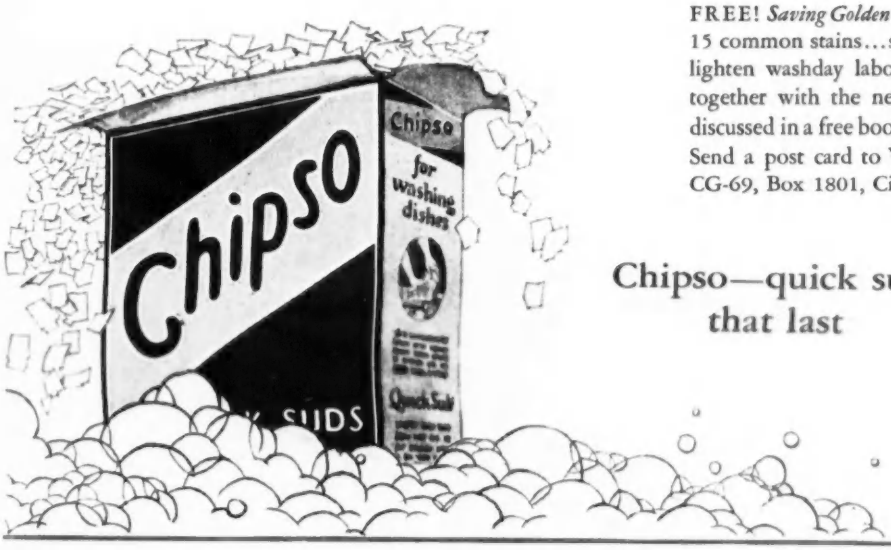
Dishwashing is easier with Chipso because the rich suds *last* and *soak* grease free. While you dry glass and silver, these lasting suds will soak food traces from your china—while you dry the china, the same suds soak grease from pots and pans. This method saves time, and protects hands by keeping them out of hot water.

## Chipso is a thrifty worker

If you have tried a 25¢ box of Chipso, you know what "Chipso value" means—about five average washings from one box, perhaps more if your water is soft; or a month of dishwashings at less than 1¢ a day.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! *Saving Golden Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains...save clothes by soaking... lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Saving Golden Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. CG-69, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.




## Chipso—quick suds that last

# the history of household soap

## Mention SHORTCAKE . . . and even the men become interested in this new modern method of cooking

In fact, that's the only danger in talking about strawberry shortcake and this new modern way of cooking with a choice salad oil.

Because once the man of the house discovers that it's easy and convenient to make shortcake this way—and discovers also how more than usually good to eat it is—he is going to demand it more often than *ever* . . .

But then, if this method didn't offer definite advantages, there'd hardly be so many women turning to Wesson Oil for all their baking and frying . . . It *is* easy and convenient, of course. For with Wesson Oil you simply *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix—and your measurements are always accurate. And the idea of using the same pure salad oil that you use on the table—for your most particular French Dressing and mayonnaise—appeals to almost every modern woman.

Wesson Oil, you know, is pure and wholesome. It's light in color—crystal clear—and exquisitely delicate in flavor. And it gives cake, muffins, biscuit, cookies, waffles, pie crust—a light, delicate, fine-textured quality. Whatever you fry with it comes to your table wholesome and truly delicious . . . Perhaps you'd like us to send you our recipe book. Address the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.

### STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

*⅓ Cup of Wesson Oil*
*Cups Flour • ½ Cup Milk*
*4 Teaspoons Baking Powder*
*¾ Teaspoon Salt*

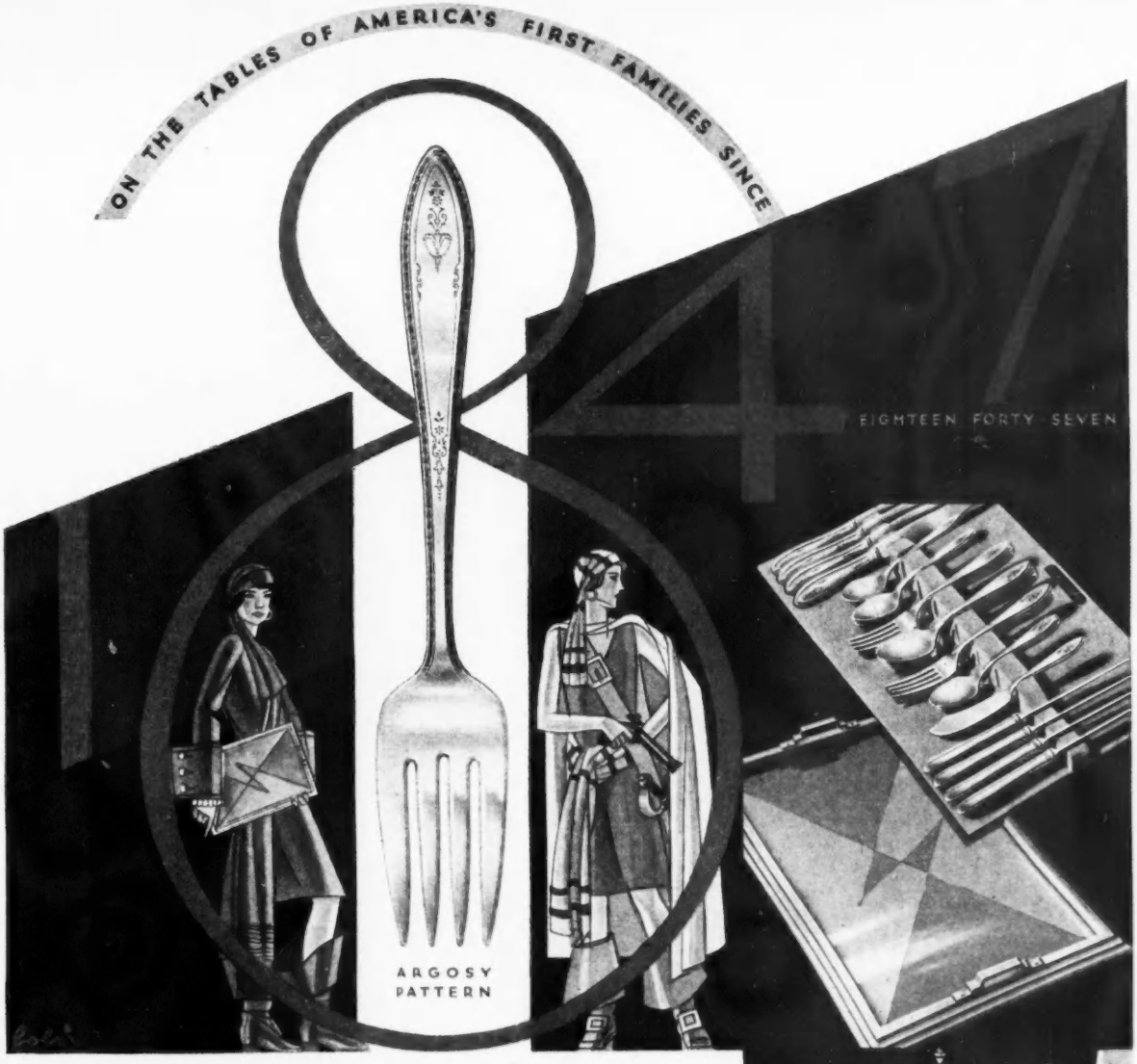
Sift together the dry ingredients and stir in the milk, then the oil. Divide the dough and on a board roll or pat into two rounds nine inches in diameter. Place one in a deep round pie tin or on a baking sheet. Brush with Wesson Oil and place other round on top. Bake for twenty-five minutes in a hot oven of 400 degrees F. raising the temperature to 425 degrees F. the last ten minutes to brown well.

With a fork lightly separate the two sections and butter the lower one. Cover with slightly mashed and sugared berries. Put on the upper section. Cover with whipped cream and garnish with whole berries. Serve preferably while still warm.

### *Wesson Oil in a new can — with a* spout

Turn the spout out, punch the holes where marked, and pour. When not in use, turn the spout in over the can and it covers up the hole. No more oil dribbling down the sides of the can. More convenient and much more practical.

*No need for special recipes. Simply use Wesson Oil wherever the recipe calls for shortening . . . and always be sure to add a pinch of salt, for there is no salt in Wesson Oil.*




**Women everywhere gave three cheers when 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate created the PIECES OF 8 (Trade Mark Registered) idea two years ago. Instead of the usual, short-handed half dozen of each piece, here was a silver service with a full eight of each in the essential knives, forks, and spoons . . . Now, for 1929, 1847 ROGERS BROS. steps ahead again. The new PIECES OF 8 set comes in a Paris designed modern-art gold-and-silver tray as illustrated. $44.75 brings you this famous 34-piece set of the world's most illustrious silverplate, with the tray included! You can see this new 1929 PIECES OF 8 set at any silverware counter, or write for booklet F23 to Dept. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut . . . Salesrooms: New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Canada: International Silver Company of Canada, Limited . . . Hamilton, Ontario.**

34 PIECES: SILVER-AND-GOLD TRAY $44.75

THREE PIECE TEA SET $65.00

SIX SALAD FORKS $7.50 - "EIGHTS" $10.00

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

# DOLE *Announces*

## HOW YOU MAY KNOW AND SELECT HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE GROWN AND PACKED BY DOLE ★

DOLE stamped in the top of the can itself, just as you see it above—tells you we canned it.

For you, it means that fruit positively fresh and ripe went into that can. And it means maximum *flavor*, due to the most scientific known process of canning.

DOLE *stamped* in the top of the can *will never fail* to guide you to the best possible quality of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple for the price you pay.

NOTE: *How to identify the three grades of our pineapple, and choose the grade you wish, is fully explained on the opposite page.*

AROUND a can of pineapple bearing the DOLE stamp may be any one of many, many labels. That is because so many grocery firms are distributing DOLE pineapple under their own brand or label. You see we grow and can more Hawaiian Pineapple than anyone else. A great many grocery firms believe we can the very best Hawaiian Pineapple. So for years we have canned pineapple for them under *their* labels. This we have done gladly—though it means our pineapple is now going to the public under more than 1,000 labels—all of them different.

Perhaps you see the problem that has grown up. The owners of these labels have found it difficult to let you know that their pineapple came from us. And you may have found it hard to get our pineapple.

The problem now is solved—and you may be one we should thank for helping to solve it.

SINCE we have been advertising, tens of thousands of American women have written for our story and recipe booklet, "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden." A surprisingly large number have asked, "How can I get your pineapple?"

At the same time many of the fine grocery firms whom we supply have put the same question to us in your behalf and theirs. They, too, want you to know that their pineapple is canned by us.

So this is our answer for you and for them —DOLE *stamped* in the *top* of the can. A can-top stamped that way is proof positive that the pineapple in that can was *grown and packed by us.* And the label around the can means that the owner of the brand you favor offers you Canned Hawaiian Pineapple from *the best and most dependable source of supply* he knows.

### *Why we selected the word DOLE*

ON our Board of Directors are some of the most distinguished men of the Hawaiian Islands. One of them put it this way—"The Hawaiian Pineapple industry itself is Mr. Dole's monument. The Hawaiian Pineapple Company, largest grower and packer of Hawaiian Pineapple, is 'the lengthened shadow' of James D. Dole. No name in pineapple means so much."

So if you look for DOLE stamped in the top of the next can of Hawaiian Pineapple you buy, and find it, you will be getting the utmost value in fruit, freshness, ripeness, flavor, canning and cleanliness at the price you pay.

**Read on the next page how you can now identify for the first time the various grades of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple**

Honolulu, HAWAII **HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY** *Sales Office:* 215 Market St., San Francisco

# *Spring brings beautiful colors for the New Ford car*

MATCHING the fresh brilliance of Spring itself are the beautiful colors of the new Ford. They are rich in tone, yet carefully chosen, with a quiet good taste that endures.

There are eleven different Ford body types and all, with the single exception of the Station Wagon, are finished in a changing variety of colors.

You have the privilege of selecting from among these the color harmony that best suits your motoring needs and personal preference. Such choice is, of course, unusual in a low-price car and is one of the very special features of the new Ford.

Interior finish, upholstery and appointments are in keeping with this beauty of color and the trim, substantial lines which are so characteristically Ford. To the last least little detail, you can see evidence of the sincere quality that has been built into the car and the care that has been taken in its manufacture.

In all that goes to make a good automobile—in appearance, safety, comfort, reliability, economy and alert, satisfying performance—the new Ford is an unusual value at a low price. Its ease of control makes it a particularly good car for a woman to drive.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

# A Safer

THE medical profession, devoted to the cause of humanity, has lengthened the average span of human life by protecting the life and health of babies. Much of this wonderful accomplishment has been the result of discovering how better to feed babies—how to provide safe, wholesome food for babies deprived of mother's milk—how, after weaning time, to carry them safely through the dreaded "second summer."

## *The Story of a* Great Accomplishment

One of the leading baby specialists of the United States has recently directed the feeding of 752 babies during a period of 14 months, covering two summers. All this number were fed exclusively on Evaporated Milk. Let the specialist tell the result:

"As the most severe test of any form of feeding is the ability of very young infants to digest and thrive on it, evaporated milk formulas were fed to 570 newly born infants. * * * In the case of these newly born infants, the evaporated milk mixtures were uniformly well digested. There

*Evaporated Milk is not a prepared baby food. It is* MILK—*pure milk that is concentrated, homogenized, put in sealed containers and sterilized. It is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. It is always fresh and sweet and safe—free from anything that can endanger health. It is more easily digested than ordinary milk—as easily digested as mother's milk. * * * We do not presume to take the place of your physician in directing your baby's feeding. Evaporated Milk needs to be modified for babies, as any cow's milk needs to be.*

# World for Babies

were no cases in which it was found necessary to substitute some other form of milk. * * *

"Of the infants who were fed exclusively on evaporated milk and received no breast milk at all, 92.8 per cent regained the birth weight at the end of 14 days. * * * Of the 526 newly born infants fed exclusively on breast milk, or given extra feedings of formulas prepared from bottled cow's milk, 66 per cent regained the birth weight by the end of 14 days."

## A *More* Severe Test

Nine premature infants were fed exclusively on Evaporated Milk. They all thrived. Let the specialist speak again:

"There is no more severe test of a food than the ability of premature infants to thrive on it, and a very general belief is that but few premature infants can thrive who do not receive breast milk.

"We consider the results in the case of these premature infants as possibly the most convincing evidence of the suitability of evaporated milk for infant feedings."

## What does it Mean?

This great experiment shows how your baby—how babies everywhere—can have milk that is surely safe and wholesome. Your grocer—every grocer in America—has Evaporated Milk. It costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk. Deprived of Mother's milk, babies can yet have milk that is as easily digested and as safe as mother's milk could be. They can have the same comfort and growth and rugged health. And the hazard of milk for the baby after weaning time is all gone. Let the specialist speak again in this final conclusion:

"The known qualities of unsweetened evaporated milk—its sterility, its ready digestibility and uniformity of composition—are distinct advantages which recommend it for general use in infant feeding."

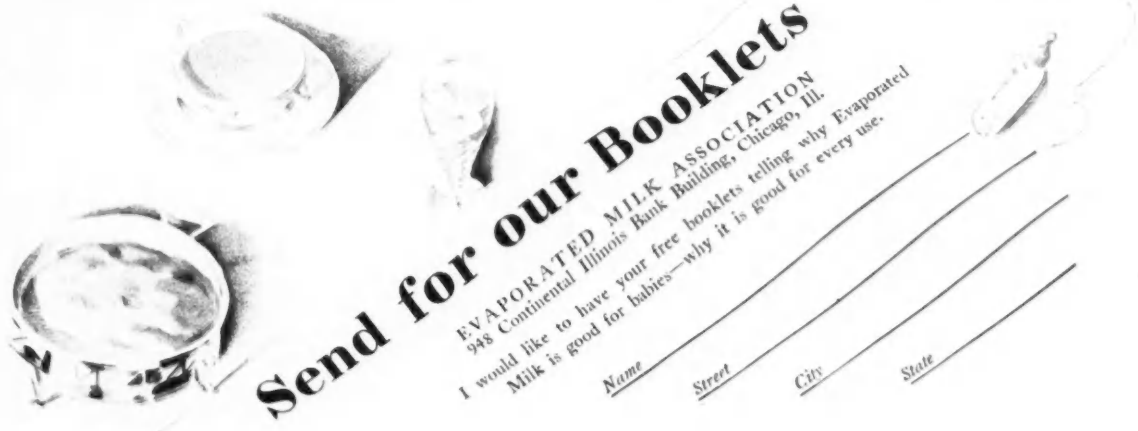
## *And for* Your Children

Milk that is so good that babies thrive upon it, is, of course, good for children. No need to wonder if the milk your children drink is safe milk. Evaporated Milk is always safe. It can't have in it anything that could cause illness. Sterilization makes it free from any harmful bacteria. The sealed can protects its purity and safety. The experiment with babies proves, beyond possible question, the power of Evaporated Milk to give sturdy growth and normal development. Children readily drink it.

## *For Every* Cream *and* Milk Use

When you know how good Evaporated Milk is for babies and children, you'll know that it is good for every use. Rich enough to use in place of cream, it is better food than cream. Used in place of ordinary milk, it does two important things—enables you to put more milk in the diet, and gives the food a finer, richer texture and flavor.

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS


Send for our Booklets
EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION
948 Continental Illinois Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.
I would like to have your free booklets telling why Evaporated Milk is good for babies—why it is good for every use.
Name
Street
City
State

# "How can I make my child eat cereals?" *Mothers ask*

## "Don't make him, Tempt him," *answers the Doctor*

*"Peter never would touch his cereal," writes this young stalwart's mother, Mrs. Paul Sefton, "until I began to serve Puffed Grains. I can't tell you what a difference that made. The picture will give you some idea. Peter just adores Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice."*

THOUGHTFUL mothers know that forcing a child to eat cereals will never make him like them. And dieticians know that what people *like* does them the most good. Tempting a child's appetite is the surest road to healthy childhood.

Thus mothers everywhere have made Quaker Puffed Grains a regular part of the breakfast regimen. Delicious, crispy cereals that children eat because they like them . . . and they're "good for them" besides.

### *Why Puffed Grains are delicious*

Quaker Puffed Grains are made of whole wheat and plump white rice grains puffed to delectable lightness and toasted to the rich fragrance of freshly baked bread.

This is why children like their different flavor, their deliciously crisp "crunchiness." They never have to be coaxed to eat these magic grains. Here is a wholesome cereal that they *love* to eat.

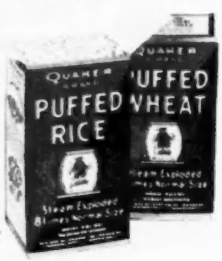
In 42 states recently, mothers were asked to name their children's favorite cereals. Puffed Grains were preferred to all other brands that mothers named.

### *Why Puffed Grains are wholesome*

Puffed Wheat contains all the rich minerals of the entire wheat grain, nothing milled away. 25% of it is bran. Puffed Rice is substantial energy food. It contains plenty of nourishment for active little bodies. Puffed Grains with whole milk is approximate in energy value to a dish of hot cooked cereal.

Each grain of wheat and rice is honeycombed with millions of tiny food cells. Each cell must be broken open before its contents can be *completely* digested. "Puffing" causes 125 million explosions within each kernel. This opens every food cell. Releases every particle of mineral, protein and carbohydrate. Gives Puffed Grains a perfect digestibility, an extra food value, that grains of wheat and rice have never had before. And at the same time makes these cereals temptingly delicious.

Serve Quaker Puffed Grains if you'd teach children to love cereals. With whole milk and sugar; or as a one-dish meal with fresh or cooked fruits, they train a child's appetite in the way it should go.




THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY ★

# Do *Your Children* get tired of Milk?

*DO YOU OFTEN WONDER how you can ever get them to drink the milk they must have for the best of sturdy growth and rugged health? Telling them it's good for them doesn't make them want it. The new and easier way is to make it so good they'll like it.*

## The Flavored Milk Drinks provide the way ★

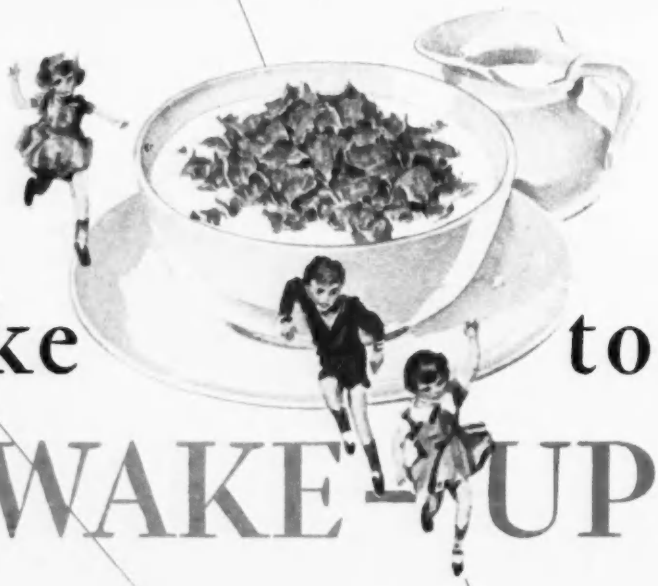
Made with Pet Milk they are everything that drinks should be in smooth texture, creamy richness and delicious flavor. They tempt the appetite with their flavor—stimulate it with their variety.

The quality of Pet Milk gives an excellence to the drinks that nothing else will give. More than twice as rich as ordinary milk, pure and safe and clean in its sealed container, always fresh and sweet, Pet Milk blends even with the acid fruit juices, into combinations that are better than milk alone—taste better and are better. And not for children alone, but for every member of the family, these drinks provide an easy, pleasing way to follow the health rule of the day —"More milk in the diet."

*Let us send you Our Free Booklets*

. . . telling you about these extraordinary drinks. They give the recipes for the drinks. The booklets will tell you, too, why Pet Milk is the new and better cream and milk supply for every up-to-date family for every use.

PET MILK COMPANY
1430 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.



# Make tomorrow A WAKE-UP DAY!

## Here's a quick-energy food as easy to digest as it is to serve

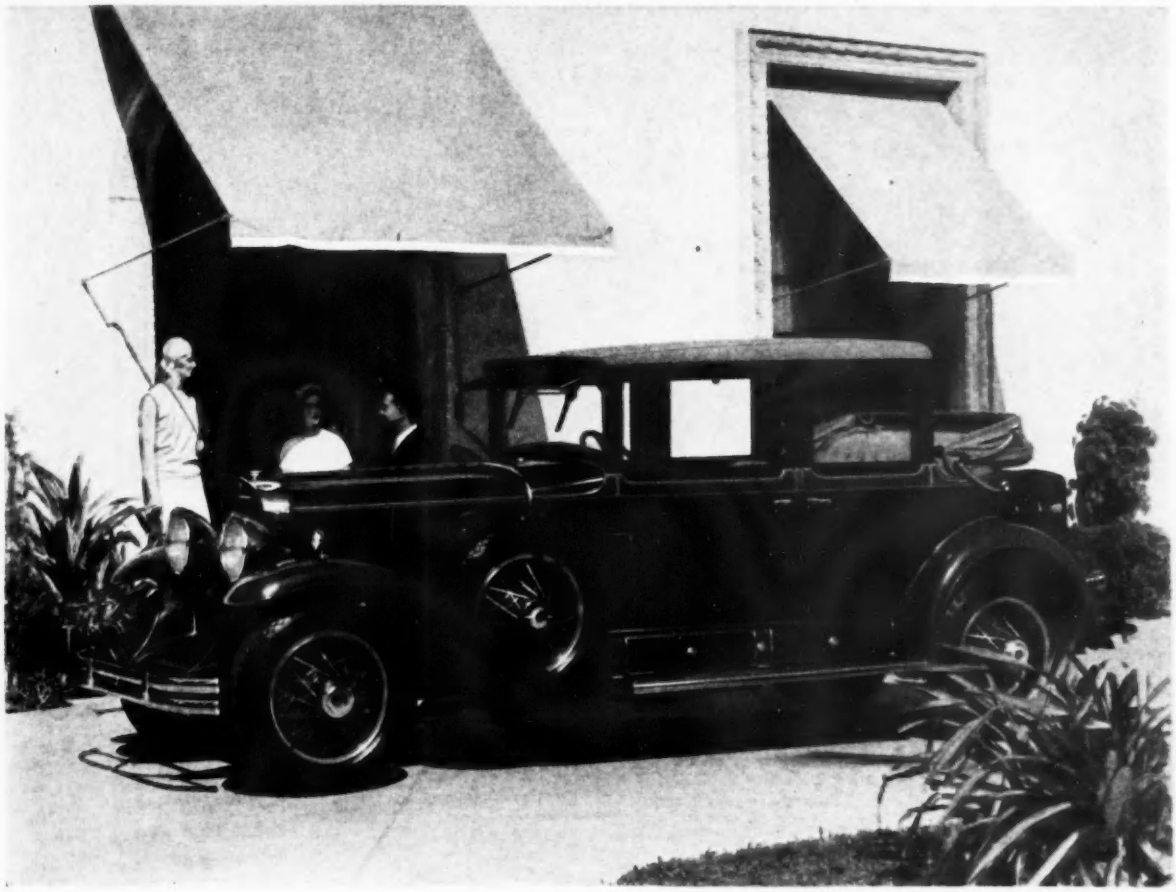
**What a splendid day tomorrow will be to start the whole family on a regular Wake-Up diet! Crisp Post Toasties, rich in quick new energy for wide-awake minds — for wide-awake bodies.**

**Pure white hearts of the choicest corn that grows, delicately flavored, and toasted to golden crispness. And because it is so easy to digest, its rich store of energy is quickly released to the body.**

**Serve it for breakfast, for quick new energy after the night's long fast. And again for luncheon to renew the body's energy for a busy afternoon. Just remember the name—*Post Toasties*—the package — *red and yellow* — the man who sells it — *your grocer.* Start in tomorrow and make *every* day a Wake-Up day!**

# POST TOASTIES

© 1929, P. Co., Inc. *The wake-up food*



## A Quiet Assurance of Quality that Speaks Eloquently to People of Taste . . . .

To step from your library or drawing-room into Cadillac or La Salle involves no change in the general environment. . . . There is no stinting or skimping or saving in the design and adornment of Cadillac-La Salle interiors, because the lavish volume awarded them by thousands of particular people renders that process unnecessary. . . . It is the whole purpose of the Cadillac Motor Car Company to see to it that you merely exchange the comforts and luxuries of your home for the comforts and luxuries of the finest possible motoring. . . . Exquisite mohairs, broadcloths and velours—not merely woven for Cadillac-La Salle but designed for them by artists of unquestioned calibre. . . . Paneling equal to the most beautiful cabinet work in your home; fittings of silver or silver finish, again not merely made for Cadillac-La Salle but especially designed for them. . . . So it goes—in every detail of Cadillac-La Salle interiors, as well as exteriors, a quiet assurance of quality which speaks eloquently to people of taste and most emphatically to every observer when contrasted with ordinary motoring practice. . . . Deluxe Fisher and Fleetwood coachwork render Cadillac and La Salle the finest and smartest cars on the streets of the world. . . . La Salle is priced from $2295 to $2875; Cadillac from $3295 to $3995; Fleetwoods up to $7000—all prices f. o. b. Detroit.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan *Division of General Motors* Oshawa, Canada

# CADILLAC
# LA SALLE
# FLEETWOOD

# This great service is offered only by Frigidaire

IT is the experience of users that Frigidaire soon pays for itself. They find that it is an economy, not an expense. And the economy of Frigidaire is the result of certain exclusive features that have made it the choice of more buyers than all other electric refrigerators combined.

The Cold Control . . . speeds the freezing of ice cubes and desserts

All Frigidaire cabinets are built in the Frigidaire factories. They are heavily insulated. This means lower current consumption, lower operating cost. They are beautiful, easy to keep clean and all mechanical parts are completely enclosed.

Every Frigidaire has the surplus power to provide extra refrigeration for hot days and hot hours in the kitchen, guaranteeing against food spoilage. This means real savings in food purchases.

Frigidaire food shelves are all elevated to a convenient height to eliminate stooping, and arranged to hold the maximum of food, enabling users to buy in quantity and thus effect additional savings.

Frigidaire is the only electric refrigerator equipped with the Frigidaire Cold Control, which regulates the temperature of the self-sealing freezing trays, makes ice quickly and freezes salads and desserts that require extremely low temperatures.

And because of quantity production, Frigidaire prices are lower. Any model can be bought on deferred payments.

See the Frigidaires now displayed by dealers everywhere, or write for catalog and copy of the new recipe book.

Frigidaire Corporation, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation*, Dept. A-135, Dayton, O.
Please send me a free copy of the Frigidaire catalog and recipe book.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

In Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Towers, Toronto, Ont.

**FRIGIDAIRE** ★
*The* QUIET *Automatic Refrigerator*

# MONEL METAL

MODERN AS TOMORROW

## SILVERY SURFACES

*that make Good Housekeeping easier*

In your present home... and in your dream home of tomorrow... you can enjoy the ageless beauty, the constant convenience of Monel Metal.

To your kitchen, Monel Metal brings a practical means of lessening labor. Its silvery surface is easy to keep clean and spotless. For durable Monel Metal has no coating to chip, crack or wear off.

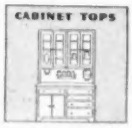
Monel Metal will not rust; it resists corrosion. It is economical, too—it shows no signs of wear after years of hardest use.

With Monel Metal you can achieve charming decorative effects. Its permanent, friendly lustre, akin to the mellow richness of fine old silver, blends perfectly with the smartest color schemes. You will find Monel Metal a treasure, increasing in value with the passing years.

Your architect and sheet metal worker will gladly advise you about Monel Metal for your home of today and for your dream home of tomorrow. Investigate the many advantages of this beautiful, lasting, modern alloy. Mail the coupon today for a sample of Monel Metal and the helpful booklet—"Good Housekeeping Made Easier".

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 73 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Monel Metal is a technically controlled Nickel-Copper alloy of high Nickel content. It is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by The International Nickel Company, Inc. The name "Monel Metal" is a registered trade mark.



INCO MONEL METAL

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.
I am interested in discovering how Monel Metal makes Good Housekeeping easier. Please send me sample and booklet.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Occupation*_____

G.H. 6-29

In using advertisements see page 6

# OXFORD

## in sterling silver by REED & BARTON

### silver that truly satisfies one's sense of beauty . . .

To live with beauty, to be surrounded by beauty, to use and enjoy and be companioned by beautiful things, is in itself one of the most profound satisfactions that life can give . . . Something of the charm that environs us becomes a *part* of us . . . and an attraction to which every other nature responds.

It is therefore gratifying to be able to supply you with the Oxford design in sterling silver for use on your own table. The outline of the handle tips was inspired by the superb windows of Christchurch Cathedral, and the restrained laurel leaf decoration is in keeping with modern taste. The individual pieces have interesting character, substantial weight, and enduring value. The workmanship, typical of Reed & Barton, is worthy of especial note. Ask your jeweler to show you the Oxford design.

| | *Set of six* |
|---|---|
| DESSERT FORKS | $22.50 |
| *DESSERT KNIVES | 21.00 |
| TEA SPOONS . . | 13.50 |

** With stainless Mirrorsteele blades, new French shape.*

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS
STERLING ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS SILVER PLATE

TRADE MARK R STERLING

# Snowdrift is the kind . . . that makes you glad you discovered it

Snowdrift is the kind of shortening you take a liking to instinctively the first time you see it.

It's so fresh and snowy-white and inviting—so pure and wholesome—and so delicate in flavor. Nobody has to tell you it's going to make more delicious things to eat. You don't even feel you've got to try it in order to know. You just *know*.

And, of course, it *is* easy to use. So creamy and spoonable—almost the texture of whipped cream. Just a very few stirs will mix it quite thoroughly with sugar or flour . . . and you're into the oven while another woman is still wondering why cake-making should have to be such work.

***It's creamy and spoonable—because it comes to you already creamed*** • You see, we actually cream the Snowdrift for you before we pack it in the air-tight cans—whip it up all light and fluffy. It stays creamy whether you keep it in the hot kitchen or the refrigerator.

That's why Snowdrift is so easy and convenient to use—why it mixes so quickly and thoroughly with your dry ingredients.

And it's because Snowdrift *is* so pure and delicate and fluffy that it makes such light, delicate, fine-textured things to eat—cake, muffins, biscuit, cookies, waffles, pie crust . . . And things you fry in Snowdrift are always wholesome—always delicious.

Send for our book of recipes. It contains a number of interesting baking and frying suggestions . . . and while it's coming, why don't you try *now* this delightful recipe for Golden Gate Cake. Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

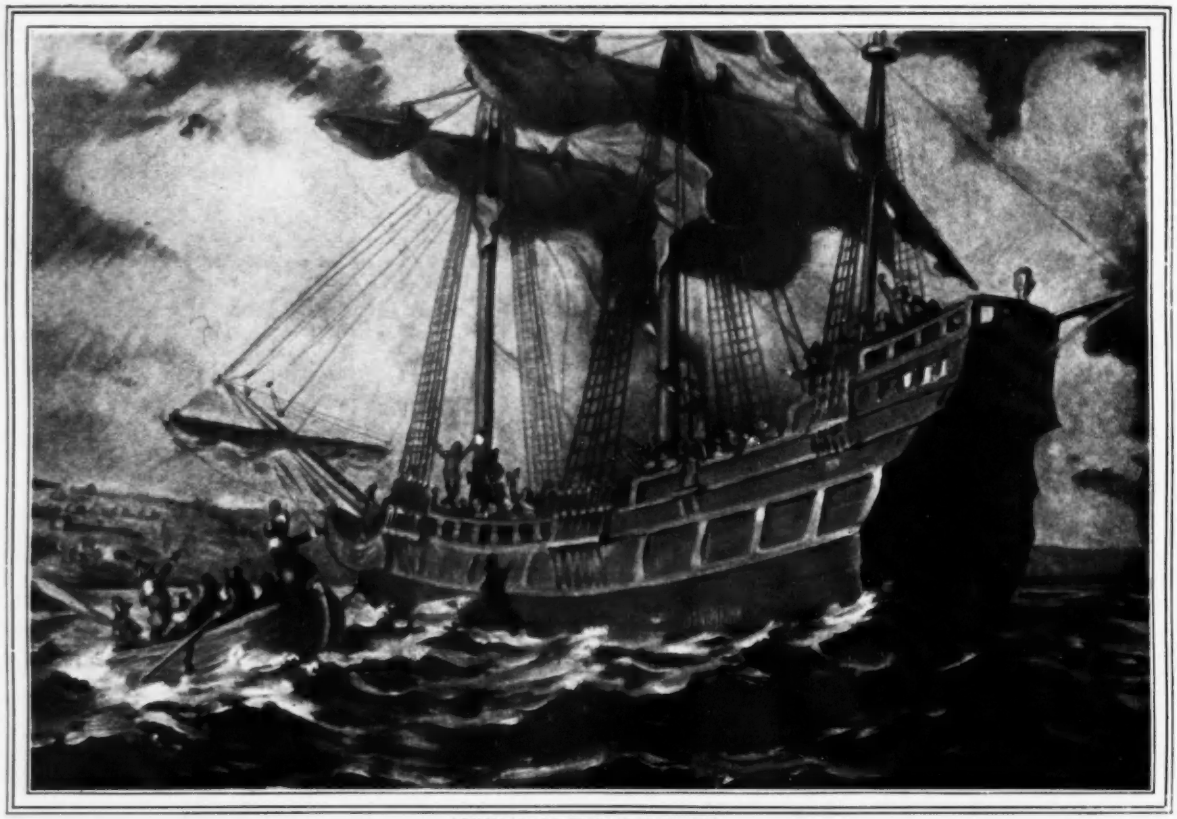
*NOTE: In baking with Snowdrift always add a pinch of salt, for Snowdrift like butter fresh from the churn, comes to you unsalted.*

## GOLDEN GATE CAKE

*¼ Cup Snowdrift • ½ Cup Chopped Walnuts*
*2 Tablespoons Chopped Orange Peel*
*1 Tablespoon Grated Orange Rind • 2 Eggs*
*2 Teaspoons Baking Powder • 2 Cups Flour*
*4 Tablespoons Orange Marmalade*
*¾ Cup Sugar • ⅓ Cup Water • 1 Teaspoon Salt*

Stir sugar into the Snowdrift. Add egg yolks, orange marmalade, grated and chopped peel, and nuts. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add alternately with liquid. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and bake in loaf pan in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for 55 minutes, or until cake is well browned on top and shrinks slightly from sides of pan.

*Snowdrift now comes in a new can with a fresh modern design. You'll see it on your grocer's shelf. And also in new 3 and 6 lb. sizes, in addition to the 1 and 2 lb. cans. The new 3 and 6 lb. sizes are about as wide as they are tall making it very convenient to dip your spoon in, right down to the very last bit.*



ARRIVAL OF THE "FORTUNE"

*When the "Fortune," the first ship to reach the shores of New England after the arrival of the Puritans, approached the harbor at Plymouth it was thought to be a hostile French craft and Governor Bradford ordered the cannon fired and his men assembled under arms. Fear soon turned to joy, however, as it was learned that the "Fortune" was a friendly vessel with additional members for the colony.*

# Cudahy's Puritan Bacon

*"First in the Land - The Taste Tells"*

Tested and Approved by 4146h Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Cudahy's Puritan Bacon, savory, nutritious, digestible, easily prepared, is delightful in the warm weather menu as a principal of the meal or in combination with other foods. For a tasty, satisfying luncheon, especially appealing to summer appetites, we recommend

**Puritan Bacon Tower Sandwiches**

6 slices fried or broiled Puritan Bacon, chopped; ¼ cup minced pimento; 2 tablespoons minced olives; 3 tablespoons mayonnaise; 12 thin slices of bread; 6 slices of tomato (one-half inch thick); 6 slices uncooked Puritan Bacon, cut in half. Mix the first four ingredients until well blended, and use with the bread as a sandwich filling. Toast the six sandwiches on both sides. Top each with a slice of tomato. Top this with the cut slices of Puritan Bacon placed criss-cross. Place under the broiler flame and cook until the bacon is well browned and crisp.

*By Ethel Somers, Domestic Science Expert*

Ask for PURITAN BACON by the piece in the parchment wrapper, or in full length slices in one pound or one-half pound parcels, or in the new convenient one or one-half pound cartons.

**The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A.**

Puritan Hams · Bacon · Lard

*(A copy of the above picture sent free on request to Dept. G-2, The Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago)*

© 1929, C. P. C.

# From the fragrant woods of Maine comes this fine old recipe

## *Now you can have beans with that same "baked-in-the-ground" flavor*

From the deep Maine woods has come a recipe that has brought one staple American food into new favor.

It is the recipe for baking beans as they are baked in the logging camps of the Maine woods—in an oven in the ground called the "bean hole."

Such flavor, such aroma as these Maine woods beans have! And no wonder, for the recipe used and the method of baking are unique.

The great iron bean pot is filled to the brim with layers of beans, sugar-cured prime pork, molasses and brown sugar.

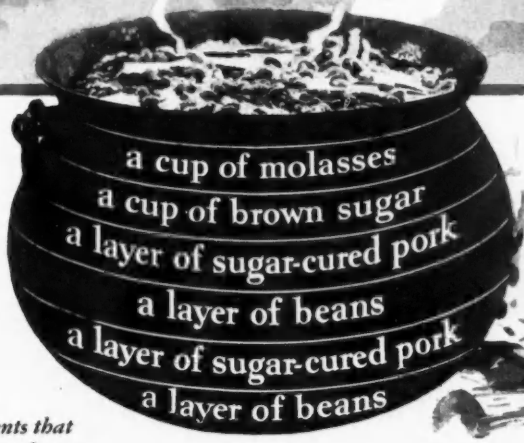
Then the lid is sealed on air-tight with clay and the pot is buried deep in the hot earth oven, the "bean hole," where it slowly cooks all night in a fragrant bed of burning pine wood.

This gives the finest baked-bean flavor known. A blended flavor of delicately rich ingredients, of forest fragrances and pungent wood smoke.

Who wouldn't want such beans? And now everyone can have that same wonderful flavor! In Bean Hole Beans!

The very same ingredients are used in Bean Hole Beans that go into those original Maine woods beans. You'll realize they're different from any beans you've ever eaten at the very first taste.

Give your family this new pleasure today. Your grocer has them in two sizes, medium 15c and large 25c. Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.


a cup of molasses
a cup of brown sugar
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans

*Note the ingredients that go into the outdoor bean pot. This same recipe is used in Bean Hole Beans.*

*Just like the beans baked in the ground in the Maine woods!*

★

In using advertisements see page 6

# Entire Dinners *that take only* 20 MINUTES *to cook*

## *Equipment that makes it possible costs only* $5.15 COMPLETE

AN ENTIRELY new menu idea has just been worked out—whole meals that cook in an amazingly short time—and all at the same time.

Thirty of these quick luncheons and dinners are in a new Menu Bulletin.

The complete cooking time of many of these meals is only 20 minutes—some, 30 minutes, the longest 45 minutes.

The equipment—ten pieces—to cook these quick new menus, as well as to do all your other every day baking, costs only $5.15 complete.

***Steady baking of Pyrex ovenware makes possible these menus.***

Pyrex dishes, with their greater evenness of baking, make possible this same quick cooking time for the whole meal—for meats, vegetables, cakes, pies or puddings.

Scientists say that these Pyrex dishes store up more heat than any metal can hold and give it out more evenly to the food within. That is why foods bake better in this Pyrex ovenware than in any metals.

**DELICIOUS MENU FROM NEW BULLETIN**

It cooks complete in 20 minutes

Baked eggs (Custard cups)
Potato rosettes (Pie Plate)
Tomato purée au gratin (Casserole)
Lettuce and orange salad—French dressing
Whole wheat drop biscuit (Utility dish)
Pineapple fluff—Custard sauce
Coffee

*The delicious dinner pictured above (menu at left) was cooked in 20 minutes in Pyrex ovenware. Handsome metal frames for Pyrex ovenware are important items of dinner service nowadays. Beautiful pierced metal frames in many designs may be had for casserole, pie plate and utility dish.*

These sparkling glass dishes save dishwashing; they never discolor food, or affect the taste; they never wear out, crack or craze. They are a joy forever!

You can prepare your whole dinner in the morning and keep it in the ice box in the very dishes in which it will be cooked and served.

Your dealer has, for only $5.15, the equipment for all your ordinary baking.

Hardware stores and the housewares or china sections of department stores have these and many other Pyrex dishes.

*Pyrex Nursing Bottles. At all drug stores. Wide mouth or narrow neck, 8-ounce size.*

***Guarantee:*** Every piece of Pyrex ovenware is guaranteed for two years from date of purchase against breakage from oven heat.

*A casserole with cover, a pie plate, utility dish, loaf pan and six custard cups—all for $5.15.*

***Take this $5.15 list to your dealer.***

| | |
|---|---|
| Covered casserole No. 623 round, or No. 653 square or No. 633 oval, or No. 643 shallow, medium size | $1.75 |
| Utility dish, No. 231, medium size | 1.00 |
| Six custard cups, No. 410, 3-oz. size | .60 |
| Pie plate, No. 209, medium size | .90 |
| Loaf pan, No. 212, medium size | .00 |
| This economical Pyrex Baking Set | $5.15 |

(All prices slightly higher in West and Canada)

*For the June Bride! Give these 10 pieces of Pyrex ovenware for her new home. Help her start the right way —bake the right way.*

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**4¢**

*in stamps for sample Pyrex Custard Cup*

**FREE!**

*All-cooked-at-the-same-time menus. Send today for new Menu Bulletin.*

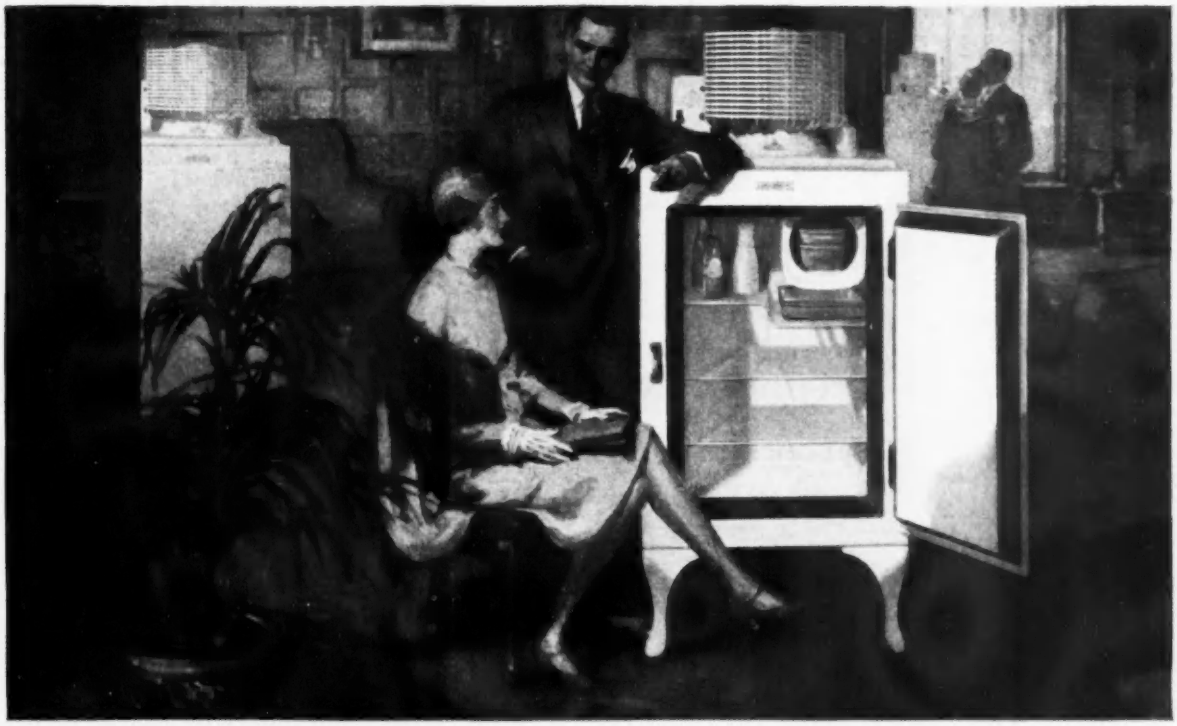
Corning Glass Works, Dept. P-64, Corning, N. Y.
Check offer you wish:

☐ Please send me your FREE menu Bulletin containing 30 complete meals—each whole meal cooked all at the same time.

☐ I enclose 4¢ in stamps to cover partial cost of packing and mailing me sample custard cup of Pyrex ovenware. Only 1 cup to a family.

Name .....
(Please Print Name)
Address .....

This coupon not good after July 31, 1929
Coupon good only in U. S. and Canada.

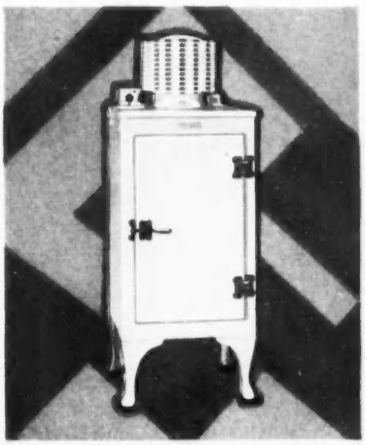


# More than a quarter of a million users

## *and they haven't spent a single dollar for service*

Two years ago this month the General Electric Refrigerator was first publicly announced. And how it was received! Everywhere you heard it said that General Electric had completely revolutionized the art of refrigeration. They had indeed.

Fifteen years of research and development had produced a refrigerator with an hermetically sealed, dust-proof mechanism, mounted on top . . . a refrigerator with an improved type of cabinet, mounted on legs . . . one with an accessible temperature control . . . that established a new standard of quiet operation . . . that required no oiling . . . that dispensed with all exposed machinery . . . that banished installation problems . . . that eliminated all radio interference . . . that lowered operating costs.



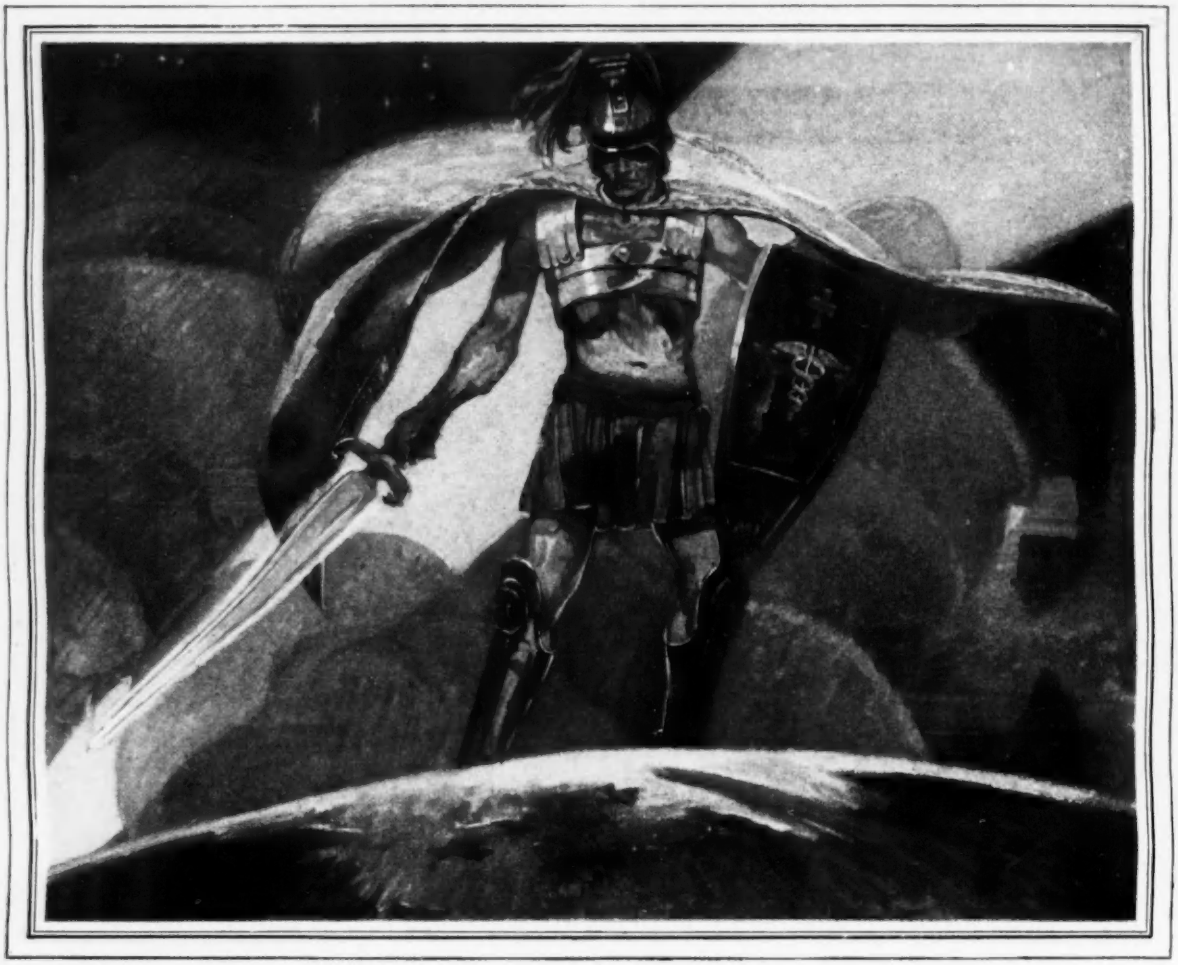
*This small-family model sells for $215 at the factory . . . .* $215

Today more than a quarter of a million homes are enjoying the exclusive innovations which only the General Electric Refrigerator offers. And not one of these owners has ever paid a dollar for service . . . that was our guarantee to them!

There has been no fundamental change in the original design of the General Electric Refrigerator. A radical improvement, however, has been made in the cabinet! It is now all-steel! It cannot warp. It is as strong as a safe. This remarkable cabinet and the hermetically sealed mechanism combine to make what we believe to be the most perfect refrigerator ever built. For descriptive booklet address Section G-6, Electric Refrigeration Dept. of General Electric Company, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC ★

## ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR



# *"BANISH DISEASES FROM THE EARTH!"*

THERE probably have been greater scientists than Louis Pasteur—clearer thinkers, perhaps, and more careful workers. Yet there have been few men to whom it has been given to be of such great service to humanity.

His work as a chemist had brought Pasteur into constant contact with microbes. When Robert Koch proved that microbes cause disease, Pasteur felt that he must find the cure, now that the cause was known.

With all the determination and brilliancy of his great mind he set himself to the task. In his gloomy laboratory he performed remarkable experiments. And in the end . . . he turned microbes upon themselves . . . enlisted them as guardians of our health and well-being, instead of leaving them free to carry disease everywhere.

It was Pasteur's hope that microbes would be quickly conquered. Wherever he went he urged the importance of combating them. Always he was telling his audiences that diseases could be banished from the earth.

His ambition has not yet been realized. But we have made great progress. Many diseases have been conquered. Every day, almost, brings information of new discoveries and achievements in the preservation of health. Mortality, particularly in children, has been tremendously reduced.

In thus guarding us against diseases, physicians use many different therapeutic products. On the purity and reliability of these hang the gravest consequences.

E. R. Squibb & Sons have been dedicated for almost three-quarters of a century to the task of furnishing the medical profession with the finest therapeutic products that manufacturing skill and experience could produce.

Squibb products have always met the most exacting requirements. And the name "Squibb" upon a label is an assurance of absolute uniformity and efficacy. *The Priceless Ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.*

---

*Listen in every Friday evening from 7:15 to 7:30 Eastern Standard Time over Stations* WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KWK, WREN, WTMJ, KOA, KSTP, WLW, *for the Priceless Ingredient Message by eminent authorities on the preservation of health. Broadcasting facilities provided by E. R. Squibb & Sons.*

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

# Where picnic hampers are treasure chests—*there you will usually find Bond Bread*

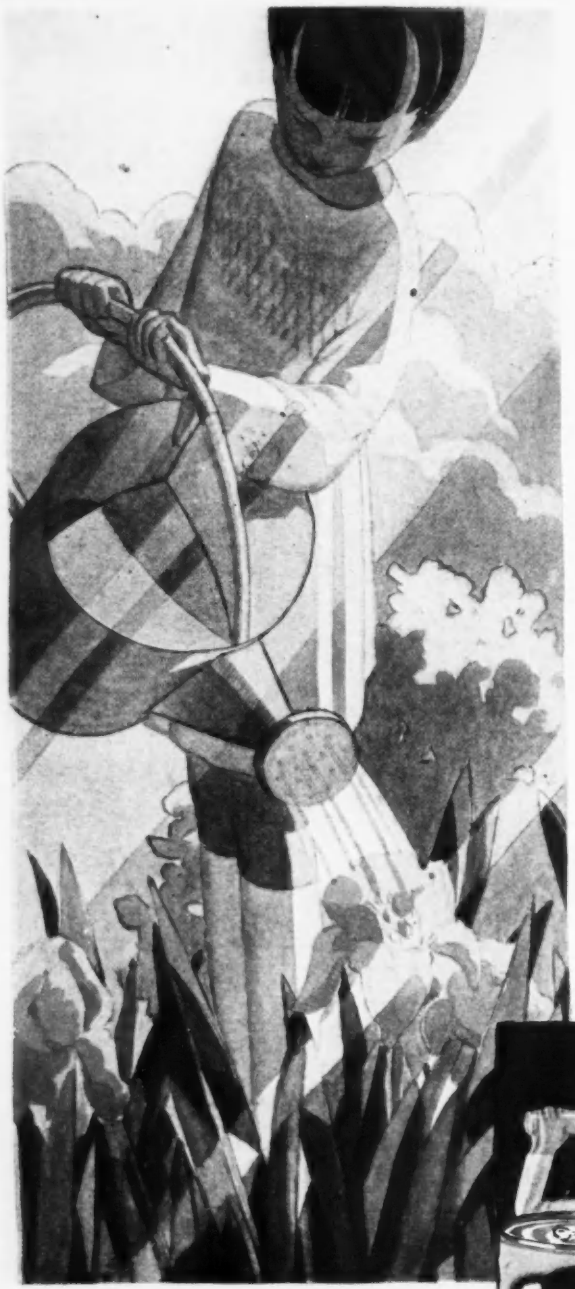
TO every boy a picnic means sandwiches. Mother may arrange to get something exciting into that magic hamper. That is for the big surprise, down at the river's edge, or up on the shady hill. But after romping, and climbing, and playing ball with Dad, sandwiches will taste best of all.

And there they are. Bond Bread sandwiches. Generous, creamy white slices, with the brown crust that boys—and girls—like so well. Careful mothers choose Bond for their picnic sandwiches because it does not crumble. And when the sandwiches are served, even hours later, they are still fresh and flavorful.

**Bond**

The *home-like* bread

© 1929 G. B. C.



# This precious bone-building Vitamin D . . . in a delicious, natural FOOD

It is really a very simple matter to understand why the fact that Vitamin D is contained in Cocomalt is so important to mothers . . . to doctors . . . to nutritionists.

We know that children must have this precious vitamin — for without it, the milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) in their diet which go to make strong bones and teeth are not utilized by the body.

Cod-liver oil is *one* source. The direct rays of the sun are another . . . But Cocomalt offers a further advantage: it brings to your children not only the actual vitamin but the necessary milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) as well — in a delicious *natural* food that youngsters really love.

You see, milk is particularly rich in mineral salts. That's an important reason why doctors say children should drink plenty of milk. And Cocomalt not only increases the milk minerals by over half, but it also furnishes the Vitamin D which puts the minerals to work in a way that builds bones, develops sound teeth, prevents rickets (soft bones, bowed legs) and assures the steady symmetrical growth of the whole body.

More than that, Cocomalt is a completely *balanced* food. It is so rich in proteins and carbohydrates that it adds 70% more *nourishment* to milk and combines, in scientific proportions, the nourishing elements ideally suited to children . . .

## A DELICIOUS DRINK THAT CHILDREN REALLY LIKE

It is a particularly happy circumstance that so vital a factor in health and vigor should be found in a *balanced* food and in a truly delicious drink.

For children *do* drink Cocomalt because they *like* it. It has a delightful chocolate flavor. You can give it to them hot or cold — for breakfast, supper and after school lunch. And mothers who ordinarily find it difficult to make their children drink the daily glasses of milk they need have discovered in Cocomalt the perfect answer to this problem.

Cocomalt should, without question, be a part of every child's diet.

You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents (30 cents west of the Mississippi). If your grocer cannot supply you, take advantage of the sample offer.

©R. B. D. CO. '29

R. B. DAVIS COMPANY, Hoboken, N.J. • *Makers of Davis Baking Powder*

★

# Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

*A generous sample and booklet* • Send 10 cents (to cover the cost of mailing) and we will forward you a generous sample can of Cocomalt—together with a fascinating book entitled "Children of the Sun." This booklet was prepared for the R. B. Davis Company by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.

R. B. Davis Co., Hoboken, N.J. Enclosed find 10 cents. Send me booklet C-4 and sample of Cocomalt mentioned at left.

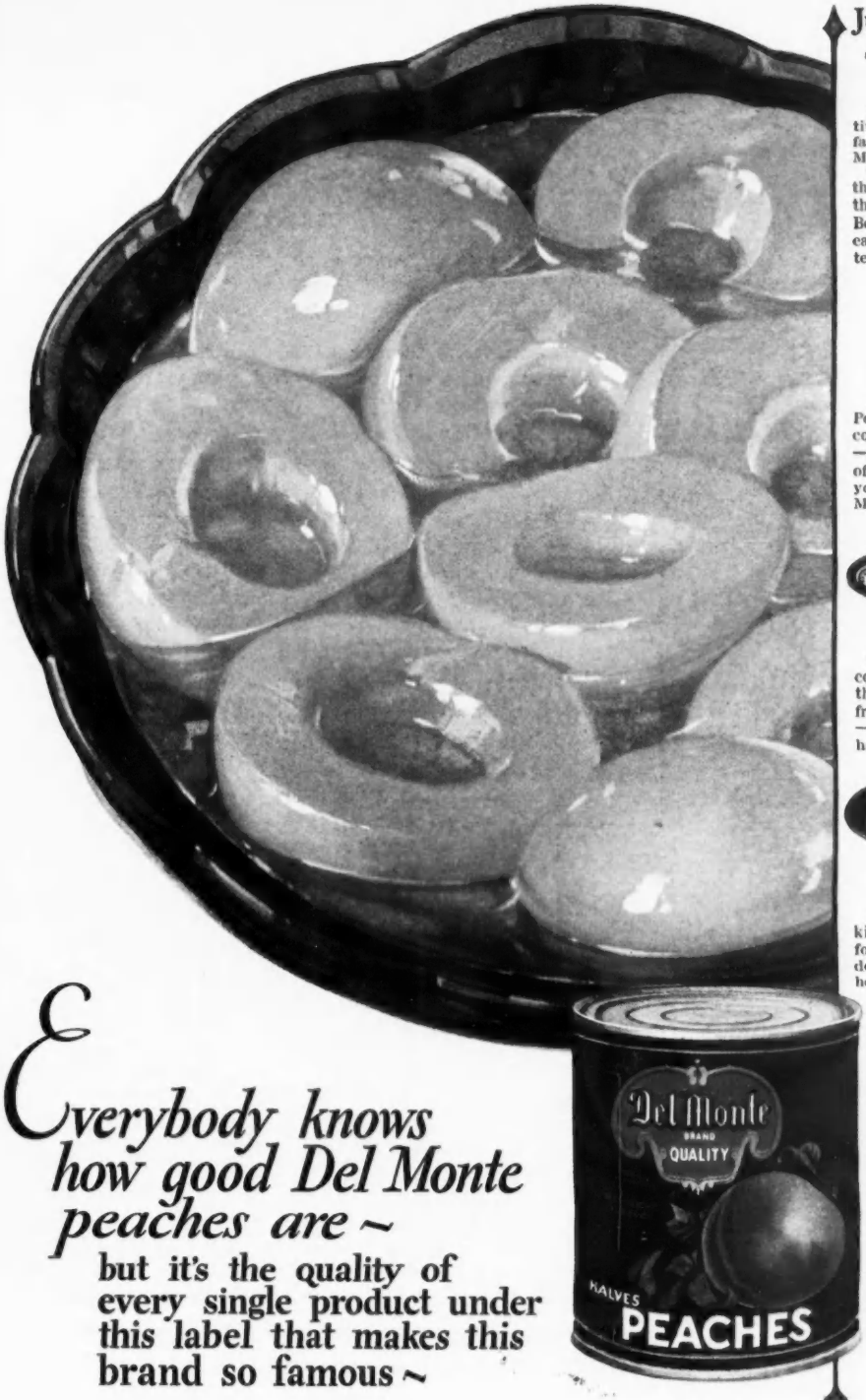
*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*County*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____



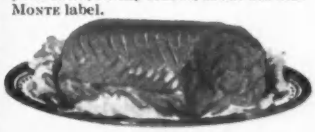

## Just serve a few of these —to keep your menus bright and tasty!

It's no secret—this chasing the "appetite blues"! It's variety that makes the family like your meals—and how DEL MONTE can help you, day after day.

What could be better, for instance, than ripe and luscious peaches such as these? The pick of California's crop! Both sliced and halved. You'll find them easy to serve—in scores of different, tempting ways.

### DEL MONTE PEARS

And that's just a start! DEL MONTE Pears, too, will enjoy the same sure welcome. Only the Bartlett variety is canned —and the exquisite flavor and freshness of this tempting fruit is brought right to your table, at any season, under the DEL MONTE label.



### SALMON

Or for a healthful, economical main course dish—DEL MONTE Salmon. It's the rich, red salmon you like so well—fresh-canned from cold northern waters —firm-meated and delicious! Always handy—always welcome in any meal.

### TOMATO SAUCE

And when it comes to *cooking*, a real kitchen sauce! Makes left-overs new foods—gives hash a Park Avenue air—does all those other cooking tricks that help to make cooks into chefs. Packed in handy small tins—worth having a dozen right on your pantry shelf.

### CHERRIES

Another fruit at its finest—famous Royal Annes! Canned with their pits for that extra touch of flavor. A dessert that never fails to please—a touch of distinction in fruit cups and salads —and what a wonderful deep dish pie!

**Send For These Cooking Helps**

For other suggestions, and scores of ways to use them in everyday meals, send for DEL MONTE recipe collection. Almost two hundred fruit and vegetable recipes in all. And free. Address Dept. 232, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

*Everybody knows how good Del Monte peaches are ~*

but it's the quality of every single product under this label that makes this brand so famous ~

Del Monte
QUALITY

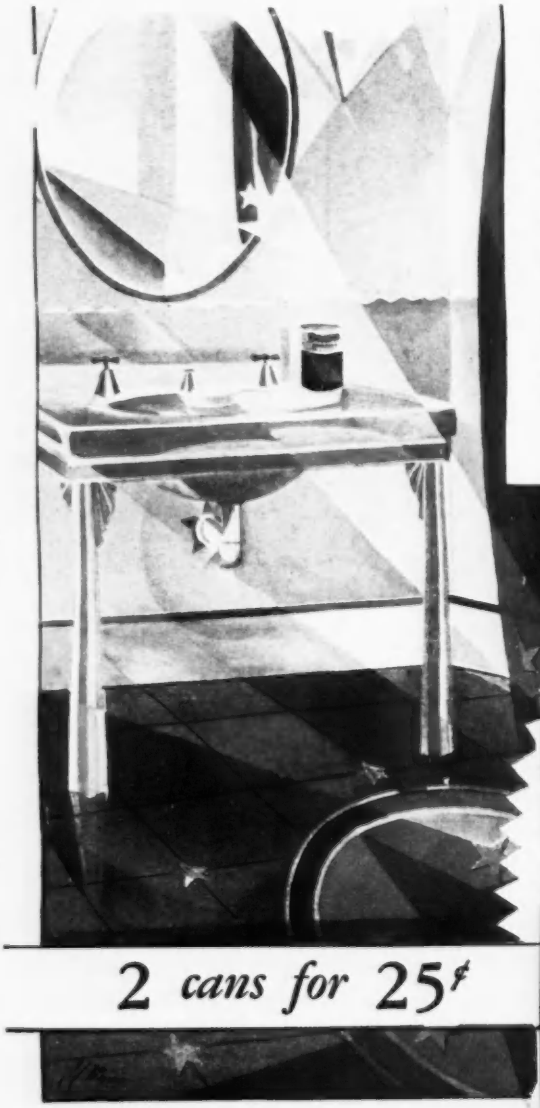
FOOD PRODUCTS
*Over a hundred delicious varieties*

*Just be sure you say*

# ★ DEL MONTE

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

# Dawn the MODERN way to care for *the* brilliant bathroom of Today!



A SPRINKLING of Dawn—a whisk with a damp cloth—a rinse—and porcelain, tile and enamel smile with beauty. For Dawn is the modern way—the *safe* way to keep these lustrous surfaces ever gleaming.

Dawn is new. Created for the brilliant bathrooms of today. Dawn is *different—different because it dissolves as it cleans—so it simply cannot scratch.* Yet so searchingly thorough—it melts away bathtub "rings" and grimy marks as if by magic.

Mild as a fine toilet soap, you can rub it on with your hand, without injury to skin or nails.

No wonder this attractive sifter-top can has already found a permanent place on more than two million bathroom shelves.

Try Dawn today—your dealer is sure to have this bathroom "beauty treatment." Order from him, or send us 15c for full-sized can and booklet telling of Dawn's many uses. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**DISSOLVES *as it* CLEANS**
***therefore* CANNOT SCRATCH!**

***Make this test . . .***

Put two teaspoonfuls of Dawn in a tumblerful of water. Stir. Note that Dawn completely dissolves. You can *see* that Dawn contains no harsh, scratchy grit . . . therefore, it is safe for fine fixtures.

*2 cans for 25¢*

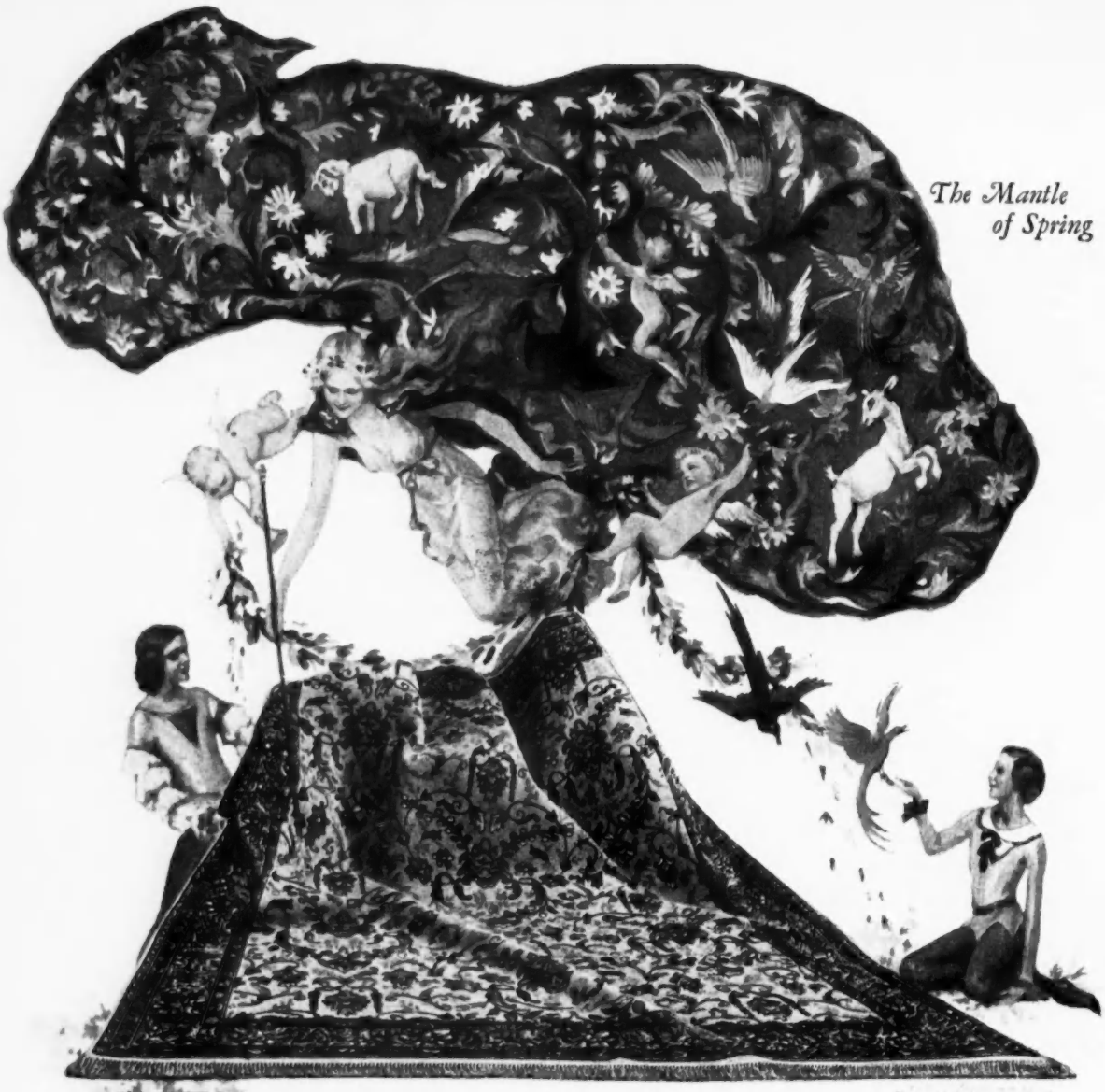
**DO YOU KNOW** Dráno cleans grease-encrusted cooking utensils just as easily as it cleans and opens drains? This is because it dissolves accumulations of grease, hair or lint, no matter where it finds them.

**Dawn keeps porcelain, enamel . . . shining, *always beautiful***

ENGLISH June—month of roses and Ascot, smartest of English race meetings. Yet interest on this clear day centers not entirely upon the King's thoroughbreds, nor the many creations of world-famed couturiers. . . . In the Royal Enclosure all eyes present have found exquisite Lady Cynthia Raven*, who possesses one of the freshest, fairest complexions in all of England. ✣ ✣ Lady Cynthia, as her famous mother and grandmother before her, employs one trusted guardian for her skin, Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap, pure, mollient, stimulating as a morning breeze. She treasures Yardley's sheer face powder to protect her skin from all types of weather. ✣ ✣ Yardley's lavender is one of the most favored perfumes of sophisticated English women. It is found again in other Yardley products. England's best, they are obtainable anywhere in America. Old English Lavender Soap, "The Luxury Soap of the World," box of three cakes $1, or 35c the cake; "Old English Lavender," in sprinkler bottles from $12 to $1; Face Powder, $1; Compact, $1.25; Talc, 50c; Sachet Tablets, 25c; Shampoo, 15c the cartridge; Bath Salts, $1; Dusting Powder, $1.50. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York; Toronto and Paris. **Out of deference to our clientele we have refrained from using actual names.*

# Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

*Established* 1770



*The Mantle of Spring*

# *Springtime is Rug Time*

It's Spring again! And Mother Nature, wise housekeeper of the great outdoors, makes over her wide domain for another twelvemonth.

You, too, like all good housekeepers, choose Spring as the ideal time to transform that little world of *your* creation—your home. You realize, of course, that in your scheme of decoration floors are basic, and that nothing can so cheer and freshen your home after weary months of Winter as the laying of a new rug. Indeed, at this season, a new rug—soft, warm, colorful—seems like a captured fragment of the mantle of Spring itself.

Yes, Springtime is rug time almost everywhere. Surely it's going to be in *your* home, too! There's a Mohawk dealer near you, ready with the latest Mohawk patterns and colorings in every popular weave to suit your individual taste and needs. And remember: No matter what you wish to pay, your rug can always be a Mohawk.

*This Pattern is Akbar Seamless Wilton No. 364A*

MOHAWK CARPET MILLS
26 Lyon Street
Amsterdam, New York

Gentlemen:

I should like to own a set of the revised *Mohawk Course in Home Decoration*, written and illustrated in full color by Agnes Heisler Barton. I inclose 10 cents in stamps to cover mailing charges.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

# MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS

# ORANGE WEDS STRAWBERRY

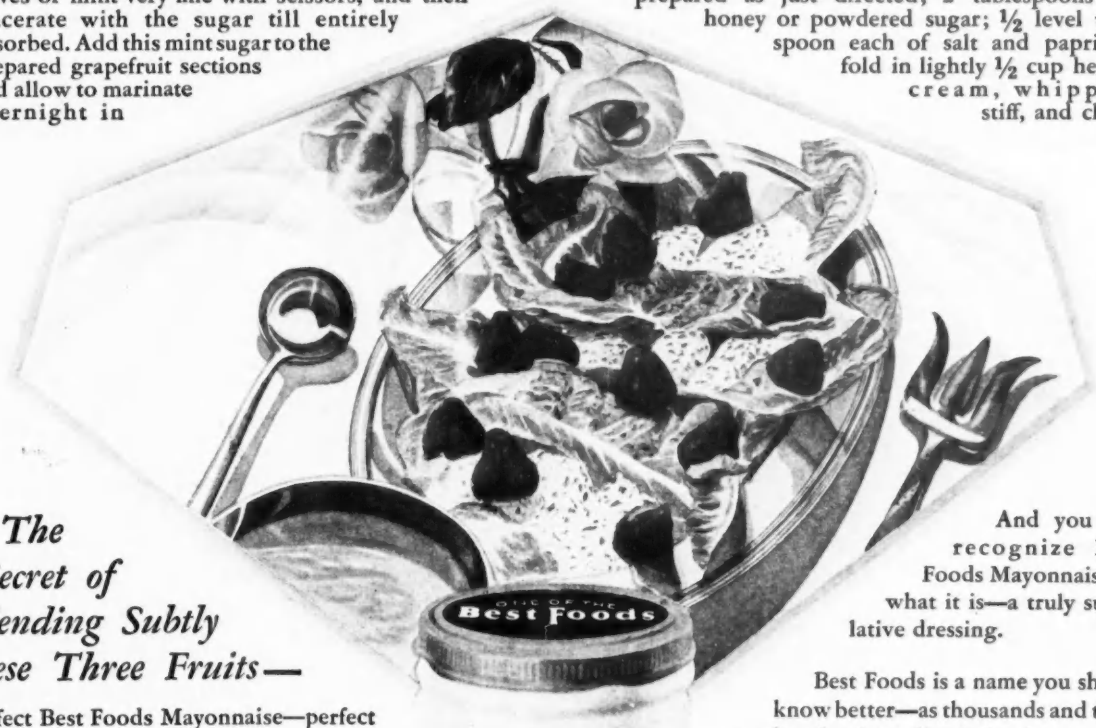
## *in the Recipe of the Month for June*

### *A Rare June Salad by Martha Adams*

1 box strawberries
2 large oranges
1 large grapefruit
1 bunch of fresh mint
1 cup granulated sugar
1 head romaine

Separate grapefruit and oranges into sections, removing the white membrane. Hull the berries and crush a dozen small ones, cover with two teaspoons of sugar and allow to stand to obtain juice for the mayonnaise. Mince the leaves of mint very fine with scissors, and then macerate with the sugar till entirely absorbed. Add this mint sugar to the prepared grapefruit sections and allow to marinate overnight in the refrigerator. Arrange the orange and grapefruit sections alternately, on leaves of romaine or lettuce, and decorate with the whole strawberries.

For the dressing: to one jar (one cup) of Best Foods Mayonnaise add the following flavorings: Juice of half an orange (2 tablespoons); one-half lemon (1 tablespoon); 2 tablespoons of sweetened strawberry juice; prepared as just directed; 2 tablespoons of honey or powdered sugar; ½ level teaspoon each of salt and paprika; fold in lightly ½ cup heavy cream, whipped stiff, and chill.




*The Secret of Blending Subtly these Three Fruits—*

Perfect Best Foods Mayonnaise—perfect in its ingredients, perfect in its rich, golden smoothness—"makes" the salad.

Your first taste will tell you that here is no ordinary mayonnaise—but a masterpiece of the art culinary.

Subtly—but unmistakably—the evidence of fresh eggs broken right from the shell, of choice oils and spices, will make itself known.

And you will recognize Best Foods Mayonnaise for what it is—a truly superlative dressing.

Best Foods is a name you should know better—as thousands and thousands of other discriminating women know it. For it represents not only a group of super-fine food products but a nation-wide food service as well.

A service which guarantees the delivery of these fine foods to your table as fresh and delectable as when they left the sunlit Best Foods kitchens. The Best Foods, Inc., New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

Best Foods
PRODUCTS

**Best Foods**

*The Mark of the Finest the Market Affords*

THE BEST FOODS, INC.
297 Fourth Ave.
Dept. GH 6-29
New York City

Please send me a copy of your new 24-page salad recipe booklet—"The Salad Bowl."

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

*City* .....

# C A - V E L

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

# *Smart New Modes in Reed and Velvet by* HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

Each season America looks to Heywood-Wakefield for smart new fashions in reed furniture. And each season, for more than a decade, Heywood-Wakefield have returned the compliment—as they do now—by presenting, in bountiful variety, a luxurious and modish offering of reed designs.

Collins & Aikman, therefore, are particularly proud to have cooperated with Heywood-Wakefield by creating CA-VEL velvets that harmonize so perfectly with the moderne styling of these latest Heywood-Wakefield pieces.

As coverings, hangings and drapes, indeed, CA-VEL fabrics have long been renowned for their rich and subtle hues, the variety and distinction of the patterns, their gorgeous lustre and enduring beauty. And that is why so many leading furniture makers turn to the CA-VEL looms for their smartest fabrics.

*This label identifies furniture and coverings of finest quality*

Look for the CA-VEL label when you buy upholstered furniture. You will find it only on creations that deserve your serious consideration.

COLLINS & AIKMAN CORPORATION, Dept. I
25 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Send me your booklet "Fascinating Interiors" containing pictorial suggestions for making my home attractive without extravagance. Money order or check for 25c enclosed (Stamps acceptable). I understand that the questionnaire in the book, when filled out and returned by me, entitles me to free advice by Mr. Lurelle Van Arsdale Guild.

*(Write name and address in margin below)*

# As Popular for Delicious Fried Foods

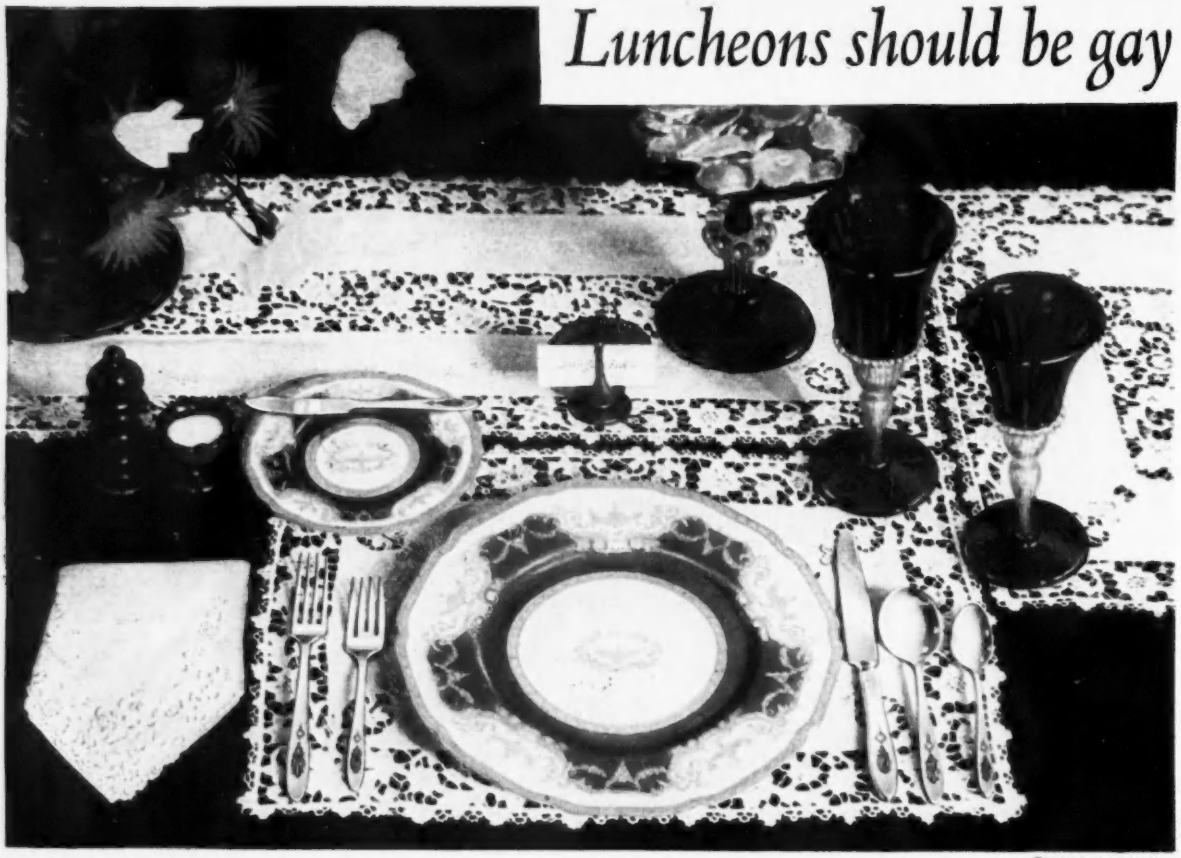
# As for Delightful Salad Dressings

ISN'T this a most appetizing suggestion to every housewife—*to fry her foods in Mazola—the same dainty vegetable oil that makes her salad dressings so tempting?*

Did you get your copy of Ida Bailey Allen's Book?

*"THE Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" contains nearly 300 new and unusual recipes, valuable suggestions for better cookings and many household hints in general. Send 10c (stamps or coin) to Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. G-4, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York.*

# *Luncheons should be gay*



© 1929 ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD.

Formal intimacy always strikes the keynote of a luncheon. Whether the formality is marked, or is merely a background, blending in graciously with the charm and ease that one may enjoy with one's closest friends... never is the note of correctness, of things "just so," neglected or relaxed.

ON THE LEFT of the service plate are placed the forks. On the right, the spoons and knife (or knives) required by the menu. All are in the proper order, so that the guest may automatically begin with the piece of silver farthest away and "work toward the plate." The silver necessary for every course to the dessert is put on at the beginning: teaspoon for fruit cocktail or grapefruit; the soup spoon; luncheon knife and fork; salad fork; and, on the bread and butter plate parallel to the edge of the table, the butter spreader. The spoon for tea (or coffee) is served, of course, on the saucer when the beverage is poured.

*Roll Tray* $7.50; *Teaspoons* $3.75 *for six; Service for six* $36.00; *for eight* $47.50

ONEIDA COMMUNITY · LTD

See how richly the Bird of Paradise design adapts itself to the intimate formality of the luncheon table illustrated here... how it sets off the linens, china, and crystal. Its beautifully proportioned service pieces meet the needs of the most elaborate functions... as well as the most simple meal.

*The Bird of Paradise Design*

# COMMUNITY PLATE

Also makers of TUDOR PLATE

***Why millions of housewives prefer***

**HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS**

Because they are quite the most delicious, savory, appetizing baked beans that you ever served, steaming hot, at your table.

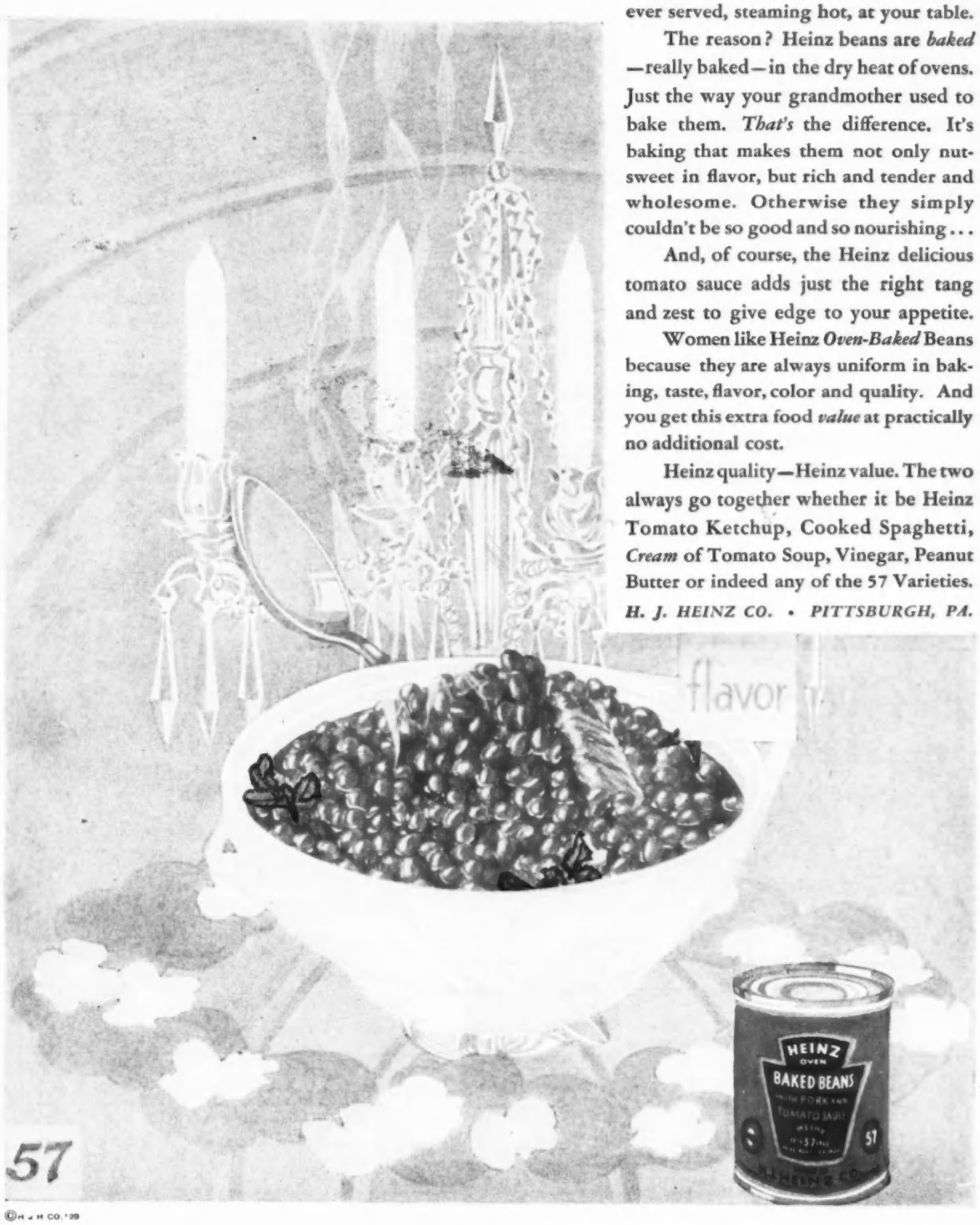
The reason? Heinz beans are *baked*—really baked—in the dry heat of ovens. Just the way your grandmother used to bake them. *That's* the difference. It's baking that makes them not only nut-sweet in flavor, but rich and tender and wholesome. Otherwise they simply couldn't be so good and so nourishing...

And, of course, the Heinz delicious tomato sauce adds just the right tang and zest to give edge to your appetite.

Women like Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans because they are always uniform in baking, taste, flavor, color and quality. And you get this extra food *value* at practically no additional cost.

Heinz quality—Heinz value. The two always go together whether it be Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Cooked Spaghetti, *Cream* of Tomato Soup, Vinegar, Peanut Butter or indeed any of the 57 Varieties.

*H. J. HEINZ CO. • PITTSBURGH, PA.*




©H J H CO. '29

# HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS

# A new cheese dish for your luncheon—

***Tomato Sandwich—***
***Kraft Cheese Sauce***

Toast slices of bread on both sides, after trimming the crusts. Spread the toast with mayonnaise, and put together with sliced tomatoes and a strip of bacon cut in two and broiled. Cut the sandwich diagonally, pour over it a generous spoonful of the following hot sauce, garnish with parsley and serve at once.

1 tablespoon butter
1½ tablespoons flour
¾ cup milk
Salt, pepper, paprika
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ pound Kraft American cheese, grated
or
1 package Velveeta, broken into pieces

Melt the butter, add flour and mix well. Add milk slowly and cook in a double boiler a few minutes. Season to taste and add the grated American cheese, or the Velveeta. Lower the flame and cook very slowly until the cheese is entirely melted.

REALLY it is a combination of two old favorites; the sandwich and a Welsh rabbit, but with a few deft touches that give it a savoriness all its own. The recipe specifies Kraft Cheese; that in itself is ample assurance of a delightfully flavored dish. For Kraft Cheese, when combined with other foods, never fails to lend a piquancy of flavor that is always pleasing.

There is no other single food more wholesome than good cheese, none so rich in protein and none more easily served. And when you serve Kraft Cheese you can know that you are serving a cheese that is thoroughly ripened, carefully graded, skillfully blended, pasteurized and protected all the way to your table. Your assurance of all this, plus perfect flavor, is the Kraft name on the label.

Tune in the following Radio Stations for Kraft Cheese Programs:
Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11:00 a.m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time or 10:00 a.m. Central Daylight Saving Time
WJZ, New York—WBZA, Boston—WBZ, Springfield, Mass.—WHAM, Rochester—KDKA, Pittsburgh
WJR, Detroit—WLW, Cincinnati—WGN, Chicago—KWK, St. Louis.
Tuesdays and Fridays, 10:30 a.m. Pacific Time
★ KOMO, Seattle—KHQ, Spokane—KGW, Portland—KPO, San Francisco—KGO, Oakland—KFI, Los Angeles

## Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

No two food elements are more important in the child's diet than Vitamin A and Calcium. "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese is especially rich in both. Besides, it is milk—the greatest of all foods—milk and cream, pasteurized and made with scrupulous care. Serve it freely.

**"Philadelphia" Cream Cheese**
***Look for the tinfoil package . . . Never sold in bulk***

Home Economics Dept.
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation
407 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

Send me your new Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," to the address below:

Name .....

Address .....

.....

# ELGIN PARISIENNE WATCHES

## DIAMOND-SET DESIGNED BY CALLOT SOEURS . . . $75.

**Bright with the frozen fire of fine selected diamonds . . . set in solid 14 karat gold . . . three new ELGINS whose cases are Callot-designed. Callot Soeurs! One of the greatest style names of Paris, one of its most exclusive houses. Under the tinted, tented ceiling of its Oriental salon, costumes are designed for the world's beautiful and celebrated women. Gorgeous costumes . . . and now gorgeous watches. Exquisite jewelry . . . but more than that. Accurate, unfailing, time-true. Paris on the face of it, but each a true American watch at heart. Made with the same skill that has placed ELGIN watches in railroad service on every line, ELGIN watches and instruments on every flying field. Besides these Callot models there are other Parisiennes both plain and enamel at $35, designed by all the important Paris couturieres. And other diamond watches ascending to the glory of 20 diamonds at $250. Ask any ELGIN jeweler. (ELGIN watches are American made. © ELGIN, 1929. All prices slightly higher in Canada.)**

*A bedroom arranged in the modern manner by*

B. Altman & Co.
New York

*Whatever the period of decoration preferred for your own bedroom, the luxurious comfort and delightful colorings of Kenwood Blankets will be found most satisfactory.*

KENWOOD
WOOL PRODUCTS

# *Colonial, Renaissance or Modern, Kenwoods Complement Every Setting*

Lustrous colorings that harmonize perfectly with their surroundings—colorings that are correct and that retain their charm through the years—these are Kenwood colorings.

But this fidelity to approved decorating principles is not sufficient in itself to explain the marked preference for Kenwoods evidenced by decorators and discriminating housewives. Embodied in Kenwood Blankets are a quality and individuality of construction and finish which produce that happy combination —*luxurious comfort without burdensome weight.*

There are ten distinct advantages and characteristics of Kenwood All Wool Blankets. They are: 1. All wool of *selected*, long fibre. 2. A weave and finish that protect yet permit the body to breathe. 3. Long, soft, fleecy nap that does not wash away. 4. Preshrinkage to retain shape and size when washed. 5. Lustrous satin ribbon ends. 6. Colors from the most permanent dyes obtainable. 7. Greater warmth and comfort in proportion to weight. 8. Long-wearing serviceability. 9. Made single for easy handling. 10. A weight, size and color for every need.

*"Colorful Comfort", the new Kenwood catalog, illustrates and fully describes the many lovely Kenwood All Wool Comfort Products. Clip and mail this coupon for your copy.*

*and for Wedding Gifts ~*

# KENWOOD
## ALL WOOL - NEW WOOL BLANKETS

KENWOOD MILLS,
Albany, N. Y.

Kindly send me *Colorful Comfort*, your book on modern home decoration and pure wool comfort accessories.

_____

_____

_____

# SEE IT *the new* Embossed Linoleum *with the realistic* Raised Tiles

*THIS sensational new flooring is now on special display in better class stores throughout the country*

*"ALPS"..sunshine playing over snow-flecked mountain tops inspired this rich marbled design. Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3502.*

*"RUBY," Sealex Embossed No. 3500.*

*"ABBEY"... distinguished for its velvety richness of colorings and its atmosphere of quaint charm. Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3507.*

*"SAPPHIRE"... tones of blue like the depths of the lovely jewel it was named for. Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3506.*

QUITE the latest development in colorful floorings—the new *Sealex Embossed Straight Line Inlaid Linoleum.* It is being featured now by better class stores.

Here at last is an *embossed linoleum* whose realistic "raised" tiles and clean-cut "mortar joints" faithfully recreate the charm of time-mellowed, old-world floors. There's a tempting array of designs to choose from for every room—clear jewel tones; the richest of marbled effects; soft, shadowy hues of velvety loveliness.

So practical, too, in its ease of cleaning. For as in all *Sealex Linoleums* the pores of the material are sealed against dirt and spilled things.

Don't fail to take advantage of this opportunity to see this newest of *embossed linoleums.*

*"CHATEAU"... the dignity of old baronial halls is brought to you in this richly veined marbled effect. No. 3503.*

*REMEMBER the name "Sealex." This shield appears every few yards on the face of all Sealex Linoleums.*

*"EVERGREEN"... a delightful combination of the favored shades of green. Sealex Embossed Linoleum 3508.*

## EMBOSSED SEALEX LINOLEUMS

*Stain-proof – Spot-proof – Easily cleaned*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. *Gen'l Office:* KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

FREE—A handbook on home-decoration: "Your Floors as a Decorator Views Them" by Winnifred Fales. Contains many ideas for beautifying the home—a scientific Color Scheme Selector. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J. —or if you prefer use this coupon. *(Please print name and address clearly.)*

*Name* ..... *Address* .....

© 1929, C. N. Inc.

# Healthy happy homes ...*spray* FLIT

What joy! Not a fly. What a comfort! Not a mosquito. What delight! Not a roach, ant, bedbug or moth in the house. What a pleasant, easy prescription for an insect-free summer. A supply of Flit, the new liquid insect-killer, and a few minutes every day, in every room, with the Flit sprayer. Flit kills all household insects or money back. It is harmless to people and Flit vapor will not stain fabrics. More for your money in the Quart size.

© 1929 Stanco Inc.

**BEDROOM**—For flies and mosquitoes: (1) Close doors and windows. (2) Spray 50 to 100 times toward ceiling, depending on size of room. (3) Wait 10 minutes. Then doors and windows may be opened again. Every fly and mosquito will be dead.

**KITCHEN**—To *kill crawling insects:* Spray Flit forcefully in all cracks, behind ice-box, around plumbing, under sink and laundry tubs and in pantry. When "crawlers" appear, spray them direct. They may hide, but die later from effects.

**PORCH**—Flit repels *insects outdoors.* Spray Flit on the porch, spray the air, rugs and floor around chairs. Flit also makes life comfortable when camping, hiking, fishing or golfing. Spray tents. Spray clothing. Take Flit along on *motor camping trips.*

# OVELY, BEAUTIFUL
## —and so much more practical!

**This beautiful Vollrath Ware in Color is so lovely, so stunning. And it comes in a variety of colors to harmonize with the decorative scheme of your kitchen. It makes the room where you spend so much time bright and gay.**

**Consider the practical value of this lovely ware—you clean it with soap and hot water as you do your china. No scouring with special cleaners. Hard, smooth, non-porous, it keeps its lustrous beauty and brightness. What a saving in time! And in drudgery!**

**Begin today to brighten your kitchen with a few of these lovely pieces. Be sure it's genuine Vollrath made only by The Vollrath Company, *(Established 1874)* Sheboygan, Wisconsin.**

*MORE AND MORE THE BETTER COOKS ARE USING ENAMELED WARE*

# Vollrath Ware
## —IN COLOR

VOLLRATH

June 1929 Good Housekeeping

UEBERALL HABEN KAESEFABRIKANTEN
VERSUCHT, DEN GESCHMACK DES SWITZERLAND
CHEESE NACHZUMACHEN.

# Cheese-makers everywhere have tried to copy the flavor of Switzerland Cheese

ANY product so delicious as Switzerland Cheese would be naturally imitated. You will find Swiss "style" cheese made by every dairy nation of the world. But in spite of following "original" formulas and using the finest milk, these "foreign" manufacturers have not been able to create the distinctive flavor of Switzerland Cheese.

From Switzerland alone comes this delicious "taste." The spicy grasses and herbs, fragrant hay, and glacier-fed streams of the Swiss meadows give a flavor to the milk and then to the cheese which cannot be copied. For no other country has the same meadows and dairy advantages to produce this goodness.

To identify Switzerland Cheese when you buy, look for the many imprints of the word—"Switzerland"—on the rind. No other cheese can be thus marked. And when you taste Switzerland Cheese, you will realize that no ordinary Swiss cheese tastes like it. Rich as a nut. Zestful. An alluring flavor that invites you to eat more.

*Of all cheeses to serve with the cold cut platter, none is more fitting from the "taste" and "looks" standpoint than generous portions of Switzerland Cheese.*

There is no limit to the uses of Switzerland Cheese. With salads, fruit and cold meats it pleases the eye and delights the taste. In cooked dishes it has no equal.

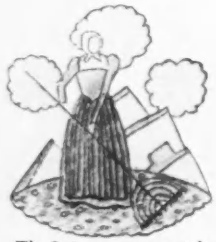
Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere and served in the finest hotels and restaurants. It sometimes varies in color from a cream to a butter-yellow. The size of the eyes also varies from medium to large. But these variations have no effect on the distinctive, delicious flavor. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

*The hostess who is seeking new ideas for her menus will be delighted with the beautiful free booklet, illustrated in color—"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It." It has many unusual recipes for hot and cold dishes. Address Switzerland Cheese Association, 105 Hudson St., New York City.*

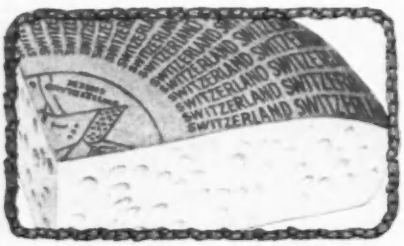
## SWITZERLAND CHEESE

*Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland*

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.



*The Swiss women certainly know how to handle a rake.*



*Now for a nice big Switzerland Cheese sandwich.*

# Paris fashions her loveliest underthings

## *in exquisite Rayon fabrics*

*Lady Edgerton, head of the Paris couture establishment of Paul Caret, designs this charming set of French vest and pantie in a lovely new knitted rayon.*

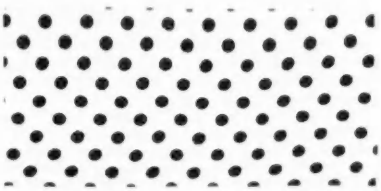
Underthings from Paris! How lovely they are sure to be—how skilfully fashioned, how feminine, how *modern*.

For nowadays Paris chooses for these dainty garments the new rayon fabrics, woven by modern skill into a new beauty and a new durability: Satin-figured crepes and plain crepes, filmy georgettes and printed voiles, smooth-textured knitted fabrics—soft, lustrous materials in delightful variety.

You will find these modern rayon fabrics in the cleverest and most feminine of underthings—and in the most sensible, too. For rayon as it is now used lends new life, new strength, new washability to fabrics of every type. You will find that its colors do not fade (nor its whites yellow) through repeated tubbings.

In pyjamas—in negligees—in the new Patou shorts—in panties and brassieres—in bloomers and the one-piece garments that are so wearable—rayon fabrics offer to modern femininity the combination of beauty and good service it is wise enough to demand.

The Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Ave., New York City.



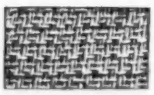
*The vogue for polka dots expresses itself in the sports mode, in underthings, fashioned in this rayon flat crepe. From L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.*

*A knitted rayon fabric (used for the French underwear above) is soft and supple of texture, yet extremely durable. From L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.*

*One of the lovely rayon printed voiles which are used for underthings frivolously feminine and yet practical. From L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.*

# RAYON

*Discriminating bathers delight in the whimsicality and humor of this new bath towel . . . "Sirens of Antibes."*



*Underweave of ordinary Turkish towel (somewhat magnified) is loose, open and weak.*

*Underweave of a Martex towel (equally magnified) is close, strong and durable.*

# SIRENS - *by Bernard Boutet de Monvel*

## The most amusing towel in this famous series

Distinguished portraits . . . classic bas-reliefs . . . and delicately tinted etchings . . . are some of the varied media in which this great French artist, Bernard Boutet de Monvel, finds expression.

But "beneath a rigorously correct aspect he conceals much whimsicality and a prodigious sense of humor . . ." to quote from a recent appreciation of his genius by a fellow countryman. An estimate that is borne out by M. Boutet de Monvel's amusingly patterned "Sirens of Antibes." All the gaiety and charm of that smart Riviera resort are expressed in this graceful pattern of languid Sirens, who swim through a sea of clear, sparkling color . . . in blue, green and all the other favorite bathroom tints!

And whichever color you may select, it will have the sturdy Martex underweave which lasts so incredibly long! The magnified photographs above explain clearly why Martex towels wear longer than any ordinary Turkish towels made.

Other firmly woven Martex towels designed by famous artists in this country and abroad are René Clarke's *"Bracken,"* W. E. Heitland's *"Coral Seas,"* Robert L. Leonard's *"Ducklings,"* Winold Reiss' *"Old Mexico,"* Sarah S. Stilwell Weber's *"Mermaids,"* Elizabeth Shippen Green's *"Perugia,"* Edward A. Wilson's *"Salem," "Night," and "Morning,"* Erté's three *Sun* designs, Reynaldo Luza's *"Paris,"* and Benigni's *"Fountains."*

Write for FREE Booklet, "Famous Artists Designed these Martex towels," showing all of these designs and telling their stories. Wellington, Sears & Co., Dept. 330, 77 Franklin Street, New York, N. Y.

# M A R T E X

TURKISH TOWELS · WASH CLOTHS · BATH SHEETS · BATH MATS

COLOR IN THE LAUNDRY

# COLOR IN THE LAUNDRY

BEAUTY has been combined with utmost utility...color and cheerfulness have come into the laundry...for now Alberene Laundry Tubs, quarried from genuine soapstone, may be had in shades to harmonize with the color scheme of your home. Alberene equipment is absolutely non-absorbent, delightfully smooth and sanitary, the choice of more than a million homes.

FREE: A booklet that will interest you...telling how to remove stains...full of helpful information on washing ...and giving complete details of Alberene Laundry Tubs...gladly sent you on request. Mail coupon today!

ALBERENE STONE TRADE BEST MARK

## ALBERENE
## SOAPSTONE LAUNDRY TRAYS ★

ALBERENE STONE COMPANY
153 W. 23d St., New York

Send me your FREE BOOKLET which describes Alberene Laundry Tubs in color and gives helpful hints on home laundering.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

# The modern way of scrubbing and drying floors for kitchens, porches, sun parlors etc.

Women shudder when they think of the terrible task it once was to keep floors clean. In no phase of housekeeping has more progress been made. It's a far cry from hands-and-knees scrubbing to the modern, easy way to floor sanitation with the long-handled Fuller Floor Scrub Brush.

The Floor Scrub Brush is a typical Fuller aid to lighten work in the home. It makes quick work of keeping clean and sanitary the floors of porches, kitchens, sun parlors, etc. It was developed and perfected from the wealth of Fuller experience with the floor problems of a continent.

The brush itself is highest grade special Palmetto fiber, long wearing, strong and sturdy. This fiber is set in metal and held in a metal frame. The metal is rust-resistant. This construction allows easy and thorough cleaning. An economical feature is that fiber fillers are replaceable.

The best way to know for yourself the real superiority of this brush is to try it in your home next time the Fuller Man calls.

Besides saving time and labor in cleaning floors, this brush has other important uses:

A pad of steel wool under the brush is fine for scouring wood floors and linoleum.

The Fuller Dryer can be attached for the final perfect drying process, after water has been taken up with the Fuller Wet Mop.

This brush is exceedingly practical for cellar steps and floors.

*If you wish the Fuller Scrub Brush, or any other Fuller aid to better and easier homekeeping, before the next regular call of your Fuller Man, telephone your local Fuller Branch Office. If you prefer, write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3597 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.) Be sure to ask for new booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home."* . . . . . ★

Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark

Fuller

Look for both!

# FULLER BRUSHES

©THE F. B. CO.

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

# Waterman's No. 7

Seven Points

Seven Dollars

**Red**
*Standard*—Suits most writers. A splendid correspondence point. Medium flexibility. For home and general use.

**Yellow**
*Rounded*—A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Writes smoothly on any paper in any direction. Suits southpaws.

**Purple**
*Stiff, Fine*—Writes without pressure. Makes a thin, clear line and small figures with unerring accuracy. Popular with accountants.

**Pink**
*Flexible, Fine*—A resilient as a watch-spring. Fine, tapered point; ground fine to shade at any angle. Loved by stenographers.

**Blue**
*Blunt*—An improved stub point. Makes a broad or fine line as desired. Unusual and rapid writers like this pen.

**Green**
*Rigid*—Tempered to armor-plate hardness. Will not shade even under heavy pressure. Unequaled for manifolding. The salesman's friend.

**Grey**
*Oblique Point*—A slanting stub, preferred by those who hold pen at an angle or between fingers.

**Why "Number Seven"?** To have a sharply distinctive name for a sharply new idea—a color band around the cap to signal at a glance the kind of point. A system original with Waterman's that is revolutionizing pen selection.

**Why Seven Points?** To permit wide selection by meeting every pen-fancy and pen-need. One of these points will precisely fit *your* taste, whoever you are.

**Why Seven Dollars?** To put the most reasonable possible price upon a pen embodying the greatest possible quality—larger ink capacity, simple self-filling device that locks, stainless and perfectly balanced Ripple Rubber holder, and Clip-Cap.

**Waterman's** number 7 with 7 points at 7 dollars means accurate selection made in a few moments—and satisfaction for life.

*At any one of our fifty thousand dealers try all the seven points—the dealers expect it and are glad when you do. One of the 7 is exactly the point you prefer*

*Guaranteed Forever Against All Defects*

L. E. Waterman Company, 191 Broadway, New York
Boston Chicago Montreal San Francisco

*Use Waterman's Inks Sold Everywhere*

# Waterman's

# No wonder the Joneses have such a *colorful* home

## *They all use* "Rogers"

"Money-Back" Guaranty
Try one can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not more than satisfied, return what is left to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price.

ROGERS
THE MARK OF QUALITY

BRUSHING LACQUER

"ROGERS"—the wonderful home lacquer—isn't for the use of folks with artistic talents alone. It is for every member of the family. Even the inexperienced "dauber" can use "Rogers" successfully.

It is ideal for boys—fired with impatience—who want finished results at once.

Mother and the girls find "Rogers" a gift—for keeping living room, bedrooms, kitchen, all bright and cheery with smart, colorful things.

And Dad, of course, gets a big kick out of the ease and speed with which "Rogers" transforms everything that needs a new, durable, colorful finish.

That is why millions of homes like the "Jones's" are always colorful and inviting. If you haven't tried this wonderful guaranteed home lacquer as yet, start now.

No experience is needed to use dependable Rogers Brushing Lacquer. Anyone can use it successfully. Simply flow on the rich "Rogers" colors with a full brush. "Rogers" quickly levels itself.

*Dries While You Wait*

Then it actually "Dries while you wait." Dries smooth—no laps nor brush marks. Dries before dust can settle in.

Dries in time for any urgent need, and is often a life-saver. Dries to a tough, hard, porcelain-like finish that wears and *wears* and WEARS.

"Rogers" colors are very beautiful—and modern. There are 26 standard colors. In addition there are black, white, clear and six new, rich, dark colors suited to outdoor as well as indoor uses. These darker shades are designed for hard usage.

There is only one genuine "Rogers." It is sold by leading paint, hardware and department stores everywhere. To be assured of satisfactory results, demand the familiar "oriental" container shown here. Read the "money-back" guaranty printed on this page. Detroit White Lead Works, Detroit, Michigan, Makers of Highest Grade Paints, Varnishes, Colors, Lacquers.

© 1929, D. W. L. W.

*Also distributed and guaranteed by:* ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Michigan • LINCOLN PAINT AND COLOR COMPANY, Lincoln, Nebraska • THE MARTIN-SENOUR CO., Chicago, Illinois • PENINSULAR PAINT AND VARNISH COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio • THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. of CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Canada • LEWIS BERGER and SONS, LTD., London, England, and Sydney, Australia • THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., London, England, and Sydney, Australia

# *Mother . . .* Accept This Outfit

## *Build Up Your Child This Summer*

**FREE—*50c Shaker***
***with 3-Day Trial Package***
NOTE COUPON

***Add a pound a week in weight—Correct Nervousness Appreciably—An Utterly New-Type Food-Drink from Switzerland That Increases Weight a Pound or More a Week and Curbs Nervousness Remarkably—Use Coupon for 3-Day Supply and Free Shaker***

YOU have probably heard people talk about Ovaltine; but may never have tried it for your children. The offer below is made to induce you to try it. New to America, 20,000 doctors are advising it.

The discovery of Swiss Science—world-leader in child health—it is credited with many remarkable results. So remarkable that its use has spread over 54 different nations.

It may make your child over this Summer—or it may not—one can never tell. But, in light of its effects on other children—it deserves a trial.

### *What Ovaltine Is*

Ovaltine is a food-drink UTTERLY DIFFERENT from any other known. A scientific food concentrate not remotely to be confused with "Chocolate" and "Malt" drinks common in this country.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss Scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically every single vital food element necessary to life.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

### *How It Acts*

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements (such as iron, lime, and phosphorus), foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

**OVALTINE** ★
THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK

### *"We Tried It from Curiosity"*

*MY 7½-year old daughter was about 12 pounds underweight. Then we tried the food-drink Ovaltine. She drank it down eagerly and asked for more. She has gained three pounds already and is taking 4 glasses of Ovaltine a day.*
*A. J. Rosenstein, 137 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.*

### *Digests Starches*

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of *all* starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeals, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for 3-day supply and *free* shaker. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Delicious as a cold "shake-up" drink. Results will surprise you.

*NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

**MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY *and* FREE SHAKER**

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. M-5
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

C

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine and *free* Shaker. (This offer not applicable in Canada)

*Name*.....
(*Please print name and address clearly*)
*Address*.....
*City*.....*State*.....
(*One package to a person*)

In using advertisements see page 6

# *Telephone Shopping is Safe*

## because Good Housekeeping guarantees its advertising...

*EVERYWOMAN* admits the convenience and time saving of buying by telephone. You simply pencil a list, call a number and in a trice your morning's shopping is done.

But careful buyers sometimes frown upon it. "Fine for emergencies," they say, "but as a regular thing buying sight unseen is apt to prove costly."

And so it might, if you do not know what you are buying. But the experienced telephone shopper knows that if she orders well advertised products by *brand name* it is seldom indeed that she does not receive her money's worth.

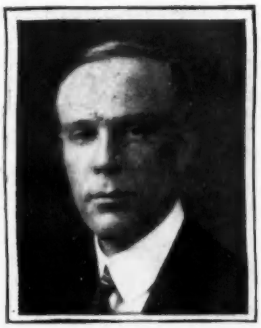
When you order from Good Housekeeping's advertising pages you have the added *buying safeguard* of Good Housekeeping's advertising guaranty. Nothing may be advertised here which does not give satisfactory value and at a fair price. Every product is expertly examined, both as to claims and values. Foods, toilet articles and pharmaceutical supplies, and household devices and appliances, are subjected to stringent laboratory tests.

At the other end of your telephone there is always a merchant who would be glad to supply you with these guaranteed products, especially if you tell him why you insist on the protection of Good Housekeeping's guaranty. And for convenience in preparing your shopping lists, there is nothing better than Page 6. Page 6 is Good Housekeeping's classified *Index to Guaranteed Advertisements.* It helps you find quickly and easily anything advertised here. On Page 6 is also given the text of the guaranty which is your assurance of satisfaction when you buy from Good Housekeeping's pages. Never buy without it.

*An advertisement about Good Housekeeping*
*—Everywoman's Magazine.*

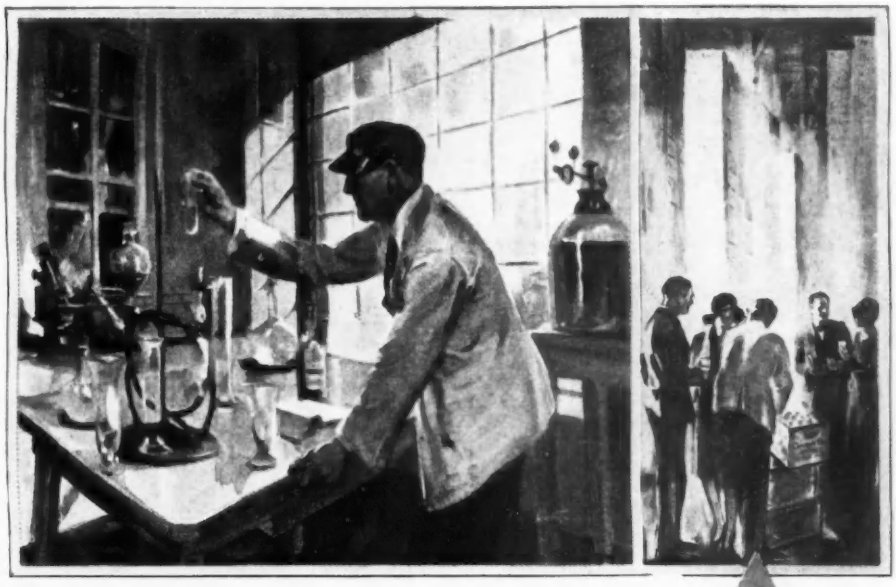
# "—An Exclusive, Natural Process that Develops Mellow Flavor"

## *Says* Dr. Frank C. Gephart, *Formerly Consulting Scientific Expert, U. S. Department of Agriculture*



*"As a result of my two years' study of the ageing of Clicquot Club Ginger Ales — during which I have made extensive practical and scientific experiments — I find it to be an exclusive, natural ageing process that develops the delicate, mellow flavor. The chemistry of Nature achieves this result."*

Frank C. Gephart



DR. FRANK C. GEPHART is an internationally known authority on the chemistry of foods. He has brought the microscope and test tube of science to bear upon the ageing of Clicquot Club Ginger Ales — a process which has aroused the interest of many distinguished food authorities. "I have made," says Dr. Gephart, "flavor quality comparisons of these beverages at various intermediate stages of their manufacture. I have, as well, studied this flavor development by exhaustive technical experiments in my laboratory in New York."

### *An Exclusive, Natural Process*

As a result, Dr. Gephart finds Clicquot's method of developing superior flavor to be an exclusive, natural process. He has observed and approved the *two steps* involved . . . *first*, the ageing of the flavor-base to develop mellowness in the blend . . . and *second*, the ageing of the finished, bottled product to achieve final perfection of flavor. He has approved, too, the Clicquot bottling practice in which *only brand-new* bottles are used.

### *A Simple Taste Test*

Every visitor to the plant at Millis, Mass., is asked to make a simple test. It is merely the comparison of the "new" Clicquot with the aged Clicquot as it is ready for shipment. The result of Nature's chemistry is at once apparent in the rich, mellow flavor—to be found only in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

So when you pour this sparkling beverage, you may be sure that it is rich, ripe and digestible because it is aged 6 months.

**AGED 6 MONTHS**

Why not send for this interesting booklet, "A Miracle of Nature"? It includes some excellent recipes for desserts and salads as well as delightful warm-weather menus. It is free. Write the Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Mass.

# Clicquot Club ★

## GINGER ALES

**The Clicquot Club Eskimos**—Every Tuesday evening at 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, from WEAF, New York, and 40 associated radio stations.

© 1929 Clicquot Club Co.

# Are *you* using the Modern "Short-Boil" Method

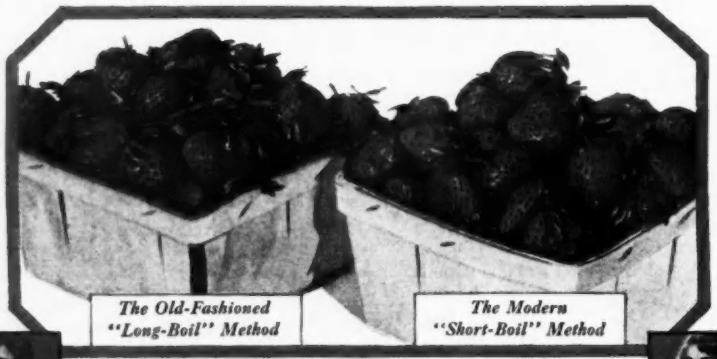
## in making your Jams and Jellies?

***It saves time and money, and insures perfect jams and jellies . . .***

THE Certo "short-boil" method is now accepted as the most efficient, economical way to make all your jams and jellies. Famous cooking experts, including Alice Bradley and Sarah Field Splint, recommend it. The Home Economics Departments of universities and colleges all over the country teach it. Millions of women use it!

★ Certo is a pure fruit product—just the natural jellying substance extracted from fruit in which it is abundant. With Certo, *anyone* can make perfect jams and jellies, quickly and easily, from *any* fruit or fruit juice, even those delicious fruits that never before would jell. Only one or two minutes' boiling is required—hence the name, "short-boil" method. Millions of women have discovered that jams and jellies made the Certo "short-boil" way have better color and flavor—more like the fresh fruit itself—and that the cost per glass is from 1 to 3 cents less than by the old "long-boil" method.

The experiences of Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., as outlined on this page, make clear not only the genuine economy but also the wonderful simplicity and ease of the Certo method.



*The Old-Fashioned "Long-Boil" Method* — *The Modern "Short-Boil" Method*

**1** Mrs. A. had two quarts of ripe strawberries to be made into jam. After hulling her berries, she was ready to start making her jam at nine o'clock.

**2** Mrs. B. also had two quarts of ripe strawberries and she was ready to start her jam-making at nine o'clock, too.

**3** The red band on the kettle indicates the amount of fruit and juice from Mrs. A.'s berries (4 cups). The strawberries cost 20¢ a quart —2 quarts 40¢.

**4** Mrs. B., using the same quantity of strawberries, (2 quarts), got the same amount of fruit and juice (4 cups). Her berries also cost 20¢ a quart—2 quarts 40¢.

**5** Mrs. A. added 2 lbs. of sugar to her berries. The sugar cost 7¢ per lb.—2 lbs. 14¢.

**6** Mrs. B. added 3 lbs. of sugar to her berries. The sugar cost 7¢ per lb.—3 lbs. 21¢. (The next step explains this larger quantity of sugar.)

**7** Following the old "pound for pound" standard recipe, Mrs. A. had to boil the fruit and sugar about 30 minutes before the jam thickened to the desired consistency. This long boiling evaporated one-half of the original weight of the berries and carried off most of the natural fresh fruit flavor as fragrant steam.

**8** Mrs. B. simply brought her fruit and sugar to a tumbling boil, and boiled them for 1 minute, then added ½ bottle (½ cup) of Certo. The fruit flavor and color were saved and the juice didn't boil away. That is why extra sugar was needed—simply to jell the juice that would have boiled away by the "long-boil" method. The jam will contain no more sugar per glass than by the old method.

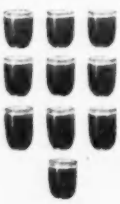
**9** When Mrs. A. poured her jam she found she had 6 8-oz. glasses.

The cost: Berries....40¢
Sugar....14¢
6) 54¢
9¢

The 6 glasses cost an average of 9¢ per glass.

**10** Mrs. B. got 10 8-oz. glasses of jam from her berries.

The cost: Berries....40¢
Sugar.....21¢
½ bottle Certo @ 35¢ 18¢
10) 79¢
7 9/10¢



**11** It took Mrs. A. 45 minutes to make her 6 glasses. It was nine-forty-five when she finished.

**12** Mrs. B.'s 10 glasses of jam were made in 15 minutes. She was all through at nine-fifteen.

This same comparison holds true with all fruits. With Certo, by saving the fruit juice formerly boiled away, you get half again more jam or jelly from a given amount of fruit. You save the delicate color, the delicious flavor of the fresh fruit. You save time, effort, and fuel, and get a perfect jam or jelly every time at a saving of from one to three cents per glass.

**FREE:** Two booklets—one, on how to make jams and jellies by the "short-boil" method—the other, an illustrated booklet of "Recipes for Tempting Dishes Using Jams and Jellies." Mail coupon to Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept. She will write you and send the two booklets.

Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept.,
Certo Corporation,
321 Granite Building, Rochester, N. Y.
*(In Canada, address: Certo, Cobourg, Ont.)*

Please send me the two booklets described above.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here and send 10¢ if you want trial half-bottle of Certo.

# . . . *Your choice is both* Simple *and* Sure

Not for a moment, we believe, need the mind of any householder be confused as to the most satisfactory electric refrigerator. The answer is: See the new reliable Kelvinator.

Kelvinator, the pioneer of successful electric refrigeration, welcomes the obligation which that pioneering implies. The fact is that Kelvinator inventions, improvements, basic patents, and experience influence the whole trend of this great industry.

Upon the foundation of this leadership, Kelvinator has built. Nothing is left to chance in assuring proven reliability to every individual Kelvinator. For every one is a precision product, rigorously tested both for silence and for refrigerating efficiency in actual operation, before it can leave the factory.

It may seem a great deal to say, but we believe that you cannot elsewhere equal Kelvinator's faithful performance. Yet Kelvinator's longer experience, its greater knowledge, its superior manufacturing methods and materials—all dedicated to the ideal of greater service—make good the promise.

It is precisely this state of affairs which makes your choice of electric refrigeration so simple and so sure—why thousands upon thousands are being added yearly to the great group of satisfied owners of the reliable Kelvinator.

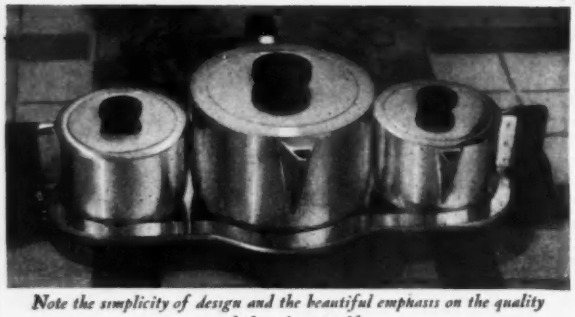
***Silent—Automatic—Reliable***
***The New 1929 Kelvinator***

An electric refrigerator is a lifetime investment. You owe it to yourself to get the highest quality at the lowest price. See the new 1929 Kelvinator before you decide. The widest choice of beautiful cabinets. Superiorities include the utter reliability which is peculiarly Kelvinator; permanent new silence; operation and temperatures wholly automatic and adequate to both freezing and preservation purposes. Ice cubes, in flexible rubber trays, are removed instantly. Enjoy Kelvinator benefits now through Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
KELVINATOR OF CANADA, LIMITED
LONDON, ONTARIO

THE RELIABLE
# KELVINATOR*

In using advertisements see page 6

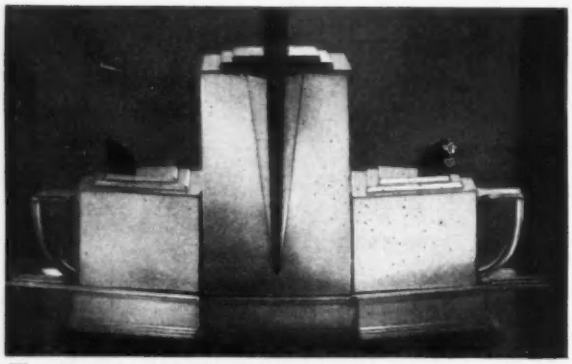


*Note the simplicity of design and the beautiful emphasis on the quality of the silver itself*

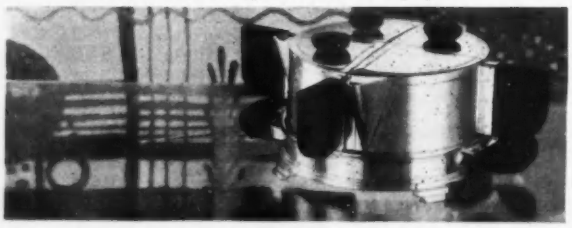
# *decorative* MODERN *and in keeping with fine traditions of* SILVERSMITHING

*Decorative expressions of today, these tea services in the modern manner are ideal from the practical point of view for use in dinettes, breakfast nooks, on little tables, or for tea wagons. They are easy to care for and take up little space. The tea services above and below are made by the Wilcox Silver Plate Company Division.*

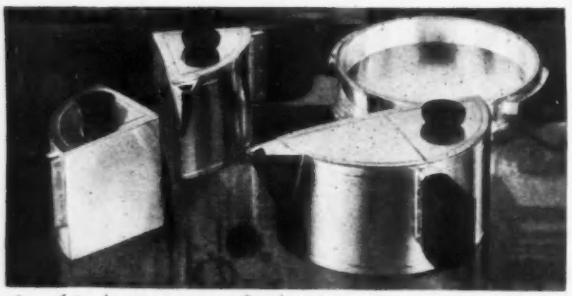
*With the return to elegance established by the mode, this gracious and formal new pattern has been created by the Barbour Silver Company Division (above)*



*This silverware with the charm of the old and the significant freshness of the new is admirably made to serve its purposes*



*Compact to fit into the scheme of daily living, this service*



*shown (above) in its tray, and (here) with teapot, sugar and cream holders separate, forms a striking and efficient unit*

TWENTIETH century craftsmen have simplified silverware to suit the needs of today. They have made it beautifully appropriate for modern apartments with smaller rooms, where an effect of spaciousness is desired, though space is at a premium. New designs in hollowware of International Silverplate are creations of practical designers who have studied the decorative trends of our times.

You may like the simplicity of the newest patterns or prefer the formality of Eighteenth Century pieces. When you choose International Silverplate you secure a service thoroughly in keeping with the fine old traditions of silversmithing. International Silverplate does not go out of fashion. Platters, vegetable dishes, tea services are ideal gifts. They last and are in style for a lifetime, guaranteed by a maker whose name has long represented high quality and fine workmanship; yet they are not costly. . . . When the dealer tells you silverware is an INTERNATIONAL brand you are assured of value. If he has not the particular piece or pattern wanted, he can get it for you. For illustrations of a wider variety of such goods as are shown on this page, write for booklet No. HW-150. Address Dept. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

*Matching the well-known flatware patterns*

*In addition to designs as illustrated, special patterns are made to match the knives, forks and spoons of the well-known brands of 1847 Rogers Bros., Holmes & Edwards, and Wm. Rogers & Son.*

INTERNATIONAL SILVERPLATE

TRADE INTERNATIONAL S. CO. MARK

**HAS YOUR HAIR GLINTS OF RED?**

Lady Pepperell Nile Green Sheets bring out all the glorious high-lights, all the golden overtones, in red hair. They make the skin look clear and pearly. Shell pink, orchid and maize are other colors that spread becoming backgrounds under Titian hair.

# *Only your* BEDROOM *is truly* YOUR ROOM

## *make yours reflect* YOUR PERSONALITY !

SO simple a thing as a colored sheet can give your bedroom genuine *personality*. For your bedroom is the one room that is truly your own; the one room that can be the truest expression of your own personality.

What is the secret of charm and personality in a bedroom? Simply this—Color, on the bed! Follow the same principle that guides your choice of clothes—choose only those colors that are most becoming to *you*.

Begin with the bed because it is the most important thing in the room. On it place Lady Pepperell Colored Sheets and Pillow Cases in the color you love best—the color that makes you feel *happy* every time you wear it—the color that brings out the full beauty of your hair and eyes and skin.

There are eight exquisite Lady Pepperell colors: three glowing shades of pink—shell pink, a soft rose, and a peach.

There's blue—a real true blue, the blue of happy summer skies. And orchid, a shade that always makes white skins look whiter.

Nile green there is—the green of tender bud-leaves. And maize, a sunny yellow that is restful gayety itself. Lastly, there is white, for those bedrooms in which white is precisely the perfect decorative "color."

Do these colors wash? Beautifully! They bloom afresh after each tubbing. The costly dyes are scientifically "fixed" in Lady Pepperell's own laboratories under the watchful eyes of her own chemists. And before it comes to you, each sheet has already been washed three times—to test its lasting color.

Lady Pepperell Colored Sheets are sturdy. They are light, and firm, wear long, and endure much. They're smooth and even in texture. They average 400 *extra* threads to each sheet—a guarantee of longer life.

The good stores everywhere have Lady Pepperell Colored Sheets. Ask to see them when you go downtown.

**Lady PEPPERELL COLORED**

**SHEETS *and* PILLOW CASES**

**READ THIS FASCINATING BOOK . .**

We have a booklet with thirty color schemes for bedrooms carefully worked out. It shows you how to combine colors — Gives information on the colors most becoming to all types—Has dozens of hints you can use in your own bedroom. It is honestly a stimulating treasure book of ideas! It is 10c. (20c. in Canada). Send for it today.

© P. M. Co. 1929

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
157 State St., Boston, Mass.

Please send me the new booklet: "Personality Bedrooms." I am enclosing one dime—ten cents' worth of stamps (Canada: twenty cents)

Name.....

Street.....

Town and State.....

*Some of the Specials in this Sale:*

$2.50

Exquisite Shari Face Powder Combination with Shari Perfume free.

$1.00

Duska Face Powder Combination with Duska Talc free.

29¢

Klenzo Shaving Cream, rich in lather, fragrant, cooling.

Both for 49¢

Bay Rum Combination with Gentlemen's After-Shaving Powder.

19¢

Pure, velvety Tiny Tot Talc for your little one's comfort.

19¢

Sanitas Tooth Brush, in various styles, holds its bristles fast.

Three for 50¢

Georgia Rose Cold Cream Soap for a clear, fresh complexion.

# JUNE TOILET GOODS SALE

## *at your* Rexall *drug store*

ONCE each year—for men and women—this outstanding Sale of quality toiletries famous the country over, comes to your local Rexall Drug Store! Once each year—during the month of June—you can secure the delightful Cara Nome, Jonteel, Shari, Duska, Georgia Rose and other nationally advertised preparations at prices which make them doubly irresistible.

Your Rexall Store is able to offer you these fine perfumes, powders, soaps and toilet aids at such low figures because it is part of a vast system of 10,000 Rexall Stores—buying direct from the United Drug Company, the world's largest producer of drug store commodities.

Yet only by special arrangement—and only once in a twelfth-month—can even your Rexall Druggist sell these splendid requisites for bath room and dressing table at reductions so appealing.

Here is your once-a-year opportunity to supply yourself for months ahead with many things you need, at tremendous savings. Don't miss it! Better jot down now: the great Toilet Goods Sale at your Rexall Drug Store in June. Save with safety at your

**Rexall**
**DRUG STORE**

There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.

STOCKHOLDER The Rexall Store UNITED DRUG COMPANY

# "A smooth exquisite skin always brings an answering thrill," 39 Hollywood directors find

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

ELEANOR BOARDMAN *in the garden-like bathroom which is one of the most charmingly original seen in Hollywood.*

*"Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for the very smooth skin—'studio skin'—a screen star must have. It is such a good soap!"*

Eleanor Boardman

To stand the test of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights for a close-up, a star's skin must be exquisite. MARY BRIAN, Paramount star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps 'studio skin' in perfect condition."

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

## *Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap . . .*

"THE MOST appealing of all charms is a lovely smooth skin," says Howard Bretherton, director for Warner Brothers—and voices the experience of 39 leading Hollywood directors.

"A screen star's skin must be genuinely exquisite to triumph in the searching close-ups," he continues emphatically. "Smooth 'studio skin' is the outstanding factor in screen success today."

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 (98%) keep their skin exquisitely smooth with Lux Toilet Soap. And all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

You will love its generous, caressing lather—the way it leaves the skin satin-smooth. Use this daintily fragrant white soap in your bath, too, as nine out of ten screen stars do.

# LUX TOILET SOAP*

*Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . now* 10¢

In using advertisements see page 6

## "NEVER MIND, MOTHER, *YOU'LL LEARN*"

WHAT A SPLENDID game it is, these joyous, fearless, modern girls are teaching mothers—the game of escaping the bondage of old-fashioned ideas and being happily young again.

Middle age is too often resigned to things as they were; youth is resigned to nothing but the best.

Modess has won the universal acceptance of young women simply because it is almost unbelievably better—because it releases them from the unpleasant drudgery of the old way—because it is truly comfortable.

The convincing superiority of Modess is due to a remarkable new substance used for the filler. It is a fluffy gentle mass like cotton, so yielding that irritation is impossible. This filler is amazingly absorbent and is, of course, disposable. Because this filler is so soft, pliant and conforming, the sides of Modess are smoothly rounded and shaped. For added comfort, the gauze is cushioned with a film of cotton.

Modess is deodorizing. Laboratory tests prove it to be more efficient in this respect.

Modess is made in one size only, because its greater efficiency meets all normal requirements without readjusting size of pad. A box lasts longer.

We are sure you will agree with nearly two million women that Modess is finer than anything else you have used. It costs no more than you usually pay. Why not try it?

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J., U.S.A.

*World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.*

MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . *Episode Number Five*

# Modess

(Pronounced Mō-dess')

SO INFINITELY FINER

# Spring! . . *for everyone but her*

In her lovely Newport garden she stood—a bitter, disappointed, lonely woman at 33.

It was Spring—but in her life there was no romance.

Why was she still single? Once she could have picked and chosen from many suitors. Now she had none. Even time-tried women friends seemed to avoid her. She couldn't understand it . . .

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excess of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide*which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

★

***Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.**

***Winning* new users by thousands. Listerine Tooth Paste. The large tube 25¢**

In using advertisements see page 6

# *This* soft deceptive Food

THERE are fads and fashions in foods as well as in gowns, and the present generation is committed by custom and the mode, to serving soft, delicious meals —without fibre, without roughage!

*Which is precisely why the American nation, the most advanced in dental science, has the greatest burden of gum troubles to bear.*

For the human gum needs exercise! Deprived of it by the fare of modern civilization, gums grow weak and unsound. And teeth become affected.

### *Watch out for "Pink Tooth Brush"!*

If ever your tooth brush "shows pink" set it down as a warning that somewhere on your gum wall a soft spot has come. Unchecked, this tender spot may lead to serious trouble—gingivitis or pyorrhea.

Get after "pink tooth brush" with Ipana and massage. Gently massage your gums twice daily, with your brush or with your fingers. Speed the flow of blood to the tiny cells of the gums—wastes are swept away promptly—depleted tissues are restored—and healthy gums are yours!

Ipana Tooth Paste has a special virtue that gives it power to tone the gums: it contains ziratol — an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by the dental profession. Thousands of dentists recommend Ipana and massage not only for the beauty that it brings to teeth, but for the health it gives to gums.

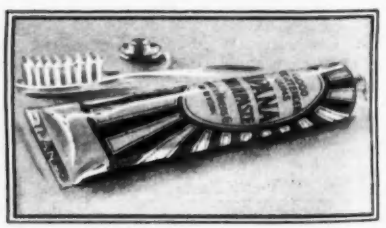
### *Give Ipana a full month's test!*

We will gladly send you a ten day sample of Ipana, if you will mail the coupon. Even the small sample will show you that Ipana has a delicious taste, and that it keeps the teeth clean and sparkling!

But to demonstrate all of Ipana's good effects in oral health, a longer test is needed. Buy a full-size tube (enough for 100 brushings) from your druggist. Start to use it tonight. Use it for at least one month. You will be amazed how clean your mouth will feel, how white will be your teeth . . . how healthy your gums.

*It is harming your gums, endangering your teeth.. protect them both with*

## ★ IPANA Tooth Paste



© 1929

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F69
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

*Look for this label. It appears on every piece of genuine Fostoria glassware.*
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# For wedding gifts, for anniversary presents, a most happy choice is a dinner service of

# FOSTORIA

*The new yellow, called Topaz, has the living brilliance of a jewel . . . gay and golden as if laughing sunshine were imprisoned in the glamorous glass, this brave color appeals to the imagination and delights those who love bright beauty*

WHEN you see the graceful goblets and the finely proportioned footed glasses of this new yellow Fostoria actually filled; when you take your place at a table set with this handsome Topaz glassware, then you understand why a gift of Fostoria dinnerware is admired, treasured, joyfully used. Because this Topaz is the very latest, and many who have seen it say the very loveliest color Fostoria has made, it is an especially fortunate choice for a gift. It is a yellow that brings a quick response of pleasure. You like this Topaz at breakfast for its brightness; for its smart effect when you entertain at a luncheon or tea; for its elegance when it appears on a candle-lit dinner table.

A complete Fostoria dinner service includes stemware and decorative pieces (flower bowls, candy jars, candlesticks) as well as dishes, cups and saucers, and service pieces, *all matching*. Topaz is obtainable plain, and in several exquisite etchings. Prices are decidedly reasonable. . . . *The New Little Book About Glassware* is free. For it, address The Fostoria Glass Co., Dept. G-6, Moundsville, W. Va.

*Topaz is in harmony with the gaiety of spring, the richness of summer, the glory of autumn, the brilliance of winter. Cream soup bowl, footed tumbler, centerpiece, all Topaz.*

*Yellow is fashion's favored color this season. Topaz Fostoria, either etched or plain, is exceedingly effective as the keynote of a table color scheme. Goblets and sherbet glasses, Topaz, crystal stems.*

MORE FACTS ABOUT FOSTORIA

Last year Fostoria introduced a new blue, Azure, and a new rose, Dawn. These colors, like Topaz, the new yellow, and the Fostoria amber and green are constant. Whenever you buy Fostoria you are certain to match the color exactly. Iridescent Fostoria has an absolutely permanent finish. Fostoria crystal is distinguished for its lasting elegance.

A great variety of Fostoria (etched patterns and some very new cuttings) makes possible the choice of glassware that exactly suits your individual preference.

Fostoria

*This finest modern American glassware is absolutely practicable for serving hot foods and liquids. Ask for it by name.*

*Decanter and glasses, Azure, Dawn, amber or green, make a charming gift. "The New Little Book About Glassware," the second in the Fostoria series, illustrated here, will be sent free at your request.*

# *Home Movie Close-ups* IN COLOR

**Pictures you make yourself with Kodacolor... pictures that come closer to reality than any you have ever seen**

THE turn of a switch and the room is dark.

The turn of another and it is bright with the presence of someone you love. Just a picture on the screen, to be sure, but a picture that actually mirrors reality.

You catch your breath at the wonder of it. Now—before your eyes—is everything they saw when the camera was aimed . . . not only every slightest motion, but every shade of every COLOR!

*Your Family—Your Friends*

Your parents and your children are growing older. Each year shows a change. A Kodacolor close-up keeps them forever just as they are today. You may capture them at their best, in their most characteristic moments, on the days when they look particularly well.

Your friends, too, may be filmed. Then you can see them whenever you wish. Their paths and yours may separate, but their images stay with you.

And what images they are! The color of the hair, the eyes, the cheeks, the clothes—it's all there. You see your loved ones as they really are.

*With the Utmost Simplicity!*

No special skill is necessary for taking good Kodacolor pictures with the Ciné-Kodak. You simply use a color filter and a special film. From there on it's as easy as taking snapshots. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so simple have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

Don't let another week pass before calling at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's and seeing some Kodacolor movies. Then provide yourself with a home movie outfit, and begin making your own pictures, *living* pictures of those you love.

EASTMAN KODAK CO , ROCHESTER, N Y.

## KODACOLOR

*Home Movies in Full Color*

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO